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MAY
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EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

MURRAY SIMONSKI, Superintending Editor

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Vol. VII, No. 5 EDITORIAL *MAY, 1917*

BUILDING UP THE BODIES AND MINDS OF OUR BOYS AND GIRLS BY MILITARY TRAINING

An Editorial by Lieut.-General Sir Sam Hughes, K.C., M.G., M.P.

(Former Minister of Militia)

I HAVE been invited by EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD to express my views on National Military Training in the Schools throughout the Dominion. I must say that I appreciate the spirit in which the invitation is tendered for I have long desired to address the mothers of Canada through some effective medium on the great necessity of, and the many benefits which accrue from, proper and selective training as a prime portion of the regular daily curriculum used in our public schools.

I know that most mothers have an instinctive dread of bringing their children into touch with matters of a military nature at too early an age. Yet I believe that, when all the arguments have been adduced, they probably may see that simple elementary training would be an added blessing to the correct up-bringing of children, rather than a hindrance to the life work of the young student. With these impressions in mind, I intend to make a hurried sketch of what, in my opinion, should be a comprehensive course for a National Military Training System in the Public Schools of Canada.

THE CORRECT AGE AT WHICH TO BEGIN

The correct age to begin training boys in simple military movements is between ten and sixteen years of age, because between these periods of time the boy has surplus energy which can be utilized in the open in learning those things about which he has read, and which will employ his attention when otherwise his time might be wasted in something which would be of no use whatever.

The best place for implanting these lessons is in the Public and High Schools, where boys in sufficient numbers can be gotten together for company drills and limited field movements. Of course, previous to this time, light physical drill work with primary movements should be taken up with the younger children of from six to ten years of age.

There are many reasons for commencing early universal training. I might instance many, but several should suffice. Youth is always impressionable, and if the physique does not receive as much attention as the mind, the nation will, sooner or later, deteriorate in a physical way. It is easier to teach target shooting effectively to children than later on in life. One reason for this is that they are keener on attaining proficiency in physical motion than are their elders. I have never known a great cricket or baseball player, or in fact any other kind of an athlete, who did not learn the elementary stages of his chosen pastime in his early youth. The biggest reason, however, is this: If a boy or girl does not learn, at an early age, the advantages of drill movements in the open air and the health-giving influence of camp life, it is ever so much harder to cultivate these in later years when the bones and muscles have more fully matured and the natural will-power has, to some extent, diminished.

Another important reason for a National Training movement is the fact that, in its earlier stages at least, there is relatively no cost to the country in the way of equipment or loss of time from work of producing units in the industrial world. Then again it does not involve any large expenditures for training camps or armouries, or any of those other expenses which must be had to train soldiers when their early training has been neglected. From the standpoint of national economics alone it will readily be seen that a course of preparedness in the school would be very much worth while.

WHAT THE RESULTS WILL BE

One of the features which has always appealed to me as being one which was very much to be desired, is the effect that an early Military Training has on the boys who have been given that advantage.

In the first place, it moulds them into excellent physical condition, it teaches them the value of discipline, it shows them what can be accomplished by system, it strengthens their memory and powers of observation, it teaches them one of the first and greatest principles of economics—that the whole is only as great as the part, and the part as great as the whole—and it enables them more efficiently to play the part which they are destined to take in the service of their country, whatever form that service may take.

Another point is that when boys leave school after having had a course of Military Training, they are better fitted to take part in effective volunteer service at any time they may be required, and it is an old military axiom that "You can do more in four days after primary training than you can do now in six weeks with raw recruits."

I know of no better record anywhere for Military Training than has been shown by the schools of the City of Toronto, where Military Training has now been effectively carried out for some years. The records throughout the school system of Toronto go to show that not a single child has ever gone seriously wrong who has taken this course from beginning to end. On the other hand, many of the pupils who have evinced the greatest interest have made the best success in other branches of the curriculum.

DOESN'T MEAN PRUSSIANISM

By advocating Military Training in all the schools in Canada I make the statement, with great emphasis, that I do not desire the importation of the Prussian system into Canada. The training I have in mind is modelled after the Swiss system of improving the physical, mental, and moral citizenship of coming generations. This system is not intended to teach hatred of nations, but rather teaches the value of individual responsibility to one's self and to one's country. One thing is certain: It will most decidedly improve the physical preparedness of children to play a man's part in a nation's service should they ever be called on to do so.

I have repeatedly said, and I state it here again, that if war were forever wiped off the face of the earth, I should still advocate Military Training for the youths of the land, because it makes children better physically, morally, and spiritually, and guarantees in perpetuity the sanity of the nation; it develops high ideals, love of home life, love of country, and a higher regard for the real inherent meaning of the word "liberty."

I have never heard a single cogent argument against Military Training in the schools, and I believe this branch of our national work should be immediately enlarged in scope, so that a more uniform basis of activity along this line could be carried out. It would do more to develop national consciousness than any other one thing I know of.

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Jean Blewett's Own Page

My Lady's Garden

"Eat Onions in May and the doctors can play."

"What!" exclaims some one. "Have you nothing finer in the way of poetry wherewith to greet this month of mignonette, star of Bethlehem, anemones, rosemary, apple blossoms, jessamine, flowering currant, lilacs, and a world of other fragrant things, than a tribute to the onion?"

I know! I know! But I am not writing of My Lady's flower garden, fair as it is. The garden I mean has gooseberry bushes along the wall, and homely things like sage and parsley bordering the paths. The brown loam to the right is the potato patch.

"We raise all our own vegetables," says My Lady, proudly. "Last season was a poor one for potatoes; we had none to sell, but plenty for our own use." And potatoes two dollars a bushel!

There is nothing prettier than the leaves, curling and crisp, of that head of lettuce, unless it be the white and green of the slim onions, or the red of the tender radishes. It is an aristocrat of a vegetable, the onion. History mentions the fact that it was an object of worship in Egypt, 2000 B.C. Alexander the Great brought it from Egypt to Greece in the belief that its breath excited martial ardour in his men. A good thing to know in war time!

Beauty and Health

"My Daughter is No Athlete," beamed the proud mother on her old fashioned but distinguished guest—and on the rest of us. "She dearly loves the quiet home atmosphere; in fact, she's happier with a book than anywhere else. It gives me solid satisfaction to know that she enjoys to the full the leisure denied to me in my girlhood." Whereupon the guest aired her views, which were of a nature to astonish us all.

"The home and hearth girl can overdo it," she said with authority. "Too much comfort is a clog, and a clog is one of the little dev— excuse me, the little foxes that spoil the vine. An uninterrupted leisure programme conduces to excess avoirdupois, laziness, lack of vivacity. Girls need to get out, stretch up. The country-bred woman of thirty, forty, fifty has a better physique than her city cousin, can do more work without tiring, more walking without her muscles hurting her. Not a quarter of our lovely women—and our Canadian women are lovely—have backs to be proud of. Ask the lady physician, ask the specialist, if you think I exaggerate when I say two-thirds of our women and girls suffer from backache. We've gotten a long way from the great idea of beauty, too. Women are careless about health—fifty per cent. need to have their teeth attended to, another fifty per cent. need to consult the oculist, and where is the soft shininess of the hair that is a thing of beauty and a joy forever? It is as important that a girl learns how to stand, how to walk, how to breathe, how to make the best of her body, as it is that her mind be trained, her spiritual nature developed. The time to reduce flesh is before we put it on (by reducing our food), and the time to remedy a physical or moral defect is before it shows, not after. There," beginning to draw on her gloves, "I've given a whole health lecture without meaning to. What is that? Women are taking better care of themselves than they used to? My opinion is we do a fair amount of fooling and fussing over ourselves, but as to real care-taking, we've forgotten how."

Economic Independence

The Beautiful Business of Living is made up largely of love, religion, work, and ambition. Of these the first two count most with a woman. She may change her view-point and her way of life as the wheels of progress bear her on, but not her nature. Love has always meant, and perhaps will always mean, the world to her. She has always been—and let us pray will always be—the faith keeper of the race. This being so, we have no right to expect from her the same zeal for work, business, money-making, which distinguishes man. To her is committed the higher things; even her ambition is rooted in some tender spot in her nature.

"But look at our army of women workers!" cries one. To be sure women can work well. They are not shirkers. Why do they enter business life? Because they need the money; because their loyalty, patriotism, or filial affection brings pressure to bear; because they want to show what they can do; because they desire to enhance their charms with more finery than father can afford; because of better matrimonial chances; because of a dislike for household work; because of a particular ambition; because of a belief in emancipation of their sex through economic independence. For these and many more reasons, good and sufficient reasons, beautiful reasons, women enter the arena.

Reading for the Young

A Mother Enquires anxiously as to whether or not the reading of the fairy tale by children is a foolishness and waste of time? She says, "If I thought it put ideas and nonsense in the heads of my girls and boys, or hindered the preparation of the part they are to take in the workaday world by-and-by, (we are poor people) I would bar it on the instant."

Oh, leave the poor fairy tale, the dear fairy tale, alone, please. A few dreams are not going to hurt your girls and boys, or mine. The workaday world is a grand place, but our children do not belong in it yet. The ingle-nook and the fairy tale for them. After all, a fairy tale is only a heavenly homily of adventure. What if we are poor people! What if a strenuous life does await our children! Imagination is all the more necessary. The offspring of the rich can have toys and treats, travel, and change of scene; the others cannot. But what of that when Aladdin's Lamp is common property? The prose of life, the hard facts of life, will be along soon enough. Leave the boys and girls their fairy tales, their world where every one comes to his or her own, where right never fails to triumph over wrong, where wicked giants are worsted and where love is always true. "But they will believe all this!" you cry. Very well! That belief will be a lovely thing to carry with them into the strenuous world you speak of. They will do their work all the better for it; there is usually the whisper of an angel in the dream of innocence.

Latch-Strings Out

A Housewife Does Not Need to be especially clever to bring the formal dinner, luncheon, or reception to a successful conclusion. She has plenty of time to plan her affair, plenty of assistance in carrying the plan out. She has the florist, the caterer, and—sometimes—the public entertainer to help her through. But it takes "a born hostess" to welcome the impromptu guest in such a manner that he will not feel he is intruding, to go about making a place for him at the hearth and table with an ease and lack of perturbation which make him feel at home on the instant.

"I don't know how it is that my wife gets so flustered and upset to the extent she does if I chance to bring home a friend or customer to dinner without due warning," complained one husband to another. "Now, over at your place it doesn't appear to make any difference. Your wife seems to have everything ready." The other smiled.

"Not everything; we often have to practise what we call 'family forbearance,' which means giving our helping of this or that, generally the dish we like best, to the stranger within the gates. But her welcome is ready first, last, always. And the welcome is the chief thing, don't you think?"

Of course it is. Once the born hostess has shaken the hand of a visitor, she has made that visitor one of themselves—which is the greatest compliment of all. Informal hospitality has become almost a lost art. We modern housewives seem too busy to practise it. We entertain by rote, count up how many we owe, socially, and set about discharging the indebtedness in a business way. "I've gone out so much, I really must do something!" is a common expression. One hates to think that hospitality has come to this. It is a beautiful thing, a heartening thing, this hospitality when it is real and spontaneous. So we make a plea for it. Go as far as you like with your engraved invitations and elaborate preparations, but hold fast to enough of the old-time pleasure and privilege of entertaining to keep your hearts warm to your friends. Life will be the fuller for it.

Live and Let Live

We Have Said Before, and will say again, that the woman who has not enough of the sporting instinct in her to take a few of her husband's virtues for granted has no business meddling with matrimony. "If I were back where I was a few years ago, a young man in love with a pretty girl, I wouldn't talk foolishness, at least altogether," said the man of moods. "Some of the discussions would be along practical lines and very much to the point. For instance, instead of the reiterated 'You love me? You are sure I can make you happy?' etc., I would look squarely into her blue or brown eyes, or whatever colour they are, and put this momentous question: 'Will you agree (as I will) to cut out the eternal explanation?' This having to give a reason for everything, to explain words and ways simply because one of the firm of two is autocratic enough to demand it, is humiliating in the extreme. Yes, indeed, a wife can make, for a man, a heaven on earth—or the other place—and we ought to take precautions. Explanations may not be the death of love, but they certainly rub the down off the peach in short order. I don't know how it is with women, but a man hankers to be taken for granted." Wasn't it Disraeli who advised, "Never complain, never explain."

The Gossip's Bridle

When We Read in the English papers that a Zeppelin had dared to drop a bomb in the vicinity of the Church of Walton-on-Thames in the hope, presumably, of blowing up that ancient edifice, we called to mind one summer day when we were taken there to view, not its stained glass, or its towers, or its tombs, but a grotesque contraption which reposed—and still reposes—in the grey old vestry, yclept, "The Gossip's Bridle." We looked at it curiously as one looks at any relic of the good old days, which are good chiefly because they lie so far behind us. "To be sure," we said, "there were gossiping men and women then as there are still, and with no court to give redress, for like maybe this bridle was not without its uses." But wait. Growing accustomed to the gloom of the place, we began to spell out the musty chronicle appended to the article. It ran as follows: "This singular and subtle construction was devised and perfected by one connected with this churche who lost a valuable property throughe the instrumentalitye of a gossippinge wife. When adjusted, one parte enters the mouthe and prevents articulatione. This parte connects by a wide strap with the wooden rest covering the back of the heade, while another strap comes over the heade and browe, dividing in two parts above the nose, thus connectinge the face strap with the bridle on eache side of the mouthe, makinge it secure." The date 1633 A.D. comes next, followed by this couplet:

"Chester presents Walton with a bridle,
To curb women's tongues that talk too idle."

A sorry harness, for a sorry use, and a sorry couplet, you will agree. Not a word about the tongues of men, which doubtless wagged busily enough. It was a man's world then, more of a man's world than it is to-day. A stupid world. This harness is proof of it. Gossip is a vice which no steel and leather cures. This grey old Walton-on-Thames, instead of sheltering this bridle, would have done better to busy itself teaching its women the full meaning of Solomon's beautiful words, "The law of kindness is on her lips." We are glad the Germans did not get Walton-on-Thames, though they would be welcome to "The Gossip's Bridle" reposing there.

Invalids Are Out of Style

On Our Asking a Definition of the word health from the slip of a girl deep in "Georgianna of the Rainbow," she looked up, pondered awhile, then exclaimed, "Oh, it is something that makes you look lovely to folk and folk look lovely to you." A true finding, and a feminine one!

When we put the same query to that jolly and rollicking individual, the boy of the house, he had nothing to say about looks, lovely or otherwise. "Health is what puts the pep in us," he answered on the instant, "makes us race and tear, climb and jump. If you haven't got it, you don't know you're living, and if you have it, everything comes easy—even lessons." Just so!

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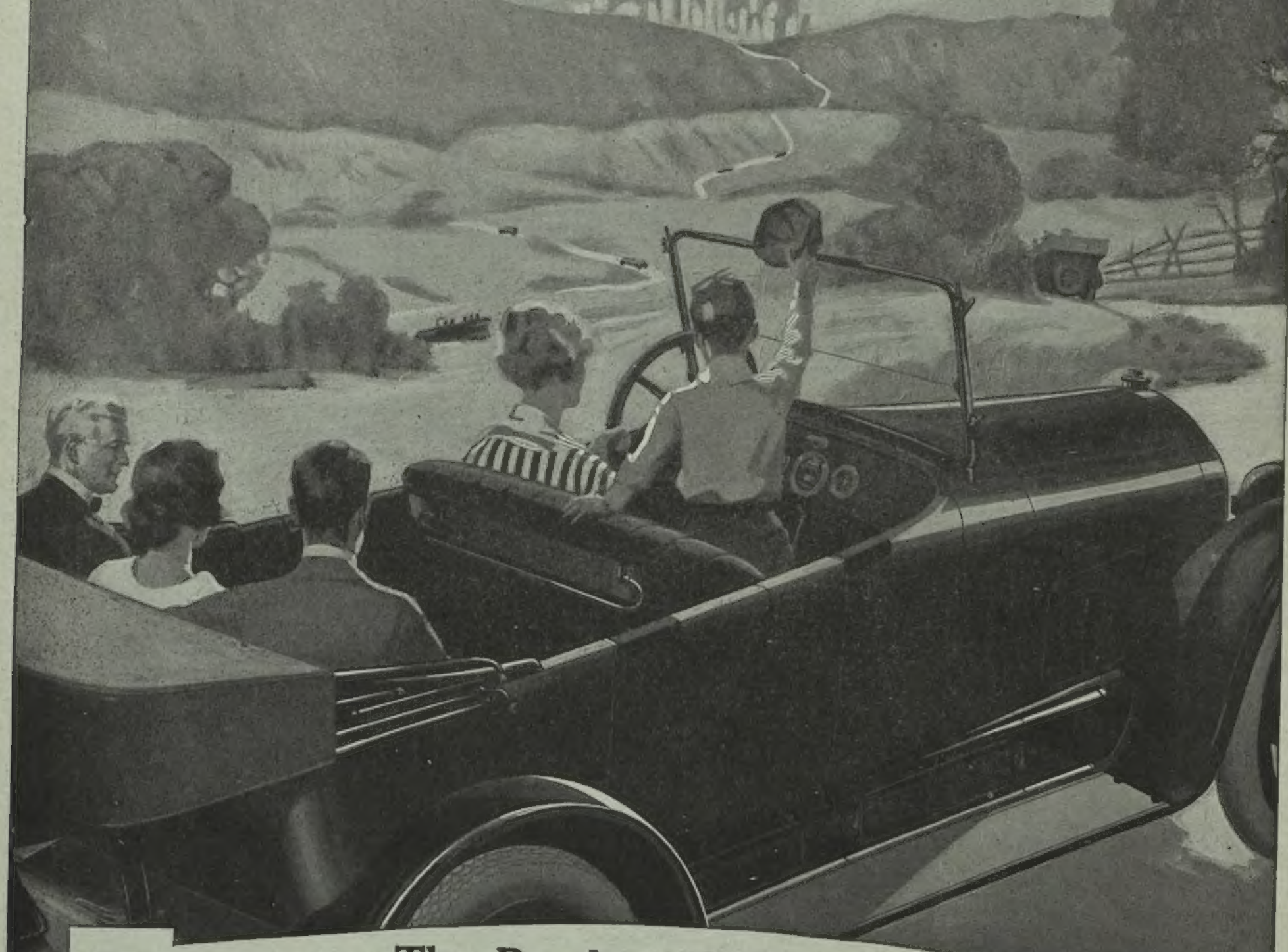

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PLUCKY PIONEERS

PLUCKY PIONEERS! That is what these women are whose photographs appear on this page. They have done something good, and they did it first! But it is something that any woman might—that any woman may—do. They opened up new territory; they blazed difficult, obstacle-strewn trails, and made it easier for other women to follow. They took huge risks and gambled with fate—as every pioneer must in any line whatsoever—they bore the discouraging croakings of the skeptic, the timorous, the weak—and it takes courage to do that!—with a noble, fearless single-heartedness. Pioneers these women were, and plucky.

First Woman Newspaper Editor in Canada

Mrs. John McLagan boasts not of certificate from college or school. She began and finished herself. At thirteen she was receiving despatches over the wires of the Colliers Overland Telegraph and sorting them for news items for the British Columbia dailies. From that she rose until she was editor of the Victoria "Times."

Then she married, and retired—at least she says she retired. She merely read the exchanges, clipped a weekly page, built up a new department, managed her home, and brought up a family; and for four years after Mr. McLagan's death she edited his paper, "The World." She then turned her attention to philanthropic work.

Women Who Refuse to be Handicapped

We want photos and a two-hundred word article about women who refuse to be physically handicapped. One girl, who has been paralyzed for seven years, makes a fair living by painting; she holds her brush in her teeth.

We also want unrecognized inventors who have lessened their work in original ways. One actress saves all her grease paint rags, finding them better than anything else for polishing the radiators.

A two-dollar postal note goes to the sender of each article and photo accepted.

Pioneering in Public Health

Mrs. Ninian C. Smillie was appointed Convener of the Women's Club Committee detailed to look into the health conditions of factories and schools in Montreal in 1902. Four years were spent in diligent, and discouraging, work before Public Schools Inspection was established.

In 1909, while on a western trip with the International Council of Women, Mrs. Smillie was asked to address a meeting in Winnipeg. At the time the City was suffering from an epidemic of illness, and Mrs. Smillie's plea for Public School inspection was well received. Mrs. Smillie is now giving her attention to the control of those diseases most immediately connected with moral and social reform.

From One Person to a Municipality

Miss Rosa Whiteaves was consulted, some three years ago, by a few generous persons who wished to help a poor family and did not know how. Neither did Miss Whiteaves, but she had common-sense. She took several walking tours through the slums—of whose existence Ottawa did not so much as know. She found shocking conditions and undreamed of starvation.

The Hon. Sydney Fisher became interested; and now Ottawa has a social centre with Miss Whiteaves as Superintendent.

From Housewife to Editor

Mrs. W. J. Rowe was "pitch-forked into the publishing business." Mr. Rowe owns and edited "Western Canada," in Manitou, Manitoba. His country called, and he went. "How could you let him go?" she was asked. "How could I keep him back? This is a life and death struggle," her Irish blood answered. But the paper had to be published, and Mrs. Rowe did it, gaining knowledge and business experience as she went along.

A Modern "Old Curiosity Shop"

Miss May Loucks enjoys the unique distinction of having the only modern "Old Curiosity Shop" in the world. Four years ago she gathered together in one room a collection of antiques. In six months her stock was so depleted that she went to Europe to buy.

To-day she has rooms in the largest office building in Ottawa. She calls it a shop; it is more properly a *salon*, furnished in rare antiques.

It is under the patronage of T.R.H., the Duke and Duchess of Connaught.

The "Nicholson Barred Rock"

Miss Nicholson eyed her gift of a hen and eight heterogeneous chicks with distrust. She was no farmer and had never owned chickens. But her interest in them grew as they grew, and presently she found herself with a desire to stock her small run with pure bred birds. In two years she owned some two hundred chickens.

The chicken farm of one acre in Chelsea, Que., was now well established, but Miss Nicholson saw greater possibilities, and took a short course in practical poultry raising. She evolved a strain of her own, and now a "Nicholson Barred Rock" carries off the prize in all poultry shows.

To Hold Your Luck—That's Pluck

Mrs. W. A. Taylor left a happily situated home in "The Garden of Canada"—the Niagara Peninsula—to homestead in Alberta, taking with her five small children. Her husband had taken up a quarter-section in the foothills of the Rockies, and soon it was known that this might become the heart of a new town—Tollerton.

The news brought land sharks who tried to wrest, by fair means if they must, by foul means if they could, this choice bit of land from the owners. But Mrs. Taylor held the fort, though it was only a log cabin, with the nearest store a mile of corduroy road away.

Gardening as a Business

Miss Louise M. Carling, President of the Women's Gardening Association, London, Ontario, is now seeing the fruits of her garden propaganda of many years. She believes that gardening as a business has become a national necessity. The object of the Association is to increase food production and to teach the food value of vegetables. With help scarce in the West, the brunt of production will be thrown on the small farmer. The Association sells the best seeds to any woman who applies, and Miss Carling is ready to give any assistance to any one interested. Her father, Sir John Carling, was the "Father of our Experimental Farms."

Reaching the Top

Mrs. J. A. Wilson is an authority on Household Science; but it is as a climber that she is known.

"All my climbing was done before there was a Canadian Alpine Club," said Mrs. Wilson. She was the first person to get a dizzy glimpse of the world far below from the summit of No. 7 Mount, in the Valley of Ten Peaks of the Canadian Rockies. That was in 1916. Since then No. 7 Mount is known as Tuzo—Mrs. Wilson being a daughter of Dr. Tuzo of British Columbia. Mrs. Wilson is also the first woman to climb Mount Colley, establishing a time record, which she held for a year.

THE WOMEN OF FRANCE DON'T WANT PEACE

"Why has the blood of my two sons been spilled if we are to have peace while the Germans are still in our country?"—Mother of two slain French soldiers

By MARY M. MURPHY

BASED ON AN INTERVIEW WITH BARONESS HUARD

Shop in Soissons, 400 yards from the German line, where "Business as usual" is being done, although scarcely an article on display is left whole, owing to the constant bombardment. Note how the glass in the window has been repaired. Baroness Huard is in the doorway; the picture was taken last fall when she revisited Soissons.

THE majority of us here, in America, have grown up thinking of France as the cradle of the freshest thought, the newest fashion, and the latest luxury—and rightly so. We have considered it a Utopia for pleasure-seekers, the Mecca of the votaries of joy. The very name—France—implied inviting theatres, luxuriant gardens, musical symphonies, dazzling collections of art, gorgeous architecture; in short, all that was gay, light, fascinating, in throbbing, tumultuous life. And back of all these ephemeral delights was always—history. The whole was reminiscent of ancient Rome, artistic sovereigns, and, as an antithesis, the Reign of Terror, the hideous guillotine—all the work of ages, the destruction of the moment, the reconstruction of a century.

But before the days that followed August, 1914, did any ever stop to consider that behind that semblance of gayety was a fighting spirit—the spirit of warriors of the ilk of Napoleon? He had become to us rather a romantic figure. We had been in seeming forgetfulness that with the Renaissance in France that followed his passing, there was no need of a rebirth of the spirit military that he had inspired and that had never died. It came down the years, becoming, with advancing time, more and more obscure, because there was no need for display. But it was ever there, a living thing, an integral part of the vitality of the nation. When the world looked to France to act, France was ready.

So, as we had misunderstood the spirit of the nation did we misunderstand the spirit of its women. The boulevard character was quite familiar to us. In fact—if we must admit the truth—did we not have a sort of vague idea that *she* was the French woman—that *she* constituted the *type*?

It is deplorable that it took so mighty an awakening as the present conflict to bring us to the "discovery" of her. But as this cataclysm with all its horrors has exemplified much of the good, the heroic, and the beautiful, so, included in these, possessing these qualifications in their superlative degrees, is the womanhood of France.

Foremost amongst the intermediary influences that brought us to a realization of what the French woman is doing in this War—for us—is Baroness Frances Wilson Huard, daughter of Francis Wilson, the famous American actor, and wife of M. Le Baron Charles Huard, the renowned French artist.

The Baroness has a devotion to the land of her adoption that is remarkable, beautiful, unequalled. She has lived for the past decade or more among her husband's compatriots. She has understood them, and understanding, she has loved them. That is inevitable. What she knows of the War, and their part therein, she knows from actual experience. She has suffered—though *she* would not style it so—and she has succoured those who have fared worse.

BARONESS HUARD'S summer home, before the War, was the Chateau de Villiers, situated near the Marne River, sixty miles north-east of Paris. A merry house party had assembled there during the third week of July, 1914, an assemblage of notables holidaying, with nothing more serious in mind than the exercise of their skill at bridge and the enjoyment of long walks in the beautiful woods. The Baroness went to Paris with one of her guests on July 27th, there to attend to some business with—among others—M. Pierre Mortier, editor of the Gil Blas. The Baroness and her friend waited a considerable length of time, and then that gentleman rushed in with the news: "All diplomatic relations with Germany are suspended. War will be declared Saturday." He advised Madame to withdraw her money from the bank and take as much in gold as would be given. As an evidence of what little importance was attached to the rumour which had not yet been made official, Baroness Huard, on July 28th, drew from the Societe General, all

Baroness Frances Wilson Huard, wife of Baron Charles Huard, the renowned French artist, and daughter of Francis Wilson, the noted American actor. Baroness Huard is called "The Apostle of France," and in this interview, published exclusively in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, *voices the feelings, tells of the achievements, and glories in the aspirations of the women of France. When the War came, the French woman saw her duty and did it without comment, without hesitation, without publicity. The Baroness here recounts her experiences during the first months of the War.*

Baroness Huard is now in America to raise funds for the maintenance of the large hospital for convalescents in Paris, of which she is the head.

the gold she requested. She then lost no time in returning home.

One should hear the Baroness relate her experiences to appreciate them to the fullest. She has a deep, rich voice, a remarkable vocabulary, a steady flow of words, and speaks beautiful, fascinating French, into which she lapses from time to time, as she repeats various conversations she has had in the course of her experiences.

On the morning of July 29th, the Baroness made another journey to Paris. "Like most country people when they come to town," said Baroness Huard, "I had numerous errands to do; so we set off towards the Bazaar de l'Hotel de Ville," the biggest of the big stores in Paris. Every day in the week, Sundays included, it is so crowded with buyers and sellers that one has to elbow one's way, and almost serve one's self. To our amazement, it was empty—literally empty. Not a single customer—not a single clerk! I gasped in surprise, and as I did so, a woman's voice called out from behind a distant desk:

"'What is your pleasure, Madam?'

"I turned, and a little woman in black advanced toward me.

"'Yes, I know the place looks queer,' she said, 'but all our clerks are young men, and every one of them has been obliged to join his regiment since closing time last evening.'"

I relate this incident, as told by Baroness Huard, to demonstrate that, immediately the mobilization of the French army began, the women of the country stepped into the places of the men, to carry on, as usual, the business of the nation. There was no hesitation; there was no organization. They recognized their duty and did it.

Madame returned to the Chateau de Villiers, and military orders came fast and furious. Baron Huard was not excepted; orders to join his regiment came in due course. The Baroness was left alone, except for half a dozen servants, to manage the large estate.

It was then the idea occurred to her to offer her Chateau as a Red Cross Hospital. By the afternoon of Friday, August 7th, she had reached Soissons, where headquarters for the district was established. There Madame Macherez was in charge. This remarkably capable, elderly woman has since won the respect and admiration of both friend and enemy. Besides administering the affairs of the Red Cross, she has been Mayor of Soissons since the outbreak of hostilities. She has commanded attention from the German authorities—and got it. They consult her opinion, and, strange to say, abide by her decision. She has organized things in Soissons with almost superhuman strength. Yet she is only one of the many thousands of French women who are devoting their lives to their country, and of whom the outside world knows nothing.

Of Soissons, I shall have more to say later. Baroness Huard has visited that city within the last year, in spite of the continual bombardment, and she tells of heroism and incidents of the national *sang froid* that are almost unbelievable.

THE Baroness presented her case to Madame Macherez. Of this meeting the Baroness says:

"I was not long in explaining my intentions. I could supply sixty beds, with room for the double; I would take all the management of a hospital and gladly help with the nursing; but I must have a doctor and other professional aid.

"Madame Macherez accepted my proposition, knew just the person I needed, and taking off her badge, pinned it on to the lapel of my coat and made me a member of her society.

"Though the War was scarcely a week old, her office was already installed in the Hotel de Ville, and several hospitals were well on the way toward complete organization. In a big room, white-capped women—the first I had seen of the kind—were counting bandages, linen and underclothing, laying out huge piles for this and that hospital."

A couple of weeks later, Madame Macherez sent Madame Guix, a trained nurse, to the Chateau de Villiers. With her came the news of the heroic defence being handled by the Belgians at Liege. But at that time, neither Baroness Huard nor Madame Guix could foresee that they would have much chance to nurse wounded soldiers. They were so far south! At the same time, though they had no knowledge of it, fierce fighting was going on at St. Quentin, only eighty miles away.

And then, on the same night, there passed down the road by Villiers the most pathetic procession the world has ever known—Belgian refugees. The depopulation of Belgium had begun. The German invader had chosen to revert to the barbaric age, and the Belgians had no resource but to go back to the nomadic age! In the pale moonlight they passed, old and young, and the rumbling of their carts piled high with household goods was heard for miles. The cortege continued for days and days, and for days and days. Baroness Huard, Madame Guix, and their few assistants fed the vast army of homeless refugees that passed the Chateau. In the heat of those last days of August, they stood over stoves that were never allowed to grow cold, making soup and jam and other nourishing foods for this vast army.

In less than a week, Madame Huard and her staff formed part of that procession. On orders from her husband, she evacuated, exactly two hours before General Von Kluck and his staff occupied her Chateau. She fled south, partly on foot, partly on bicycle. She crossed the valley of the Marne from point to point, a matter of hours, sometimes only of half-hours, before the invading army. Some of her experiences and those of others she encountered *en route* are too awful to record. But never, at any time, did she witness any great complaining on the part of French women. If inconvenience were necessary, their motto was, "The Army First;" if death threw its shadow on them, they bore up bravely (*Continued on page 51*)

The magnificent Cathedral at Rheims. One of the most beautiful cathedrals in the world, and a treasure of art that can never be restored. Baroness Huard is in the foreground. This picture was taken by the Baroness' own photographer in July, 1916.

"The desert is calling, but you must not listen. Go! And the blessing of Allah go with you!"

HER WORD OF HONOUR

A British Woman's Pluck Amongst the Bedouins

By S. KIRKLAND VESEY

COLIN MACNAB sat on an old sack in the mud and bush hut which had been hastily erected for him when the army was brought to a standstill by floods in front and a sand-storm behind. It was still daylight, and he was endeavouring to study a dirty map, but was continually interrupted by the sand which swept in at every nook and corner and whirled about in mad career. Some one fumbled at the canvas which had been stretched across the opening, and in a moment Colin was on his feet and his hand instinctively sought his revolver, but it was a Highland soldier who entered.

"What is it, Mac?" asked Colin. In times of peace the man had been a gamekeeper in the MacNab family and Colin knew him well.

"There's a wumman i' the camp, an' we canna mak oout what she's wantin'," replied the soldier.

"Bring her here," Colin commanded sharply. Mac turned to go, but family feeling overcame discipline and he came back a step or two.

"Maister Colin," he whispered, "tak oout yer revolver for A've niver seen sic a michty big wumman among them Arab folk an A'dout she's a mon." Colin smiled and nodded; he had not the heart to rebuke the man. Then he sighed.

Colin MacNab was a soldier to the core and came of old Highland fighting stock. He had lived among soldiers all his life; in his infancy, his father had been quartered in places where the child could remain with his parents, and later on, when they were abroad, he spent his holidays with some military uncle or cousin in a garrison town. He was over thirty now and had been some dozen years in the army, having seen service both in India and Africa, and when the Great War broke out, he had been among the "first for the Front." He had come through the terrible retreat and the Battle of the Marne without hurt, he had faced all the horrors of a winter campaign, and on more than one occasion he had proved himself an exceptionally efficient officer with a remarkable knowledge and talent for languages. In consequence of this, he had been appointed to an important post in the Expeditionary Force sent to Mesopotamia. And now that force was slowly pushing its way across the golden desert, enduring tortures of thirst under the blazing sun on the sandy waste, alternating with miseries of cold from rain and wind. Every variety of disease had thinned its ranks, while the horrible Bagdad boil had already marred more than one comely British face, but they struggled on, and things seemed going unusually well, for the Turks had been driven back and Bagdad—their goal—was almost in sight.

Then, apparently out of the earth, there had suddenly arisen a mighty host of desert Bedouins led by a chief who was famed for his courage, wisdom, and success. They were tall, lithe men, these Bedouins, swift of foot, and matchless on horseback. They would suddenly appear, attack with appalling ferocity, and as suddenly vanish, leaving no trace; they knew their desert, and knew it in all its moods. Modern warfare or scientific tactics were powerless against such a foe; and this was just the sort of night which the Bedouins would choose for an attack. Perhaps the woman meant—

Colin sighed again and wondered if there had ever been a time when he had sat down in peace without death on one side and suspicion on the other.

His reflections were interrupted by the return of Mac with another soldier, leading the woman between them. She was dressed in the dark blue robes often worn by the Bedouin women and was closely veiled. Colin smiled as he thought of his subordinate's caution; she certainly was very much taller than the ordinary Arab woman.

"What do you want?" he asked in Arabic.

The woman started, but quickly recovered herself and replied in the same tongue, "To speak with you alone."

At a word from Colin the soldiers left them, Mac moving reluctantly, and making as many cautionary signs as he dared.

"I didn't know it was you," whispered the woman in English, uncovering her face.

"Heather!" Colin stood gazing at her, too amazed to move.

"Yes, it is I," she said. "But never mind that; there isn't a moment to spare. Go to your commanding officer, and tell him to advance the instant the sand-storm abates. He must march straight on Bagdad. There is a moon now. Go! Go!" She pushed him toward the entrance, but he held back.

"I don't understand," he said, turning round. "What are you doing here, and who gave you this message?"

"Never mind," she said again. "Tell him to do this and all will be well with you."

"But we can't march; there are floods in front of us, and we are surrounded by Bedouins."

"The straight road to Bagdad avoids the floods, and the Bedouins are going back to their pastoral life to-night."

"But, Heather, how do you know? You must tell me."

"I cannot tell you, but I swear to you that it is true, and if you will do as I ask, the army will be saved, and Bagdad taken almost without a struggle. Now, go! And let me go, too." She gathered her draperies around her, but Colin seized her wrist.

"Heather!" he said almost fiercely. "You must tell me how you know this and what you are doing here?" She was silent.

"I can't take this absurd yarn to Headquarters," he broke out. "You must come with me and tell the General yourself." Her draperies fell once more and a look of fear came into her face.

"I cannot do that; but if I tell you from whom I come, will you go to your general?" she asked, and her voice was beseeching.

"Yes, if you come with me," Colin answered doggedly. The woman thought for a moment, and then said firmly:

"I come with this message from Ali Ibn Sud."

"Ali Ibn Sud!" thundered Colin; then, recollecting himself, he lowered his voice.

"Do you mean the Bedouin chief?"

"Yes, I do. Now go, and let me go, also."

"Back to him?" Colin's face darkened, and his hand on her wrist tightened.

"Yes," she answered simply, "back to him." And breaking away, she started for the door. But the man caught and held her fast.

"Heather, my love, my darling! You sha'n't go back! You can't! You shall not go! You must stay with me! Now that I have found you again, I will not let you go. I love you more than ever. Can't you care for me, again?"

"Colin, leave me. I've stayed too long already."

"You shall not go! Have you quite ceased to love me? Look in my face and tell me so." No, you can't, you can't! You shall not go!" and he kissed her passionately. For an instant she lay quite still in his arms, then very gently freed herself and spoke quite calmly.

"No, Colin, it cannot be. All is over between us forever. I must go back, for I am Ali Ibn Sud's fiancee. We are to be married to-morrow."

"Married to-morrow!" he exclaimed vehemently. "To that heathen savage?"

"He is not a heathen savage," Heather said quietly. "He is nearly as civilized as we are. He spent six years in Europe, travelling about. He is quite educated, and he's been very, very good to me since I was—I mean since I have been here," she ended rather incoherently.

"You mean—" and Colin looked at her intently.

"I mean that since I have known him he has treated me as any English gentleman would, and much better than some." There was a bitter pride in her tone. Colin moved impetuously to her side and put his arm round her again.

"Then, Heather, my own, why can't you stay with me? We could be married at once, and then you could come with the army to Bagdad or—" He spoke quickly, but she moved away and said very gravely, "Colin, do you realize that the fate of the whole army lies in your hand, and that you are wasting time when every moment is precious? You used to be a soldier before all things. Now, farewell!" She covered her face and glided to the entrance, but he was too quick for her.

"I regret, Miss Melville, but if you are so obstinate, I must put you under arrest."

"For God's sake, let me go." She swayed as she spoke, but he paid no heed.

"Bring this woman to Headquarters in five minutes," he said sharply to the two soldiers who were standing outside in the shelter of a neighbouring hut, "and see that she does not escape." Then he struggled out against the storm and made his way to the General. The General listened to the story with ever growing wonderment.

"She is Sir Peter Melville's daughter, you say?" he enquired, when Colin ceased speaking. "And you know her well?"

"Yes, sir, I have known her for a good many years." Colin hesitated. "Indeed, sir," he went on, "we were engaged, but she broke it off before the War, and the last I heard of her was that she had gone to South America. She was always of a roving disposition and fond of travelling, and now that both her parents are dead, there is nothing to keep her at home."

"She must not be allowed to go back," said the General, sternly, then added indulgently, "Young women often take these wild fancies for Arab Sheiks and such things when they know nothing about them, but it will soon wear off." He looked rather keenly at the younger man. Colin coloured, and an angry light came into his eyes, but he restrained himself sufficiently to say:

"I don't think Heath—I mean Miss Melville—would have any delusions of that kind. She has been a great deal in the East with her father, and then she knows Arabic quite well. That's why I can't understand it."

"Oh!" said the General. After a pause he added, "However, the real question is, are we to believe her message or not?"

"I am sure she would not have come unless she believed it to be true," Colin answered.

"No doubt! But she is a tool. German intrigue, you know."

"Yes," muttered Colin, almost sorrowfully.

"Well, I'd better see her," said the General. "You will leave us alone. I may be able to gain her confidence." He straightened his coat and cocked his cap on one side. "Fetch her in."

Colin went out and nearly collided with Mac, who was hurrying toward the tent. "Losh, Maister Colin, yon wumman's awa. She's gien us a' the slip," he gasped.

"Damned fool!" ejaculated Colin.

And the General added something even stronger when he heard.

* * * * *

WHEN Colin had left the hut, Heather looked round for some means of escape, but escape seemed impossible, for the soldiers never took their eyes off her for a moment.

"Say, Mac, this heathen Chinee ain't no woman," said the soldier, looking expectantly at Mac, who paid not the slightest attention. "Somethink more 'ere nor meets the naked eye." But finding his conversational efforts a failure, he lapsed into silence.

"It's time tae gang." Mac spoke in sepulchral tones.

"Come on, then, my 'earty," said the other, and he would have chucked Heather under the chin if Mac had not prevented him.

"Dev ye no mind what the Colonel said tae ye aboot the weemen," said that worthy sternly.

"Come on, then, 'leetle meenister,' and finish your sermon on the way," replied the other irrepressibly, and they started, with Heather between them.

"What's that?" The party paused.

"It's a caat," said Mac.

"No fear!" answered the soldier, and for an instant both men turned to peer through the sand-storm at the mysterious object. Then Heather felt an iron grasp on her arm, and she was hurried forward she knew not where. She dared not turn round, and if she had, she could not have distinguished anything, for the sand-storm was blowing with renewed fury. At last her captor paused in the shelter of a rock.

(Continued on page 54)

WHO IS A GOOD HUSBAND?

Readers Respond With Many Definitions of What a Man Should Be to Qualify for the Post of a Woman's Lifemate

Look Out for Kindness

A WOMAN, who had "put up" with a tough old stick of a husband for thirty years, said to a group of young people, who were discussing matrimony:

"Girls, I'd look out first for kindness!"

That woman knew what she was talking about. A man who is cruel at heart makes the very worst type of husband. The one you have in mind may not, in his youth, be flint-faced, stiff-lipped, and ugly to the eye; yet if he is not fond of flowers, dogs, and children, and if he is not tender with weak and small things for their own sakes, if he is unfeeling toward the horse he drives, or harsh to inferiors, the girl who is considering him had better consider yet a spell before she puts her life-long happiness into his hands.

The ideal husband has understanding of the thousand and one small things that make up a woman's life, and without which she cannot thrive. He knows how to speak the word of praise; he does not condemn her appearance or her cooking before a crowd; he has patience with the trying ways of children, and does not make a habit of flinging out the harsh word which a man soon forgets, but which makes the sensitive nerves of a woman quiver all day long.

The next quality a woman approves of in her husband is his ability to appear to advantage among her friends, and to cause her to appear well as his wife. She cannot readily excuse a blunderer, who brings down on his head the ridicule of other women.

These seem trivial matters, yet there is no doubt but that they lie at the root of much domestic unhappiness. I do not think that women care particularly what their husband's business is, so long as it is honest and approved by their fellow-men. They do not turn against them because they make business mistakes, and they rather like a man to lean on their judgment, and allow them to do a good share of the buying and planning for the needs of the home. Women are not nearly so fond of the out-and-out successful man as he himself supposes. In romances, where he attains success without ossification of the heart, it works out all right. But in real life, the price demanded of the wife of an unusually clever or successful man is too appalling for her to pay cheerfully.—*Miss F. T., Mount Hamilton, Ont.*

Her Soldier Husband

DURING the short eight years of our marriage, my husband has always been as devoted and tender as on our wedding day. Though he was a busy man, he never forgot to give me an encouraging word before going to work, and a pleasant greeting on his return, and always attending to my comfort before his own or the children's. He was a good entertainer, and this lifted much strain and worry from me, as we had a good deal of company. Many a time have I been nearly distracted preparing a dinner—cooking was one of my failings in my early years of marriage—when an encouraging word or smile gave me fresh strength. No matter how tired he was, he always remained in the living-room for a pleasant little chat after the children were asleep.

My husband was among the first to don the khaki. How he hated to leave us! But he said, "It is my duty." He has been gone over a year, and during that time he has written me many beautiful love letters. Fortune has been kinder to me than to some wives, as I expect to see my soldier husband before very long, though in a much impaired state of health.—*Mrs. H. H., Turtle Lake, Ont.*

Loyalty is Absolutely Necessary

A GOOD HUSBAND does not try to boss his wife; he acknowledges that marriage is a partnership in which each should have equal responsibilities and equal rights. He knows that a wife is just as appreciative of a square deal as a man partner would be. He does not need to have an absolutely angelic temper; an occasional explosion of righteous wrath clears the domestic atmosphere, just as a thunderstorm purifies the air; but he should always be ready to kiss and be friends again and quite willing to take his share of the blame when things go wrong.

Above everything, he must be loyal. Marital happiness cannot endure where there is no loyalty. Loyalty prevents a man from humiliating his wife in public—finding fault with or reprimanding her in the presence of others. Any woman would rather be beaten in private than humiliated in public, for pride is the next strongest passion to love. A good husband can make this passion serve a wise purpose, by skilfully conveying the impression that he believes his wife to be quite superior to common weaknesses; for most of us try to live up to the good opinion of those whom we love.

The man who seeks to gain the sympathy of other women by the plea that he is not suitably mated, or that he has not married his affinity, deserves only the contempt of all decent people; for it is the man's privilege to choose, and if he chooses unwisely, he has only himself to blame, and he should be brave enough to face the consequences without whining.

A keen sense of humour is an excellent trait in a husband; it helps to smooth out the rough places, and prevents both from making mountains out of the molehills of domestic worries.

To sum up: A good husband should be a brave comrade, a wise counsellor, and a loyal friend.—*Mrs. L. S., Juddhaven, Ont.*

He Must be True

A GOOD Husband is he who has gone through the fire of matrimonial adjustment and remained true. He is not made in a day. At first he is in the rough, perhaps, but as the waves beating against the rock wear it to a smooth surface, so do the daily trials and close companionship of a patient, loving, and spiritual-minded wife bring out the real quality of the man. Love worketh wonders in us all.—*Mrs. M. M. A., Vancouver, B.C.*

Loyalty

A GOOD Husband does not allow any one to speak ill of his wife, but strives to show in a quiet, authoritative manner that to speak ill of his wife is to speak ill of himself; and by his loving thoughtfulness he makes it easy for her to remember the time of courtship and the early days of wedded life.—*Mrs. K. E. N., Dunnville, Ont.*

Eve Spoiled Her Husband

EVE seems to have been the only woman who ever found a strictly "ready-made" husband, and unfortunately she spoiled him and all his sons, poor fellows! He did not know much about women, and she did not know how easy it is to spoil a man.

Good husbands should not be incapable or unwilling to do things, help with the work, and make repairs. A pretty state of affairs if he must send out for somebody to fix every little thing that gets out of order. In many so-called homes this must be done or the thing left undone, unless the wife is a much better and handier man than he.

A good husband should not be indifferent to moral principles and the religious life. The indifferent man lets his wife go to church alone, if she goes at all, and expects her to do her own share, and his also, of right living. He is a disgrace to any good woman and unworthy of her.

What the Lonely Life Does

GOOD Husbands are made or marred by their mothers and sisters. If a man is waited on and spoiled in his mother's home, he will expect his wife to follow up the same course of treatment, but to a greater degree.

Again, "baching," particularly in Western Canada, is the ruin of large numbers of young men, from the "good husband" point of view. The very independence of the life, compared with a life of interdependence, is a snare. Many a bachelor degenerates into a mere physical force, a bundle of fixed habits, some savouring of good, but more of evil. The higher things of life are forgotten or wilfully set aside. The man who has had much experience at "baching" seldom makes a "good husband."

The Good Husband does not think that he has outgrown religion, but goes to church with his family. He makes ample provision for the future of himself and family, mentally, morally, spiritually, physically, and economically. He strives to own a place of his own, with his wife as joint partner, with equal rights. He holds up only the highest ideals to his children and does not teach them that money is the only thing in life worth striving after. He is kind and considerate of the rights and welfare of others, takes a right interest in politics and all the great questions of the day, is an open-minded, public-spirited, ahead-of-the-times man, who can see and do beyond his own four walls, but in the various walks of life exemplifies the teaching that for The Good Husband, charity begins at home.—*Miss M. MatT., Winnipeg, Man.*

As Equal Partners

WELL, I'm married, and I'm very happy, after quite an experience, after a good many ups and downs, after many cares and many joys, and here he is, my Good Husband; a man absolutely loyal to the one love of his youth, though she made him wait a good many years.

Physically good to look upon, manly, well-groomed always, active and employed in something worth while, mentally keen, interested in affairs of the times, and usually proving his judgments on them correct; not given to any desire for publicity himself, but keeping tab on men who are in the public eye; a great lover of books, morally "sound as a nut," honest to even his own personal disadvantage, truthful, loyal to friend, and just to foe; not a professor of religion, but a genuine possessor of its principles; generous to all good causes so far as his means allow. As husband and father, he has never failed in any crisis.

He cannot be a successful home-builder as he rejects the most important material for this purpose. He is unjust to his family, both as concerns this life and the life to come.

—*Mrs. J. W., Bradford, Ont.*

Once He Held Her—But Now?

THE Good Husband is kind to his wife at all times, and if he must find any fault with what she does, he does not speak about it before company, but waits until they are alone and then speaks kindly and reasonably. Not even their own children should witness these little talks, for they would tend to give the child distorted views of home life.

If they are blessed with children, he is ready always to do his share in caring for them. That does not consist merely in providing them with the necessities of life. Why should a little woman hold a big, fat baby in her arms until they ache, while a great, strong man—who once delighted to hold her—sits round doing nothing, or with a paper in his hand. This often happens, and the man takes no notice of it; yet before they were married he would hardly let the strong girl, that she then was, lift a ball of yarn off the floor or place a chair at the table for herself.

The good husband is not continually telling his wife about what his neighbours' wives can do and what good biscuits his mother used to make. He spends most of his spare time in his wife's company instead of in some pool hall or on the street corner. She will appreciate it if he does not forget to bring home an unexpected present now and again. He does not try to be boss, either, but he must have spunk enough not to be bossed or henpecked.—*Mrs. E. F., Ogema, Sask.*

Just here I rise to remark that I've heard of people who in all the varied frictions of home-making, child-training, and domestic-financing, "never had a difference of opinion." I never saw them, and as yet, at forty years, require proof that they exist. It isn't natural; husband and wife must ever be separate individuals and through love must learn to "bear and forbear." But my good husband has never forgotten that his wife's love and all that marriage means is not a right, but a gift to him, as his love is to me. He does not turn all decisions regarding discipline over to me, nor does he interfere and balk my decisions.

In the matter of finances, there has never been any question of "allowance" between us. I know exactly what he earns, exactly what we spend, all the details of any business so far as it concerns our financial resources. I know what I can spend, or give, or save, and what we owe. I finance the household expenses—food, clothing, medical, church, home insurances (children), repairs, and refurnishings. He looks after rent, large insurance, fuel, light, and water. I never have to say, "May I have a dollar," and we find no difficulty in keeping perfect harmony.

If I'm ill or weary, he considers it is his right to put the babies to bed, wash dishes, sweep or dust, while I rest, just as I know that when I'm well that's my end of the job. In short, we're partners. And a man whose idea of a wife is a real partner is "dead sure" to be "A Good Husband." He is really affectionate to both wife and kiddies, but he doesn't make much fuss about it. He doesn't call me pet names nor tell me I'm beautiful, when I'm merely "fair, fat, and forty," but there's always the little good-bye for us all, and a tender greeting when he comes home. So, you see, he just suits me, and is my ideal "Good Husband."—*Mrs. A. E. C., Winnipeg, Man.*

Must Be Self-Respecting

THE good husband must be a God-fearing, self-respecting man, for if he has no self-respect, how can he respect others? He must have honour for all his fellows, especially woman. Mine says, "I respect all women, for my mother was a woman." Such chivalry must indeed win, and ever keep true and abiding love and harmony in a home on this western prairie; a humble home it is, but love reigns therein.—*Mrs. D. J. MacF., Edgerton, Alta.*

Don't Sulk

THE good husband is unselfish, is a companion to his wife, and takes an interest in what she thinks and does. Whilst he may not always agree with her, he respects her opinions. He sees that she has opportunities to go out among her friends, attend church, lectures, concerts, etc., occasionallly, even though it should necessitate his staying home with the children.

Above all, he does not sulk—deliver us from these sulking men, of whom there are many! Better have a good, hot temper and fire up and be done with it than make himself and every one around miserable until he sees fit to "get over it."—*Mrs. G. L. P., Loseby, Sask.*

An Example to His Children

A GOOD Husband is a living example to his children and to all young men. His wife's judgment of him is oft expressed to the children in the following terms:

"You must strive to grow up like Father," or "Try, dear, to do as Father does," and "I'll ask Father what he thinks best." To her friends it is, "My husband gave me that," or "Isn't this a pleasure? My husband planned it for us."

These are her sincere everyday expressions of love and faith, and every good woman prizes the love of such a man too highly not to endeavour to hold it, and would not exchange her treasure and her Home—I write it with a capital—for the throne and crown of England.—*Mrs. J. T. B., Mar, Ont.*

Books, Magazines, Music—All Help

THE Good Husband is a good provider. He supplies his home and family with the necessaries, and as much as he can afford, with the better and higher things of life—the best books, magazines, music, paintings, and other creations of genius and of art. These contribute to culture, refinement, strength, and uplifting of character, and cannot be overlooked by the man who would aspire to the best. The good husband is more than a burden-bearer. His task is not merely to help carry, but rather to lighten, the load, by labour-saving methods, good cheer, comfortable provision, and refining influence in the home.—*Mrs. W. J. W., Merlin, Ont.*

Patient and Sympathetic

THE Good Husband holds his wife up to her very best—that itself is an inspiration to do one's best. He enters feelingly into her cares and worries, trivial though they may seem to him; to a woman there is nothing so comforting as to be able to tell her cares to sympathizing ears. At the same time, he points out her mistakes in a loving way, showing her how to overcome difficulties. He gives a word of praise and encouragement when it is due, and that means much to her.

He gives her a fair proportion of what he earns, and has a thorough understanding as to just how they stand financially. He remembers that she is really an equal partner; while he is out in the world earning the money, she is at home working and planning to make their home the sweetest place on earth for him, and trying to train up their children aright.

He remembers that he, too, is responsible for the children, and by example rather than precept instils into their minds ideals that will send them out into the world, noble men and women, honouring God, and filling a useful place of service to their fellow-men.—*Miss P. M., Vancouver, B.C.*

The Finished Product

MEN are born; husbands are made. A good husband is the finished product of a good woman's hand.—*Mrs. M. L., Blythe, Ont.*

WHO IS A GOOD HUSBAND?

Are you, Mr. Bashful, that you are ashamed to be seen wheeling your own baby?

Are you, Mr. Neglectful, that you go away for a week without writing a line?

Are you, Mr. Dilatory, that you never come home to meals on time?

Are you, Mr. Nighthawk, that you stay out late at night—night after night?

Are you, Mr. Lazyman, that you never lift a hand to improve the home?

Are you, Mr. Carefree, that you ignore the moral education of your children?

Are you, Mr. Scrap O'Paper, that you forget your marriage vows?

Are you, Mr. Grunts, that you never offer your wife a word of praise or courage?

Are you, Mr. Myopia, that your life is not insured?

Are you, Mr. Savage, that you think your wife is your slave?

Are you, Mr. Haughty, that you humiliate your wife in public?

Are you, Mr. Lust, that you force your wife against her will?

Are you, Mr. Worldly, that you never go to church?

Are you, Mr. Titewad, that you never give your wife diversion?

Are you, Mr. Rut, that you don't try to improve your position in life?

She fixed Hope with one eloquent glance, and Hope wriggled uncomfortably. The three were friends, somewhat in the manner of castaways on a desert island. At heart they loved each other.

THE MAGPIE'S NEST

By ISABEL PATERSON

Illustrated by MARY ESSEX

New Readers Start Here:

DREAMY, and living much in the dreams she fashioned from the old romances she read, Hope Fielding lived in a world unreal, but real to her.

To her father's lonely ranch in Alberta came three strangers talking of the railroad which was coming through; one of these, Conroy Edgerton, who had a daughter about Hope's age, sent her a box of chocolates. When the railroad did come, Mr. Fielding, who was a path-maker, and not a money-maker, moved back farther north.

Hope was ambitious and needed money to pay her way through the Normal School. She went to the city and engaged as housemaid in a hotel where Evan Hardy—one of the men—was boarding. Here Conroy Edgerton came, and she recognized him instantly. He was interested and they met a few times.

Jim Sanderson—another boarder—had been pursuing Hope for months, and finding her alone, made himself so objectionable, that she knocked him down with the butt end of a revolver. Then she left the hotel.

CHAPTER V.

IT should have been spring, but the streets were grey and dry, and the wind brought dust instead of the scent of flowers. Dust—dust—it stung her eyes, and the taste of it was on her lips. She felt it in her hair.

The town lay in a cup of the hills, where the river wound a lazy half-circle. It had just begun to climb the slopes. At the edge hovered a fringe of skeleton dwellings still building; then, abruptly, without even a sown field to frame it all, the prairie began. The houses were shriekingly new, painted garishly, or naked to the sharp sunlight, save on one or two short streets. On these they were small and low, of nondescript architecture, sheltered gratefully behind rows of soft maple and cottonwood, and spreading a lapful of vivid green lawn. Their tones had softened in the score of years since they had constituted the whole town; they alone looked homelike, lived in.

"If I only had a little sackcloth," mused Hope, a corner of her mouth drawn up quizzically. "I shall be twenty-one to-morrow!" Her mind hopped about inconsequently. Standing on the schoolhouse steps, she looked up and down the empty and profitless streets. The children had dispersed.

Twenty-one seemed very old.

"Are you going home?" Mary Dark, coming up behind her suddenly, slipped an arm through hers. Hope started, turned, and smiled, but said nothing. "I came to take you to Mrs. Patten's for tea," Mary added. Mary was of a pale darkness, with a sorrowful, impish face.

"I—I don't want to—now," murmured Hope, doubtfully. "I want—to run away." Her eyes searched the horizon of dun-coloured hills that met a pale, clear sky.

"Where to?" asked Mary. "And with whom?"

"Everywhere—nobody," said Hope. "All, all alone. Or I shall explode! Do you know that somewhere people are doing things—inventing, exploring, writing, thinking? They've found the North Pole, and discovered the X-rays, and built aeroplanes. We sit here, like chickens in a coop. Mentally, we're in the Dark Ages. I want to go and crowd in, to be part of it all, to understand it. Things are happening, and *I'm not there!*" Her voice was almost a wail. "I want to be in the middle of the big commotion, to clutch the tail of the comet. I want an X-ray for breakfast. I want to fly. I want to go where real, new ideas are being thrown around like brickbats. I don't care if one does hit me behind the ear. When I left home, it wasn't for this." She waved her hand contemptuously. "'Want to watch the wheels go 'round.' And I thought I could do it—get near to life. But if this is all, why didn't I marry one of those tow-headed Swedes on the next ranch? I tell you, I want to see the world. And I *don't* mean simply cafes, and glittery, over-dressed people."

"This is the world," said Mary Dark, wisely. "I've seen it."

"Like the Sydenhams did?" asked Hope scornfully. "You've heard, of course; you know them—I don't. They came back from England last week, after spending a week there. Went over to 'do' the Continent for six months. They never saw the Continent. They've lived here all their lives, haven't they? And they came back—here—said 'there was nothing over there, anyway!'"

"Yes, I heard," said Mary, laughing. "But what ails you? Quarrelled with Ned?"

"M-mm-mph," Hope answered, with an indescribable sound and a shrug. "Nor with Tom nor Dick nor Harry nor with whatever their names are. I wish there were even some real men here. Clerks—and retired grocers—and remittance men—and things—"

"But you flirt with them," Mary reminded her.

"I suffer fools—sometimes," said Hope, disingenuously. "Oh, I'm suffocating. I really cannot bear ever to see one of them again. I'm almost twenty-one," she repeated hopelessly. "Is life really like this? I thought it would be all one glorious adventure, not an endurance contest in boredom—slow starvation."

"Come to tea, you idiot," answered Mary, affectionately. "Fate put a little too much yeast in your lump of dough, I fancy. It will fizz out by-and-by."

"You," said Hope, studying the other's half-veiled eyes and close mouth, "have had your adventures. So you sneer at me. Look, there's a naughtymobile! I want a ride. Oh!"

"I've had nothing," said Mary Dark. "And you're flirting with that chauffeur! Hope, you wretch!"

"Not," denied Hope, smiling sidelong. "I met him at the rink last night. I didn't know he was a chauffeur. I thought he was an oyster. He never speaks. But his eyelashes are remarkable."

"You are an abandoned wretch," remarked Mary, severely. "I shall leave you here." She turned on the corner, but through her back hair she could see that the auto had drawn up to the curb.

"Want a ride?" asked the boy of the eyelashes, laconically, in a rich, husky drawl.

"I do," said Hope, and scrambled up beside him. "Whose car is this?"

"Mine, maybe," said the chauffeur, still drawling, and with a jerk of his wrist he sent the glittering monster hurtling down the road. It was true that he had remarkable eyelashes, and his warm olive cheeks had a down on them like a ripe peach, and his eyes were dark and ingenuous, like a child's. His leather cap and plain serge coat became him almost too much. Like Hope, he was just past twenty—in years. "Where to?" he enquired, leaning back.

"Anywhere," she said ecstatically, taking off her hat and putting it under her feet. They slid out along the river road, through the one bit of beauty nearby. The dust streamed out behind them, but they breasted clean air. Out of sight of habitations, the boy put his arm about her.

"Don't be a pest," said Hope, crossly. He removed it.

"All right," he agreed. "Didn't know."

"I've only met you once," she said. "I even forget your name."

"Name's Allen Kirby," he drawled. "And I'll stick around, if that will help." His face was expressionless; Hope laughed despite herself.

"Whose car is this?" she demanded again.

"I'll tell you—next time," he promised.

"But there might not be a next time."

"Won't you come?" He turned toward her, watching the road out of the corner of his eye. "Perhaps you fly too high for a chauffeur. You don't look like a school teacher."

"How did you know?"

"I spotted you a week ago. You look like a big-town girl. I asked to meet you. Drove around six times today before you came out. Don't know any other girls here."

It was a long speech for him. It astonished Hope immeasurably. She plied him with questions as they fled through the waning afternoon. Sometimes he answered; sometimes he turned the point, drawling, immobile with the stillness of one who always watches. She forgot she had been bored. Here was a most authentic individual. All class distinctions meant no more to her than a diplodocus. Besides, in those earlier days chauffeurs were outside of class. They were adventurers, a new species. They drove on and on, and back through the dusk again, and she was sorry it must end. He put her down, at her request, at Mrs. Patten's door, and said negligently, "To-morrow," and purred off again.

Mrs. Patten lay on a wicker *chaise longue*, in a black, straight gown and much comfort, nibbling Graham biscuits and talking gossip with Mary Dark, who smoked interminable cigarettes and listened. She had eyes like Mary's in that they were full of surface merriment with deep wells of shadow below. But hers were of a rare hazel-grey, and her features were modelled with classic regularity. If she was not noted as an unusually lovely woman, it was because she was too indifferent; she wore her beauty casually, as though, indeed, it truly belonged to her, rather than like a seller parading her wares. She must have been thirty—but she had the same frank grace about that. And, though it was not so apparent, Lisbeth Patten had not only the courage of her convictions, but the courage to run counter to them. There were things very fine and very foolish about her; she was compounded of tact and indiscretion; of convention and generosity; and neither friend nor enemy knew why they were so.

Now, she fixed Hope with one eloquent glance, and Hope wriggled uncomfortably. It was impossible to defend without being attacked. Mary Dark smiled with wicked humour. The three were friends, somewhat in the manner of castaways on a desert island. At heart they loved each other.

"Have a good time?" asked Mary, casting the gauntlet.

"I did," said Hope.

"Eleanor Travers was here this afternoon," said Mrs. Patten, pouring, with a peculiarly refined and graceful gesture, a cup of tea quite black and cold and giving it to Hope absently. "She was asking about you, Hope. I think she means to call."

Hope understood, and yet did not understand. She understood the significance of the implication, but it would never be possible for her to see, with Mrs. Patten's eyes, the importance of it. Miss Travers was conspicuous in the town's inevitable "younger set." She "assisted" at half the social functions, and was an indispensable onlooker at the other half. Her three new gowns a season were described thirty times during that season in the weekly budget of society items in the one afternoon paper. Hope had been in the young city two years now, and said so, though without any especial animus.

"I know, dear," said Mrs. Patten. "But people are just beginning to know you." Again Hope understood.

"I don't think so," she (*Continued on page 49*)

THE ROMANCE OF GROWING SLENDER ON THREE MEALS A DAY

By LENA B. LESSEN

"You're a wonder, Bella! You've done it! Why, Girlie, we never knew you before! But I've noticed you coming, every day, this past two months!"

New Readers Start Here:

"FATTY" was the nickname by which Bella was known. At twenty-two she weighed one hundred and eighty pounds—and looked it. One red-hot day she saved Garry Miles, the bank's new manager, from drowning, and lost her heart. Her fat became a burden and she gladly accepted an invitation from Aunt Jessie Fairweather, determined to grow thin on the farm where no one would know.

Cora Neville, the town's beauty, accepted attentions from Garry, and rumour had it that an engagement would soon be announced.

PART II.

UNCLE JIM FAIRWEATHER'S farm was some farm, for he was some farmer. By which I mean that he understood agriculture, and loved it, and his stock was all pedigree stock, and much of it blue ribbon, too. He was, therefore, well off; and his fine old house, well back from the highway, with a double drive, and big old trees and flowers and hedges about it, was a *home*, and a lovely place to visit.

Aunt Jessie Fairweather, with her clear skin and delicate colouring and prematurely white hair, was lovely, too. She was on the wide, vine-shaded verandah to welcome me, in her sincere and warm, yet gentle, way.

"How you do *grow*, little girl!" she said, smiling, as she took me—that is, some of me—in her slender but mothering arms.

"Round and yellow, like a pumpkin!" I said, as I held her off with my hands on her slight shoulders, to look better into her kindly eyes. There's one thing I can say about my hands at that time; if I were a colossus, my hands were small and never more than plump. They weren't pudgy. We were the same height, Aunt Jess and I; but she seemed like a feather in my huge arms. I felt that *I* was the mothering one.

"This young woman," remarked her husband, clapping me on my back, as broad as his own, "has come out here to—what is it, Bella?"

"To grow slender on three meals a day," I advised, and laughed; the first time I had laughed in three days, that I could remember. Aunt Jessie stared in sudden bewilderment.

"To—grow—slender—on—?" Her puzzled interrogation trailed off and merged into a look of really anxious inquiry.

"On three meals a day," I repeated, patting her. "I'll tell you all about it after—after the *first* meal after supper." I liked the good old-fashioned word, and thought with a momentary pang of what Aunt Jessie had intended her table, loaded with all the good things I shouldn't and wouldn't eat, to be on my account.

"Well, take a walk about the old place with Jim," she said, resignedly, "and I'll see about the *first* meal you are to 'grow slender' on. Perhaps I'll understand better afterwards."

"Aunt Jessie," I said—for the worst was over, and I had to begin seriously somewhere—"that's just it. I've come to you to help me to be *made over*, and I want you just to let me eat what I *should* eat, and not to mind my not eating what I should *not* eat. So please, for little Bella, a very plain and simple supper."

"Whatever you like, Bella, if I have it," she said, a trifle troubled. "And if I haven't got it, I daresay we can get it in town or send for it. But what can you eat, my dear, now?"

I had the answer ready, for I had thought about it.

"I could eat a *little* lean meat—any, except pork—and, a salad of green vegetables—lettuce—and some fruit; and yes, a little toast. *No bread.*"

"Our raspberries, red and white, are very fine this year," she said, with a touch of pride. "And with cream—"

"Yes, I can eat raspberries," I answered promptly. "But *without* cream."

"No cream? And the Fairweather cream—"

"And no sugar in or with anything. You see, dear Aunt Jess, I want to *lose*. So, to *reduce*, I simply must not eat a *fat-producing* meal. No fats, no sugar, no starchy foods, you see. Oh, I've got a list, and a black list, too, of them all."

"Well, run along! I suppose you are going to run, too—"

"Fat is a disease, and it cannot be run off, permanently," I said didactically.

"Well, I judge not—if you've been doing any running lately, Bella. But you can tell me all about it later on. I'll wager there's *something* back of all this; but I'll do all I can to help you, if it's going to help you; and I'm very glad you've come, my dear."

Yes, there was something back of it all; back, a hundred miles, at Harriston. And I knew that before long Aunt Jessie would know what it was. I felt I should simply have to talk to somebody about it.

BUT I knew, too, that I had come to the right place, where I could do as I pleased; and I was glad I had not drawn *all* my money out of Garry Miles' bank and gone to some expensive bath resort, as, on the impulse, I had first thought of doing.

So I went over the old place with Uncle Jim, and saw the flowers and the orchard, the barns and the stock. But it was the *vegetable* garden that interested me most. It was a *dear;* weedless to a weed, perfectly cultivated and well kept. And how lovely everything was! For here were long rows of lettuce and cabbage and cauliflower and onions, and all the things with almost no starch or sugar that I could eat; as well, of course, of the things, like turnips and radishes and carrots and beets, with little fats but rather too much starch and sugar, that I would not eat; to say nothing of the endless rows of corn, not yet ripe, but which would be positively barred when it was ripe. And how I used to like Uncle Jim's "Country Gentleman" and "Early Giant" and "Golden Bantam!" I sighed—some size—and Mr. James Fairweather, reading my retrospection, chuckled audibly.

"Let's go over to the scales!" I said, abruptly. "I want to weigh myself now!"

"Better weight till after supper, Belle," punned Uncle Jim. But I led the weigh. (*My* pun not intentional.)

"One hundred and eighty pounds, four ounces," he said, as the balance quivered midway.

"I'll weigh myself every week," I said, as I stepped off. Then my big, muscular escort stepped on, and I announced one hundred and seventy-eight.

"Gained two pounds since last time, a few weeks ago," he said comfortably.

"You gain all I'm going to lose," I said, as we started for the house, "and I'll take you back to Harriston and exhibit you."

Aunt Jessie's supper table looked pretty much as it had looked on previous visits; groaning under "all the indelicacies of the season," as Mr. Dooley would say. For Uncle Jim is what is called a "good feeder;" and Aunt Jessie's home-made bread and butter, and cheese, and cream, and honey, are prize winners at the local fair, and famous.

But she had some lean beef—which, of all meats, contains the most nourishment with the least fats—and a fresh vegetable salad, and the toast, and raspberries. She was plainly distressed, however, when I refused second helps.

"I'm afraid you will be ill, Bella," she said, solicitously.

"I'm going to eat just about one-third of what I used to," I said, with a little nod of determination, "and the right food. And I'm not going to be ill. I'm going to get *well*."

Aunt Jessie, wrinkling her forehead, expressed her doubts.

"You'll get thin," she sighed.

"Fat chance!" I laughed. "I don't really want to get *thin*. The body requires a small portion of fat for purposes of heating and for filling in, to make the surfaces smooth and without angles. One wouldn't wish to have no fat at all, you know. The body needs just enough to make it rounded and beautiful."

"And *that's* what *you* are after, Miss Belle o' the Ball," said the man of the house, with a nod of sagacity. "I'm wise, as the young fellows say in town. And who is the man?"

"I think you are horrid!" I said, feeling myself flushing furiously. "I want to be normal, that's all," I went on hurriedly; "and this fat of mine, inside of which my figure is somewhere, has got to be *starved* off."

"Have another cup of tea," Aunt Jessie urged. "It isn't fattening, is it?"

"JUST one cup at any meal," I said. "Besides," I added, "I don't really care for tea without cream or sugar. But," I comforted her, "I'm going to drink lots of water between meals." The water on the Fairweather farm is wine—sparkling, pure, and cold.

After supper we sat on the wide verandah and talked, and Uncle Jim smoked a pipe.

"And what can you eat for breakfast, my dear?" said my dear, solicitous aunt.

"Listen, Dearie," I said, "here are some of the things I positively must not eat, if I am going to win and thin out; bacon—it contains sixty-seven per cent. fat; cheese, pork, ham; white bread—for bread is really the *first* thing I have to cut out, because it's composed chiefly of starch, which in the body is transformed into fat. No breakfast foods, Aunt Jess, because *they* are three-quarters starch; and with cream and sugar, they are still more fattening."

"I wouldn't care about them myself without cream or sugar," agreed my aunt.

"No rice," I ran on. "No peas—"

"We haven't any rice on this farm," commented Uncle Jim, between puffs. "But the peas are pretty good this year. The marrowfats, you know," he added, demurely.

"*No* made dishes, like macaroni and cheese," I continued, "*no* gravies, or puddings, or custards, or pies—"

"No *pies*, Bella?" Aunt Jessie's (*Continued on page 30.*)

Old Tommy Martin blinked at me through his glasses when I gave him the address. I simply knew that he took his glasses off and stared after me as I walked away.

BEING A GRANDMOTHER AT THIRTY-FIVE

By ERIC A. DARLING

Illustrated by ESTELLE M. KERR

THE woman, staring into interminable darkness, stirred restlessly. She had slept little through the long night. Finally a bare, rounded arm groped for the light switch and found it.

As the beams flooded the room, she sat erect, pushing back, with an irritable little gesture, the dark cloud of hair from the smooth, white brow. Blue eyes gazed questioningly about her, a tiny frown growing as they seemed to seek for that which escaped their vision.

She slipped from the covers and crossed to the open window, breathing deeply of the crisp morning air. A faint tint of rose in the east heralded the approaching dawn. She closed the window and slowly crossed to her dresser—dainty, exquisitely fashioned with the round slimness of youth enhanced by filmy negligée. She might have been nineteen.

Had you seen her in street costume a few hours later, you would have judged her twenty-five. Contact with the world of business had lent her an assurance that crowned her with added years. Womanhood, in the glory of full bloom, had replaced the slip of a girl who could not sleep. You would have judged her twenty-five. In reality she was ten years older.

Thirty-five milestones passed! To her it seemed incredible. She felt not one whit older than she had eighteen years ago—in truth, not so old. For at sixteen she had married the minister in their little town. It had been one of those unions brought about by gentle parental persuasion. Her parents had been poor, the honour one not lightly to be thrust aside, and the young clergyman very much in love. Of course, the urging had been gentle, but it had been none the less forcible. And at seventeen maternity had come to her. At nineteen she was widowed. In the sixteen years succeeding she had become a business woman in a business world.

An uncle of her husband had found her a position in a mammoth department store in one of our larger Canadian cities. Application, a steady hand, and a special aptitude in a certain line had placed the name of Margaret Sterling among the firm's list of high-salaried employees. Time brought to her the responsibility of buyer for three departments, necessitating semi-annual trips abroad in that capacity.

And now she was on the eve of another of those trips. Or rather, not the eve, for the day was already here, though darkness still shadowed the land. Her trunks had gone. In ten hours she would follow.

Standing before her dresser, she picked from among the silver articles thereon a yellow slip. It had come the night before. She knew the contents of that telegram by heart, yet, as she read it, there came again a quaint little smile of commiseration, flitting over her face as she caught her eye's reflection in the mirror.

The message contained naught but joyful tidings. Even the operator must have caught their spirit when he punctuated it so carefully.

"A boy, Grandmother! Hip! Hip! Nancy splendid, and so happy!"

"A grandmother!" She thrust her piquant countenance close to the mirror. "A grandmother!" she repeated, and wondered at the sudden clutch in the throat that gave her voice that tragic tremour.

"A grandmother!" she reiterated, and addressed her mirrored visage.

"You don't look it!" After a prolonged survey she asked of the empty air: "Now would you believe it? Would any one believe it? What a perfectly scandalous way for a girl to treat her mother, her still young and giddy mother. Positively fiendish!" Then her humour varied.

"The darling—how I wish—I could just see her and—and *him*. I wonder—if he has a downy fringe of black hair, like Nancy—or whether he's like Jack. There! What's the use of wishing, when there's half of this glorious Dominion between us, and I sail for Europe in a few hours? Why on earth didn't they tell—" and she dropped sobbing into a chair.

Later she emerged, twinkling and merry, her usual happy self.

"That will do, Grandmother," she laughed. "Tears are a luxury you must forego. 'The Road to Age is dampened with the Tears of Youth.' Now I wonder who it was said that! Anyway, it's true; that would mark the final finish to my youthful appearance. 'Brace up and be a Man!' Somebody else said that. I must sit down and write Nancy a nice letter, though she did treat me dreadfully. I wonder what was in that telegram I sent in reply—I don't remember a word—I was so amazed." A sympathetic smile hovered about her lips. "Why, I never dreamed of such a thing! She's only a baby herself. And yet—she isn't; why, she's a year older than I was!"

Unconsciously, a minor note had mingled with her musing. But twinkling eyes and dimples soon returned. She laughed softly in contemplation of the exploding of this bomb when she and The Man met. For there was a man, though as yet the woman had not acknowledged the fact even to herself. Indeed, she would have taken care to arm herself against him had she suspected such behaviour from her carefully guarded affections. In her years of business she had met many pleasant men, with them spent happy hours in a congenial companionship. But she had always veered sharply away from anything approaching sentiment. Marriage held no illusions, and personal liberty was dear.

"I shall tell him after we have lunched." She smiled as she put the finishing touches to her toilet.

THE Man called for her just before twelve. The hands of the cafe's big clock pointed to the hour as they seated themselves. She had kept the secret a full fifteen minutes, and might have kept it longer if the man's glance had not contained such obvious admiration. When he leaned toward her across the table, and in his usual gruff way, said, "You are getting more beautiful every day, and that new suit sets your beauty off perfectly," she could contain herself no longer.

"I've just received very wonderful news—that is, last night. In consequence I failed to sleep a wink, so don't tell me I'm beautiful. I probably look worse than I feel. Besides, you'll call our lunch fine; our ride to the dock grand; and, no doubt, the ship that carries me away—a beauty. You sprinkle adjectives everywhere," she laughed, handing him the yellow slip.

The Man took possession of the telegram. "My goodness, how you do twinkle! Quite as though you were the wizard's evening star. This must be splendid news," and he lowered his eyes to the paper.

With a sigh of infinite happiness, she sank into the outspread rug.

Shamelessly and appreciatively she studied his face as he read. Bewilderment, amazement was writ across it. She gave delighted little chuckles.

He raised his eyes quickly. "Heavens! Not you—a grandmother!" He almost gasped.

She nodded, smiling consciously.

"A grandmother!" he repeated, slowly. Then in his eyes also came a twinkle, a devilish little twinkle. "Well, in that case, it's time you made some definite provisions for yourself, before—ah, the further advance of old age. Rollins told me in strict confidence that you've refused him three times. Now, you have only refused me once. That cheers me. I take heart. So—Margaret, will you marry me?" His voice and manner were above suspicion, but from his eyes scintillated little mocking lights.

"Thank you, no, Mr. Weston," she replied, as airily mocking. "I am still too young and inconsequential for married responsibilities. I adore my single blessedness. At thirty-five fate has thrust grandmotherhood upon me. But I defy the Oracle. I positively refuse to grow old."

The meal proceeded merrily. To the woman there was something infinitely satisfactory in teasing this man. His attempts at love-making were so direct, so elephantine, without any subtleties—the man-and-woman game was so entirely new to this lion of finance. Railroads and stocks, mines and corporations, had always been the vortex upon which his mind had centered. He had never before cared for a woman, never before wished to marry. And frankly he told her so. For a year now she had been chaffing him in her smiling, provocative way. And all the while she remained so self-reliant, so well-poised, even at times when her eyes were blue wells of appealing dependence.

By some intuition, he read her aright. There might be ways and means of bending a woman to submission, but lack of experience made these unknown to him. Only in his abrupt way was he her most ardent and deferential suitor—ever dependable; one with whom she might enact all the audaciously flirtatious things in woman's category. And he, with a mind that could calculate to a nicety the amount of expenditure required to put a run-down railroad on a paying basis, argued simply that if she cared for him, eventually she would marry him. The only flaw in his theory, an unfortunate one, was that she didn't. Still, he hoped in a ponderous way, and in the meantime flushed beneath her little pleasantries, and rated them at their face value.

But on the steamer, as the last call, "Gang-plank going," sounded, he turned suddenly, crushing her hands in his.

"This is twice since I've known you—this putting the ocean between us." The words came hard. "You will be back in June?"

She nodded, averting her gaze from his.

"Well, I can't stand it again," he went on harshly. "Do you hear?"

For answer she gazed serenely before her over the deck rail.

"What was it you said, last time?" She spoke musingly. "You said something about hugging the ticker while I was gone. It rather shocked me; so ambiguous. Almost as though you had—er—used *me* for that purpose." Little devils of mischief leaped in her eyes.

"So I did." His growl grew subdued. "I whipped a certain railroad into shape. Took me night and day to do it."

"Well," she laughed, "haven't you another railroad handy, that needs attention, or perhaps some other substitute—"

Authority, in the person of an obdurate ship's officer, thrust between them. "We'll be away in three minutes, sir," he announced unfeelingly.

"You'll write me?" If her hands had been merely crushed before, she felt them now a shapeless jelly.

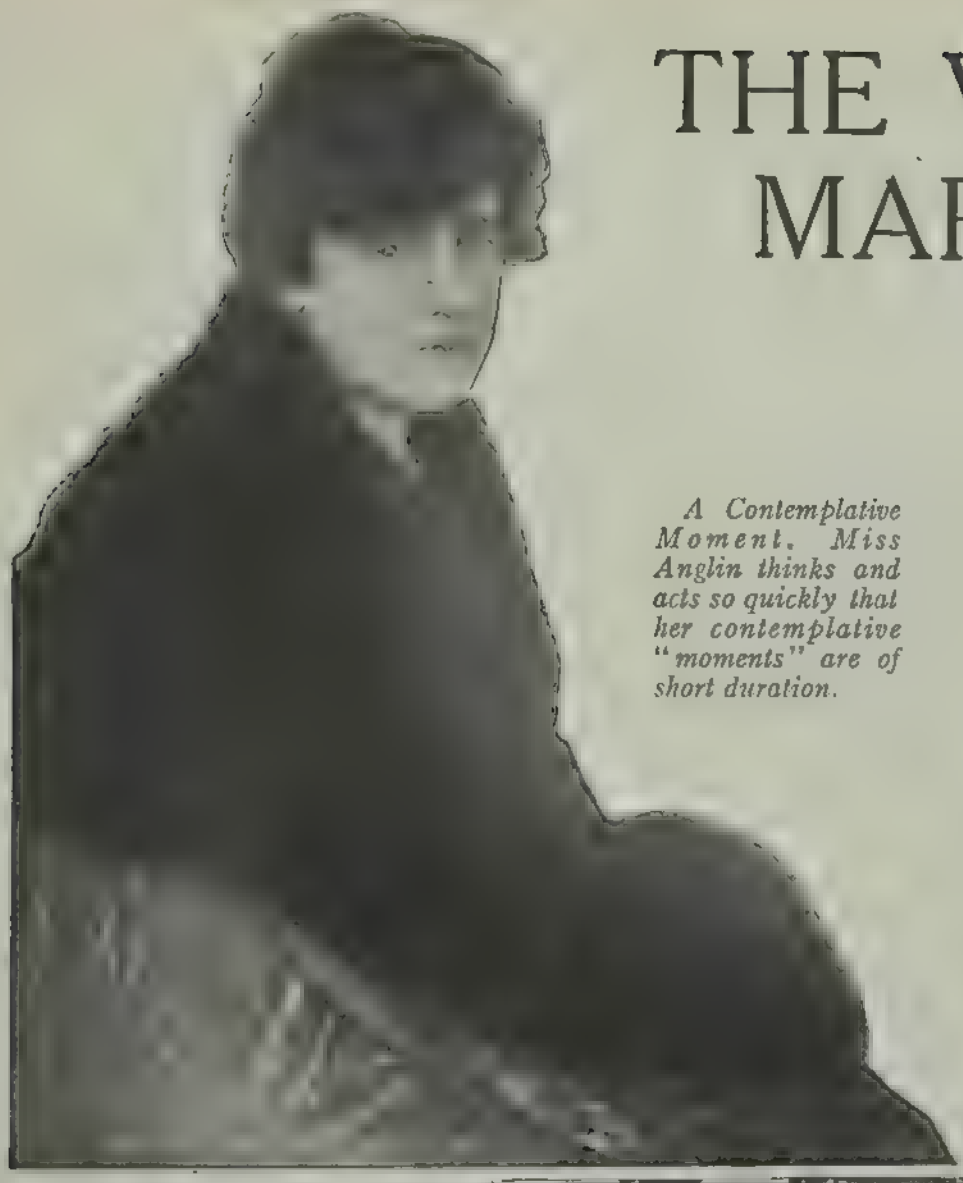
"Oh, every day," she whispered sweetly. And when she saw him amongst the crowd on the pier, she blew him a tiny kiss. It was a foolish thing to do, and it affected him that way. He tossed his hat in the air, like a boy of twenty, and not like a staid juggler of finance, aged some forty odd.

THE trip over was most unpleasant, the stormiest of ten she had previously made. The only sunshine was that she made herself, with her cheery disposition. But April showers frequently crept into her moods, when she would muse on that far-away baby, and ever through her musings the queerest thoughts would run. Almost she felt as though that boy were hers, and she his mother. As for the real mother—a little well of pity had sunk into the woman's heart, drilled there by her child's youthfulness. How well she remembered those days when little Nancy's red face had nestled in the hollow of her arm. She had loved her then—oh, yes! But she loved her infinitely more as the years went by. For at sixteen or eighteen the heart is neither large nor broad enough for the seeds of motherhood. And now an ache grew and swelled in her hungry mother-heart. As she had failed in the measure of love accorded her own baby, she now felt brimming over, crushed down and utterly possessed with it, for her grandchild. And all the while leagues and leagues of water were being placed between them. Months must elapse before she could see them with her own eyes. How could she wait!

But, once arrived, she became again the keen woman of business. In the background of her thoughts might lurk vivid pictures of a "little grey home in the West," but on her tongue's tip was only the siren song of the dollar.

With a rapidity she had never equalled on trips previous, she flitted from city to city. No time now to relieve the monotony of business with idle sightseeing. At the completion of her buying was a wonderful goal. And when all was accomplished, she found herself a month ahead of scheduled time.

To the man, as she had promised, she sent many letters, but said nothing of an early return. Some time in June, he expected her, but not on the first. So when she arrived in the big Canadian port and called his office, she was told that he had left the city for a (*Continued on page 34.*)



A Contemplative Moment. Miss Anglin thinks and acts so quickly that her contemplative "moments" are of short duration.

THE WOMAN PART OF MARGARET ANGLIN

By RICHARD M. WINANS

I READ Margaret Anglin's autobiography of her busy life in the theatre with a sense of regret that she should have said so little in a personal way about herself, so little of the Margaret Anglin outside the theatre, the woman in the home, her recreations, her friends, her intimate views of life.

No one could tell such a story half so well, so interestingly, and so entertainingly, as could Miss Anglin herself.

Conscientiously devoting her every energy, her intellect, talent, genius, her knowledge and experience, observation, study, her best mental, spiritual, and physical forces and activities to the constructive advancement and the increased efficiency of the educational power and influence of the stage, she neither seeks the limelight nor courts publicity. She is too dignified to encourage the fatuous *nugæ canoræ* of hero worship. And it is left to those of us who know her well to write of that part of her life that is not so exposed to the glare of publicity as is the stage.

Miss Anglin is a most deliciously charming young woman. Quite the reverse of what one naturally expects of a famous actress, and delightfully in contrast to some other notable personages of the state, Miss Anglin is refreshingly devoid of any semblance of "airs" or the least pretence of "pose." She just radiantly glows with the spontaneous and unaffected simplicity of youth, of *naive* sincerity.

"Really, I could not pose, even if I wanted to," she told me. "I do not know how to pose; it is one of the things that I never learned —and I am glad of it!"

"Stage posing! Oh, no indeed! Acting is not posing," she protested at my suggestion. "Acting is a far more serious work than mere posing. Acting is simply the formal attitude necessary to assume in the interpretation of a character or the translation of thought into physical expression; all of which exacts of the actor the full measure of nervous, mental, and emotional energy."

And only those who have had the unusual privilege of witnessing this truly wonderful woman in the full flush of work during rehearsals can in any way compute the tremendous amount of energy she expends. Really, it properly may be said that in the environment of the rehearsal Miss Anglin reveals quite as much of the woman as of the actress.

Consummate knowledge of stagecraft, the finished technique of the artiste, the talent of the actress are all disclosed in Miss Anglin's performance in presenting a play on the stage; but the more exacting efforts, the mental resources held in reserve, the nervous forces displayed, the magnetic personality shown, the dynamic physical energy expressed in her quick perception and masterful handling of the highest possibilities of the theme and the most effective interpretation of the role, during the laborious work of rehearsal, mark just as surely and distinctively her greatness as a woman—the human, the intellectual, the spiritual attributes of the woman, as opposed to the more disciplined, practised technique of the artiste.

Only in very exceptional instances within recent years has Miss Anglin rehearsed her part with the cast until the final or dress rehearsal, her lines until then being read by another. Nevertheless, she is the one vital, predominant intellectual force and inspiration at such rehearsals, never obtrusive or presuming, yet ever *en evidence*, confident and unerring in her directions through kindly, though none the less pertinent and purposeful, suggestion—the change in a line, the omission, addition, or transposition of a word, a more expressive inflection or intonation in delivery, a more effective posture or movement in the action, an illustrative demonstration to make for the clearer translation of a thought, the more subtle interpretation of a character—always helpful, constructive, inspiriting.

A scene in Miss Anglin's artistically furnished library.

Apparently nothing escapes her eye or ear. She is here, there, everywhere; a moment in the wings, then perched on a stool near the footlights, seated in a box, down in the gloomy depths of the auditorium, in the centre of the action on the stage. From every angle and distance she gets a view-point of the actors and their performance. And into these rehearsals she injects the spirit and life of her vigorous personality and dynamic energy, sparing herself in no way in the earnestness and intensity of her efforts to bring out the best in both plays and players.

AT the close of a particularly trying day of rehearsals I have seen Miss Anglin with face flushed and eyes heavy, apparently so physically exhausted, with nerves so worn to shreds that the ordinary woman would find relief in a bottle of smelling salts or a nice comfortable fit of hysterics; but not Miss Anglin. She is constituted differently. Ask her if she were tired, and she answers you with a cheery smile and a never so musical laugh. *She tired!* The idea!

Miss Anglin's remarkable stamina and nervous vitality are due to the painstaking care she devotes to preserving her health, to promoting and developing her physical and mental efficiency. To this end she applies nature's greatest preventive of ills and disease—the regular and intelligent practice of physical exercise. The great out-of-doors in all its varied phrases, in large doses and as often as it can be taken, is her panacea against ills and age. There is no least indication to suggest that she ever has been ill, and there certainly is every indication that, however long she may live, she never will grow old.

Margaret Anglin is an exceptionally splendid specimen of perfection in physical development, of virile strength, of sturdy, glowing health, overflowing with wholesomely vivacious animal spirits, radiant with the glorious joy of living. The spirit of the joy-of-living in her is of the aggressive, contagious type, and those who come in personal contact with her cannot but be infected with it. Some one said that every time he saw Margaret Anglin he was reminded of the man who was in a condition of such supreme good health that he had said, "If I felt any better, I would be sick in bed."

Despite the fact that because of her work on the stage Miss Anglin is seldom able to retire until late, she usually is up at seven in winter, and earlier in summer. Up, and out into the clear morning air, through the park, along country roads, over hill and mountain trail, through field and wood, on the long sandy stretches of the ocean beach, for a row on lake or bay or stream, or a summer swim in the sea—depending where she is, and when. But no matter where, or when, it must needs be a most momentous situation which would induce her to forego her morning's exercise in the open air.

Miss Anglin rejoices in the possession of the most gracefully ugly English bulldog on earth, either in or out of captivity, bar none—on a wager. When she is living at her town house in New York, generally during the winter months, this bulldog shares in her morning exercise. The word "shares" is right. His Royal Homeliness has a pulling traction on a breast harness and leash approximating 40 horse power, and some speed. Miss Anglin is a fairly substantial person, with a mentionable degree of resistance. But when she takes His Royal Homeliness out for a morning walk in the near-by Central Park, he literally drags her along the paths and over the courts and fields for an hour or more of exhilarating, stimulating exercise that clears the lungs, opens the pores, quickens the pulse, brightens the eye, accelerates the circulation, and that brings her home with roses in her cheeks, with every nerve and muscle glowing with the warmth of re-invigorated vitality, wholesomely, healthfully tired—and very happy in a new lease of life and youth.

To say nothing of the dog.

IN the story of her career, Miss Anglin confesses to a hobby, but she makes no mention of her great hobby for fresh air. But that is even more than a hobby, for it may be said that she is obsessed of a ravenous and insatiable appetite for fresh air—cold air, snowy, frosty, frozen air. But this is not so strange, since she spent most of her early life in a Canadian climate noted for its clear, cold, invigorating atmosphere. She is never more supremely and gleefully happy, so bubbling over with the high spirit of youth and the glow of life, as when she is plowing through a smother of snow on a tingling, frosty morning. No snowfall that ever fell, and no temperature ever so cold could daunt this sturdy native of the land of Aurora Borealis and snow-clad winters

Recuperative rest she must have, of course, and when she has no summer engagements to play—as she did last year—Miss Anglin takes a short summer vacation of six to eight weeks. For fifteen years prior to the War, she has spent a part of each vacation season motoring through the British Isles and Europe. Otherwise she spends her outing time on a beautiful 170-acre tract near Lake Balford, in the Adirondack Mountains, or at her flower-enveloped New England summer home "down Cape Cod way" near the sea. However, she loves the open air of the big out-of-doors entirely too much to be confined always to the four walls of a house, and on her vacations she delights to spend a portion of her time "roughing it" in a real tent-camp. And there, when the Big Dark comes down over the hills, she has a fancy for sitting by the smouldering camp fire, listening to the cawing of the crows as they settle into their near-by rookeries for the night. In the morning she is up with the first pale touch of dawn, sitting out among the rocks, listening to the matins of the forest birds chanting their early greeting to the day. In short, she is a child of nature, a lover of nature in all its forms of life and expression, and with which she communes in intimate understanding.

Aside from the long hikes over the hills, her favourite physical exercise at her lakeside home is paddling a (*Continued on page 52*)

At Home. Miss Anglin, as her friends, who do not number amongst the so-called elite of society, find her.

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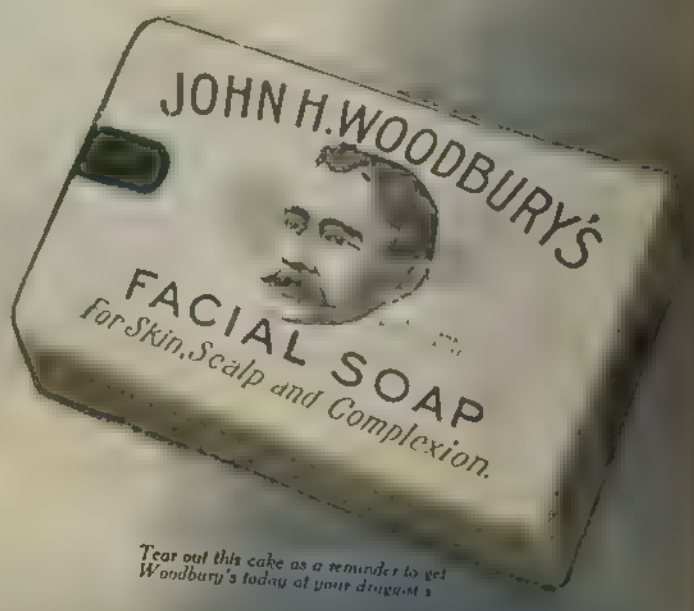

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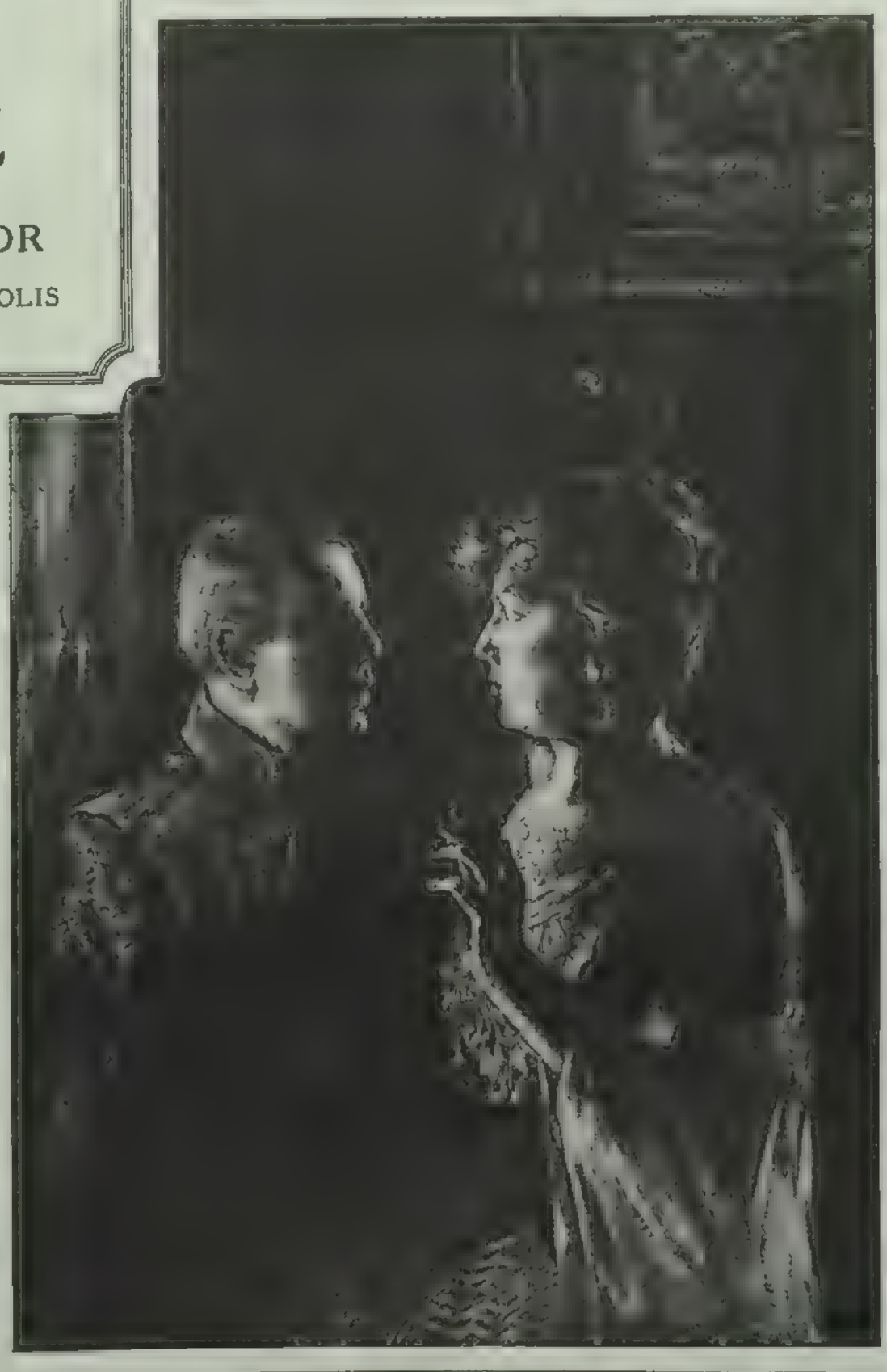
BY HER LOVE AND HATE

By E. A. TAYLOR

Illustrated by MARCEL OLIS

She threw back her head with a burst of half insane laughter. "You fool!" she jeered. "To think that the wife of Georg Popovitch, whom men call Vouk (Wolfe) because of the way he wars on you in the mountains, could ever be your slave, you low brute!"



MONASTIR is a half Asiatic looking city, with white-washed houses, narrow cobbled streets overhung by latticed balconies, and high, blank walls shutting in every garden. The city is set in an amphitheatre of the Balkan Mountains, with their black gorges and snow-clad peaks, but beyond the city is a fertile cultivated plain.

The Turk held Monastir until November the 19th, 1912, when it was taken by the Serbs, under whose rule it became clean and prosperous, until the Great War, when it was captured by the Hun in November, 1915. And a week later Paol Schmidt met Milena Popovitch in its old college.

Paol was not seventeen; his father was a tradesman, but he had made enough money to realize the dream of the German workingman—to send his son for six years to the military school—sons of German officers were admitted free—and save him from the slavery in the ranks which the iron conscription of Prussia presses on every German who is of the "lower" class, and too poor to pay his way out.

Paol had not finished his course when he was given his commission and rushed off to the eastern front. Feeling horribly homesick, he got out of the train at Monastir, and went with his soldier-servant, Fritz, up a gloomy street, with closed iron shutters at every window, to the building under the square white tower. Von Rohn, the surgeon-major, welcomed him, offering him biscuits with delicious jam—part of the plunder found there.

"Those Serb savages can cook," he said.

Paol looked at the pretty blue and white upstairs parlour in which they were, in surprise. He had thought the Serbs dirty savages, yet this room had good furniture and books. And no German home could have had a larger or finer stock of household linen than was piled on the floor—part of Von Rohn's spoil.

"These rooms belonged to Georg Popovitch, a professor," said Von Rohn. "He joined the Serb Army, and is probably dead by now. His sick mother is here, with a girl—Ah, there she is. What do you want, Milena Popovitch?"

She stood at the door, a woman of twenty-five, very handsome in a white woollen dress and scarlet girdle, with kimono sleeves, and a long apron of striped silk. On her thick, fair hair was the national head-dress of the Serb woman—white, with a string of gold coins above the forehead, and a white veil hanging down behind. Proudly she looked at them, with an indifference that was almost insolent.

Paol was surprised. He had thought that the whole world was cringing in fear of Germany, and this woman of a defeated land stood alone among German men without a shadow of fear in her eyes.

He felt himself flush with rage and a bewildered shame, as she glanced at the piles of her stolen clothes and household linen, and then full at him, with a cold contempt in her eyes. Then she spoke, in fair German:

"My mother is dead, Herr Doctor. Will you permit me to make arrangements for her burial, and then, can I have what your commander promised you would give me—a pass to Greece?"

"We'll bury the old woman," shouted the surgeon angrily. "But you shall stay here, promises or no promises. You shall work with the hospital orderlies. I'll send you to clean the streets; I'll break your cursed pride before I'm through with you."

Without a trace of any feeling but bored disdain in her face, Milena listened. And then the man whom Paol had come there to wait for, called him, and he went off—to carry with him the vivid memory of Milena's beauty and contempt.

He was a telegraphic expert, and in the next few weeks he travelled through the mountains, hard at work with the communication wires, but he never forgot Milena. He longed to meet her again, for her beauty and pride fascinated him, while her contempt stung. He felt sure that if he only had the opportunity, he could reason with her and make her see, as he did, the glorious superiority of the German to every other race. In his dreams, huddling over the stove in a rude mountain hut, he saw the pride in her eyes change to tenderness, and felt that proud head droop on his shoulder.

THEN, in March, he saw her again, for a minute. He was riding through Monastir, and as he passed the surgeon's quarters some Serb women came out of the yard. Almost bare-footed in the cold sleet, half-clad in filthy rags, they staggered under the weight of the pails of refuse they carried—the slaves of kultur—and among them Paol saw Milena. Her face showed the strain of starvation and over-work under the yoke of a bitter brutality, but the flame of pride in her eyes was still unquenched. Paol was too thoroughly German to feel any pity or indignation at the sight of those poor peasant women degraded into beasts of burden, but because Milena had beauty and education, he cursed the fates that made him only a second lieutenant. Had he only a high position, he thought, how quickly he would have lifted that Serb girl from her labour in the street, to luxury by his side. He did not guess that it was because she had refused such an offer from Von Rohn, in words that stung even through the thick hide of a Hun's self-conceit, that she was made a slave.

And it was slavery as bitter and real as was ever on a Louisiana plantation. As Paol rode on, he passed some Bulgars tying up a Serb woman to flog her, while a German officer stood by. She had not done so much work as was demanded of her, that was all; but Paol rode away, shaken in his saddle by physical sickness. He was only a boy, and not even the teachings of a German church and schools had warped his soul altogether away from the instinct of the twentieth century humanitarian in motive, even if often only sentimental in action. Human slavery was abolished, men had said, and the idea of the lash being laid on the flesh of a woman, and a white woman at that, was a thing never to be thought of. But as a "necessity of war" Germany had broken the law of her age, and so she was in armed rebellion against something greater than she dreamed existed.

SOMETHING was warring in Paol's soul against that docile reverence for all in authority that is born in every German of the lower class. Not even in his thoughts did he call anything his superiors ordered wrong, but mingling with a boy's romantic passion for a woman to whom he had never spoken, was the uneasy longing to atone for something he felt rather than thought was being done; by saving this one woman from under the iron heel of his Hun lords.

Every mail brought him parcels and money from home, and he could have more sent if he asked for it, so he planned to ask Milena to come to him and share what he had. She would have to rough it often, as he did, yet surely she would think anything better than the horror of her present lot! But still he was not satisfied with himself. His duties kept him among the mountains on the Greek border; far beyond it, in Salonica, the Allies were moving. Yet as he rode to and fro, he often saw the towers of Monastir, and he could have got leave to go there and have looked for the woman who had captured his imagination. But instead he waited, feeling uneasy, he did not know why.

Up from behind the Greek seas where they had wintered, the little Serb army was coming back—men whose faces were very hard as they thought of the way the Hun and the Bulgar had handled their land and women. With them came a French force, and soon the dark mountains were echoing the thunder of great guns.

Paol's post was back of the fighting lines, but the attackers moved more quickly than the Hun commanders expected, and with whistling screams a dozen giant shells came crashing on the divisional headquarters, detected by a daring French aeroplane. There was a hurried moving on to a safer position, and in the confusion Paol was overlooked, as he lay in the ruins of his shack, with a badly crushed leg.

It was a hot August day. Overhead Paol looked up at a velvet-like darkness, where the stars gleamed like points of light through the heat haze. There were lights on earth, too; beyond distant mountains strange fires flashed out to the accompaniment of crashing guns, making the rugged heights look like weird monsters against the glare. Had Paol been in the front of the battle, he might have heard the wild warchant of the Serb:

"Forward, my brothers! In the name of our Motherland and the Holy Cross, wipe out the enemy!"

But Paol was looking the other way, into the shadows of the black gorges, and the far-off sky, and he felt very lonely and afraid. He believed he was dying, and the soul of him felt very small and naked in the presence of that awful Silence that he knew was looking down at him from among the stars. Suddenly he called out:

"Don't let me die! I'm not ready, and I'll marry Milena Popovitch, I swear I will."

Even in that awful Presence, (*Continued on page 40*)

WILL MY BOY BE A MINISTER?

By ARTHUR B. FARMER
Head of the Psychological Clinic, Memorial Institute, Toronto

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PREVIOUS to the War it had long been the custom of the British aristocracy to assign their younger sons to the Army, the Bar, and the Church. In Canada we had no Army, and the Bar did not make a very strong appeal, but the Church did; and so we reversed the order and placed the Church first. If you had asked the average mother why she wished her son to enter the ministry, she might not have succeeded in putting her reasons into words, but if she had, and reduced these reasons to the shortest form possible, she would have said, "He will be safe." Safe from the temptations and snares of the ordinary man's life, was her thought; and when he emerged a full fledged minister from the doors of the college, she drew a long sigh of relief—he was safe.

Had you asked the average hard-headed, practical father what *he* thought of the ministry as a life work, he would have told you that it was a soft snap; that the minister draws "easy money;" that he does not need to soil his hands, and has plenty of time for reading, social life, and recreation: that his place is in the best society the community affords: that his influence is great; and he would probably have added that the income compares very favourably with that received in other callings—judging, as he does, by the salaries paid by the large city churches.

Undoubtedly some candidates for Holy Orders are influenced largely by these very reasons and by similar considerations, and my advice to those who are thinking of entering the Christian Ministry from these motives alone is most emphatically—DON'T.

The Temptation of Wealth

WE have heard much, these last months, of the temptations to which the young man in the army is exposed, but there is little thought given to the less tangible, but more subtle, temptations that assail the minister of the Gospel. The Church affords, without doubt, a wonderful opportunity and a wide field for good to the right man, who has undertaken to serve his fellows from the best motives; but there is no vocation where a man who is unworthy of his high calling can do so much and irretrievable harm, and can prove so great a stumbling block in the path of those whom he should lead in the right way.

The very meaning of the word, minister—one who serves—places him in the position of the servant of the people, to whom he must give—and give, not tangible things, whose value and price are settled in the open market and controlled by the law of supply and demand, but intangible things whose value no man can fix, the fruition of which makes for the weal or woe of a human soul.

It is an unchangeable law of nature that as we give we receive, and that we receive of such as we give. The man who serves his fellow-man by supplying his physical and material needs receives back material things—wealth—in accordance with the energy, time, and talent expended. But the minister who serves by meeting the spiritual and emotional needs of his flock reaps his reward in his own spiritual growth and that of his people. It has been said, and said truly, that the tide of spiritual life of a congregation never rises higher than the flood of spiritual emotion in the heart of the minister. Herein is a great responsibility, and one that may well make the man pause who is considering the Church as a life work from any but the highest and purest motives. In his own life he is responsible for the welfare of the souls of those in his charge.

The love and acquisition of wealth are an incentive to the merchant, the tradesman, the manufacturer, to give better service, to make better articles, and to supply that which the public wants; but the love and acquisition of wealth are not incentives to higher living and better service, but rather a temptation—and a very subtle temptation—to the man of God. He and his church must be supported, and the greatest financial aid does not come to the man who is prompt to rebuke evil. Mr. Moneybags is seldom generous with his yearly subscription and weekly contribution if the preacher turns the search light on the manner and means whereby he has come into possession of this world's goods out of all proportion to the service he has rendered to his fellows; and for the sake of the temporal well-being of his church and of his family, the minister is tempted to close his eyes and condone the methods, and sometimes the lives, of the powerful and well-to-do, although in so doing he inevitably loses the confidence and, therefore, the very power of serving those of his congregation who are in need of help.

Nor is this all. In small churches and country parishes, where the congregations are small, the minister's salary is also small—pitiably small for all he must do with it. His position demands that he and his family dress fairly well; that they set a table as good as the best; and, in country places especially, that they be always ready to extend the hospitality of a meal or a bed; often he must keep a horse, which takes at least a hundred dollars a year from his meagre stipend; and attending to his horse himself, as so many must, does not help to keep his wardrobe in good condition.

Again, the minister is a man of more or less education, but with the calls on his purse out of all proportion to his salary, he can but seldom indulge in a new book or a trip to the city, and any one who has tried it knows that it is difficult to keep the mind fresh and inspiration alive without the stimulus of a new book and a keen, congenial mind. The temptation in these more or less isolated places to cater to the man who holds the purse-strings is no less keen when it is pressed home by the needs of one's family and the starvation of one's mind than when it is urged because the church needs a new organ or an additional wing. And the minister cannot sin as do his parishioners—in private and comparative security; he and his family and all that he is and does live continuously in the glare of the fierce light of public opinion; no intervening screen for him, no relief, and no forgiveness. Errors which would pass unnoticed and unnoted in any one else become a scandal in the minister, a crime never to be forgiven, and a cause of stumbling to many. That thousands of godly men fill these obscure churches and "keep the Faith" under such unfavourable conditions proves that not all the heroes are wearing khaki.

This boy has an especially well developed sense of duty and justice. He is rather of the legal than of the ministerial type, but will do well in the ministry both as preacher and pastor.

Here we have a very refined type that will wear well in the ministry. This boy is quick, high-minded, intelligent, and self-controlled.

An aggressive type, perhaps too fond of an argument. Unlimited courage, fine intellect, sympathy, tact, and power of expression. Great possibilities in the pulpit.

A commercial rather than religious type—note the fullness around the ears and the development of the whole base brain in proportion to height.

An excellent type for the ministry. Note the height and length of the head, full eyes, general refinement. Especially strong in evangelistic work.

A rugged type, usually found in constructive enterprises, but in the ministry makes a preacher and organizer—more effective as an organizer and in personal contact.

Religious and moral feeling—note the height of the head. Unlimited courage. Stronger in committee and individual work than in the pulpit.

This lad will want to get into business for himself, to make money and be independent; not enough development of the middle and upper forehead for theological training.

Here's a driver, a dynamo of energy, the kind to boss a gang of men on heavy construction work. The ministry will have no appeal for him.

Lack of facility of expression rules the ministry out of this boy's future. He has splendid prospects in the industrial world as a manager or executive.

The Inevitable "Blue Monday"

THE minister must serve the spiritual and emotional needs of his people, and this very necessity constitutes another and very keen temptation.

By a law of nature it is impossible to arouse in another any deep feeling unless we ourselves experience that depth of feeling; it is also a law of nature that the emotional side of man, like the physical, is subject to fatigue, and it is, therefore, impossible to prolong any intense emotion, to pass through any deep experience, to feel any strong excitement, without suffering from a reaction. The man, who in personal contact, or from pulpit or platform, would rouse any feeling in others, must intensely experience that feeling himself, and must inevitably suffer by the same law of nature by which a muscle becomes tired and relaxed. A period of inaction follows during which he is almost incapable of feeling that very feeling which he has been endeavouring to arouse in others.

"Blue Monday" is no myth. It is a hard, solid fact, the inevitable reaction from the nervous strain and emotional activity of "the only day the minister works."

Every earnest preacher knows, from his own experience, that there is no time when he is so readily overwhelmed by doubt as a few hours after he has delivered a strong sermon on faith; no time when the future looks so dark as when he has so earnestly held before his hearers the inspiration of the hope of immortality; no time when he could more readily curse Jehovah to His face than after a powerful exhortation to his congregation to reverence the Most High; no time when it is easier for him to discard all restraint from conscience and all scruples from his mind than after a most successful effort to awaken the sleeping consciences of his hearers. This immutable law of reaction lays the preacher open to temptation of a kind that makes the Christian Ministry the most dangerous of all professions for any but the highest type of man, intellectually, morally, and spiritually.

The Temptation of Hypocrisy

THIS temptation is more insidious than that of wealth, or of the reaction following mental effort. It is sometimes the pitfall before the feet of the conscientious man, and in his case it usually has, as its incentive, the good of his people. He knows that he is but human and, therefore, liable to sin, and he recognizes that his flock look up to him as to an example, that they expect him to be "an ensample of holy living," and that his life must be above reproach. For the good of his people he hides his faults, emulates virtues he has not, and glosses over his failings. Unconsciously he "plays to the gallery," and because of all this he hugs his sins in secret. He is more or less of a "whited sepulchre," *for the good of his people.*

Another phase of this temptation comes to the "hail fellow-well-met" type of minister. He believes in meeting the sinner—and the sin—half way, in order to fight the sin and win the sinner. He is "all things to all men, for the sake of Christ" and will even lend a hand to sin that he may keep the other hand on the sinner. He may win one soul in this way to every hundred he loses. He forgets that it is important for all Christians, and absolutely imperative for all ministers—as St. Paul says—"to avoid even the

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WHEN THE WAR CAME UP OUR STREET

By FRANCES CRAWFORD FIRSTBROOK

IT was a beautiful sunny morning in August 1914. I was in my garden admiring the squash that had just turned a golden yellow. As my eye travelled from the beautiful garden at my feet to the blue sky overhead, a sense of well-being filled my soul. We had made the last payment on our home. Our days of struggle were over; Sandy and I could now take some comfort in life. Suddenly my husband stood before me with a grim, set look on his face.

"Peggy," he said seriously, "War is declared; Great Britain is in it, and I must be off."

"What!" I gasped. "And leave me and the children?"

"I must," he answered firmly. "I'm an old soldier; it's my clear duty."

In a few days he was gone. How well I remember the sort of suppressed panic that rolled over us like a blanket of shuddering mist shot through with streaks of lurid fire. The whole air, for me at least, seemed charged with something mysterious, more horrible because unknown and undefined.

We live in the north suburb of Toronto, called by some "Shack Town." Bedford Park is our post office. Sandy and I moved out here to give the children room to grow. Our house is not grand, but it is our own, and stands proudly in the middle of a large lot. All about us are little homes like our own, with gardens and chicken runs. We never had much to do with our neighbours before the War broke out. Chickens and children, harmless in themselves, when given certain combinations, will set a whole neighbourhood on fire with jealous strife. However, when War came, we all went friendly in a single night; we forgot ourselves and our belongings, we were so anxious about the Country and what would happen to us if the Germans did get to England.

"Yes, Mrs. Ferguson, you were a fool to let your man go."

Little Sol was eight years old when his father went to War. He had just decided to prepare himself to be the sole owner of a candy shop; now he thinks he may take the job of Major-General of the British Forces in Canada, if the War should last until he grows up, which the Lord forbid. Start a woman on her own children, and she's on a family toboggan slide, and can't stop until, all tuckered out, she reaches the bottom.

I have another son, fourteen, named Sandy, after his father, and just like him, not much of a talker, always does his homework, never forgets his manners, and is anxious to be an explorer. My daughter, Ruby Ann, aged sixteen, is taking a business course. She is at a ticklesome age, and would like to teach her mother a few things; gives me pointers on the proper style to do up my hair, the correct way to sup soup in public, is a good girl in the main, but requires careful handling.

Next door live John and Lida Hawke and young Tommie —why they named him that, I can't tell—he's a quiet little chap, but "Tommie Hawke" does sound like Indian warfare. Their chicken run butts on ours, and the roosters fight so. Before the War we were civil, but not intimate. On our other side stands a tar-paper house, waiting for it's outer coat of brick or wood. Stubby Martin is a starter, but not a finisher, and Liza, his wife, is a borrower. So before the War our relations were decidedly distant. Across the street are the Joneses, the Carsons, the Clements, the Italian Jew, Polleto, and back out of the city limits, Rudolph Weiler.

As soon as we realized that the War was really upon us, there rose a babel of tongues in our neighbourhood. Every one felt inspired to pass an opinion, and the less one knew, the more one talked. Women rushed in where statesmen feared to tread. I kept quiet at first; Sandy had spoken for me; he was on his way to England.

ONE afternoon Mrs. Hawke was delivering a heated discourse to a few neighbour women, when she spied me over the fence and called out:

"Yes, Mrs. Ferguson, you were a fool to let your man go; he didn't start the War."

"No," I replied, "but he can help finish it; he knows what has to be done. Your own husband, Mrs. Hawke, was a volunteer last year."

Lida Hawke stepped near to my fence, gathered up all her companions in one sweeping glance, and said:

"None of us are going to let our menfolk go until we find out who is to blame for bringing about this dreadful War."

"Now, listen to me, every one of you," I said; "this talk reminds me of the time the stove fell down in the mission, and sent a boiler of scalding tea over the feet of the willing workers. Betsy Moore, the President, said it was not her fault; Jane Banks, the Secretary, declared she was not to blame. So, in the steam and slush the willing workers argued and squabbled as to who was responsible, when Allie Clement, that nobody thought quite wise, said, 'Say, folk, let us clean up the mess first and find out afterward who spilled the tea.' This is no time to talk about causes; one thing we all know, England never started the War. She did not want it; she was not ready. There she sat calm and comfortable on the bosom of the briny singing 'Rule Britannia,' at public meetings sometimes, but her chief job seemed to be trying to control the Suffragettes, and having friendly skirmishes over Home Rule in Ireland. The bomb burst, and every one knows England has been caught asleep. I tell you the Germans are right upon us; we'd better wake up."

As the days passed, things began to look more and more serious. The foe made mad strides, stories came to us of dreadful things done in Belgium; women's hearts were touched and most of us wanted to do what we could. Little groups of would-be war helpers sprang up here and there. Every second verandah was a meeting place where women discussed what they would, and could, do to help the soldiers; young girls ran round collecting for the hospital ship; women began making things for the brave boys. The first cry that went forth was "Cholera Belts." Women rolled the word over their tongues with fearsome relish. Cholera belts sounded so dreadful; so war-like, so heathen, yet so necessary—belts to protect the very vital organs of our brave heroes.

THERE were many astonishing ones made in those first weeks; some of them big enough to fit an elephant with dropsy, and some so small they would scarcely go on a broom handle. One dear soul sent in a creation of gray flannel embossed with blue bows, strengthened with whalebone, and finished with dome fasteners. This was sent with a note requesting the man who received it to write, and she would pray for him. Some man was malicious enough to remark that if he wore the thing he would need to be prayed for.

Women who knew how knit many socks, others learned, and before long most of the work sent in was very good. If a woman did nothing for the soldiers, she at least felt called upon to make an excuse. Mrs. Long told me she supposed she should do something, but she could not knit; the doctor would not let her run a sewing machine, and her husband said he'd pity the soldier who had to live with her button-holes. Later on, when our League made pies for our North Toronto boys, Mrs. Long sent in a pie, a juicy one with no top crust. She was quite upset because the Major did not write her a special note, telling her how simply glorious her pie tasted. But, even she had a change of heart later on, and sent some fine dainties for our convalescent soldiers.

In the Autumn of 1914, we women banded ourselves together in a Patriotic League. We were going to perform great feats, look after all the poor in our neighbourhood, and do no end of grand things for our soldiers. At this point we had cold water thrown in our patriotic faces by a practical soul who stood up in meeting and asked where we expected to get money for all these Utopian dreams? Then, with one accord, we fell headlong into an old error that had been fed up in the Church until it grew such a raft of undesirable children that most of the churches had abandoned the scheme, namely, to give entertainments to coax money out of the pockets of those who should have been willing to contribute to the cause. Bazaars, concerts, teas, entertainments of all kinds filled our days with work and our nights with worry. Many of us paid to see a man drop eggs out of a pot hat, when we did not care a cabbage leaf whether he could draw a dragon out of the mouth of our meekest member or not. How thankful we all were when an old and wise member suggested that we stop all this and simply ask the people for what we wanted. Every one was ready to give something till the end of the War; in this way our League members could devote all their time to real work.

AN unusually cold winter set in. Both money and work were scarce. The women of the Patriotic League met often to talk over the situation. One thing we all decided; there must be no useless extravagance. It was strange to see how saving acted on different people. We all have our besetting sin; in some it may be open and above board and land us in the gutter; or it may be quiet and lurking, grabbing us in the back when we are off guard. Often our most treasured virtues only hide the bare spots in our soul. Mrs. Fitch thought we should put all our gold and silver ornaments in the melting pot. Hers consisted of a cheap picture of her husband set on a safety pin. Mrs. Long said comfortably, "I'll get no new suit." We all knew that she never wanted to bother getting anything new, only her girls nagged her until she had to. Mrs. Beggs insisted that we all give up butter; it came out later that she was on a diet because she was afraid she would tip the scales at three hundred. I thought we should give up afternoon teas. I have never been at one nor given one in my life, but I understood they were useless, worldly affairs. The President said, "What do you think, Mrs. MacIntosh?" to a quiet little woman who sat at the back and knitted. She shoved a needle in with a decisive click and answered, "I've decided to give up peeling onions. Our crop was a failure this year. My eyes ache and my fingers smell when I touch the things—I always hated them—so here and now I renounce onions until the end of the War." A good laugh cleared the air, and we all began to pledge of our means; some, I have no doubt, did without in order to give, but they were those who said nothing about it. We began to look carefully to the ways of our households, and discovered, as a nation, we had been wasteful. Our League had large boxes placed at the street corners to gather saleable refuse such as papers, magazines, and old rubbers. This is now done all over the City, but our League was the first to start the good work of saving the waste to help our country.

The trade of our City for a time was paralyzed. Let me tell about the Meadowvilles; their case will give an idea of the situation. Mrs. Meadowville came to our neighbourhood a bride. Her husband made antique furniture. He was a splendid workman. He could take an old chest of drawers that you would think only fit to hold pots in a kitchen, and he'd saw, scrape and polish, take off and put on. By-and-by would evolve an Early Victorian, Berne Jones, Sheridan, Chippendale Buffet, and some swell would buy it up, smack his lips, and clamour for more. Then our man would start on an old oak bedstead that his boss would buy up the country at the price of fire-wood, and make it into the antiquest thing you ever dreamed.

Toward the middle of the first winter, I was anxious about the Meadowvilles. They never complained, but I knew they were not happy. The house was just as tidy as ever. Mr. Meadowville seemed to go to work in the morning as usual, but he came home later, looking gaunt and tired. Mrs. Meadowville did not trip about as crisp and cheerful as in the days before the War. I knew that antiques were at a low ebb. Folk were not buying. Mrs. Tuttford told me she had spent only fifteen cents on herself since the War broke out.

"Dear me," she said, "how extravagant I've been in the past! It makes me really unhappy when I remember how I squandered money last year. I am sorry I have had to spend fifteen cents, but my husband said I needed hair pins." There it was; economy became a mania. I knew right well that if our best families were saving up to the point of hairpins, they would not run after antiques. I soon learned that Meadowville was out of a job. It was then that I first saw the Deaconess from our League. She came down the street one morning like a sparrow that knew it was going to find a juicy, fat worm. She had the look of always expecting something

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The Workers of the World

Every man who follows a useful occupation is a salesman. He is selling his wares, his services, or his knowledge. Successful salesmanship calls for ability plus enthusiasm. You can't have enthusiasm without good health — and this comes from nourishing foods that keep the mind alert and the body responsive.

Shredded Wheat

is the perfect food for men and women who sell things — for men and women whose interest in their jobs is vivid and potential. Thousands of men and women in all walks of life start the day with a breakfast of two Shredded Wheat Biscuits and hot milk. Sometimes they add two or three strips of bacon and a dish of stewed prunes. It is a wholesome, strengthening meal, easily digested, and supplies the maximum of nutriment at the lowset cost.

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"BY THE SWEAT OF HER BROW"

How Canadian Women Have Risen to the Call of National Service

By OWEN E. McGILLICUDDY

CANADIAN women have demonstrated at different times and in various ways that they can rise magnificently to the occasion when the need is great and pressing. But at no time have they shown more clearly, more loyally and enthusiastically, how well they can answer the call of necessity than during the present stirring times, when war clouds hang most heavily about us.

Since the War first broke, in all its hideousness, upon a peaceful world, the Canadian woman has successfully turned her energies to the organizing and raising of great funds for war relief in all phases and in all places. The British Red Cross, the Secours de Nationale of France, the Belgian Relief Fund, the Serbian Relief Fund, the Polish Relief Fund, the great Toronto and York Patriotic Fund—all these have claimed her energies, and she has answered without reserve. But probably the most interesting, as it is also the most painstaking, is the way in which she has actually gotten down to hard manual work in the foundries and factories which are turning out war munitions throughout Canada.

Here she has learned a newer and larger meaning of the terms "citizenship" and "workmanship," and here also has she earned and learned by the sweat of her brow what it means to be truly patriotic. The War has truly given her equal place in the service of the nation, although it still withholds in four Provinces the fuller Franchise of a share in the Government. We hear much of what the British woman has done and is doing; and she has done and is still doing, under the pressure of war production, an immense amount of work which, but for her, would hinder the output of the munitions of victory which are so needful on all fronts where the great conflict still rages.

In Canada there are already 3,500 women in munition factories, and that army is steadily increasing; and notwithstanding the fact that practically all of these employees were absolutely unfamiliar with mechanical work previous to the War, they have demonstrated, not only a mechanical ability equal to man's, but in some departments they have shown beyond question a superiority to the male help who formerly did the same work.

Women Prove Better Than Men Where Fine Mechanism Is Concerned

EXAMPLES given along this line by managers, superintendents, and production captains in munition plants are so extreme as to almost stagger credulity and make any writer who has a proper regard for his standing hesitate to repeat them—even when they are hedged about with all the qualifying circumstances that he is able to view in connection with them.

These statements have all come from men in high positions as production executives in munition plants.

"I know of a case," declared the head of a large plant in Ontario, "where a young woman was put on a machine which had been handled up to that time by a man who was considered a very fair worker. Of course, an exact record of the number of pieces turned out by him had been kept.

"After this young woman had been at the work for a much shorter time than the man whom she had succeeded, much attention was called to the volume she was turning out—this volume being at least two and a half times as much work as he had averaged. True, she was an exceptional girl—probably the most proficient in a force of many hundred. But she had many sister workers who were not very far behind her. In short, the girl munitions worker has demonstrated that the somewhat common idea that a woman's mind is generally incapable of grasping mechanics is utter nonsense."

As further evidence in backing up this remarkable statement, we have the story repeated to Mr. Forrest Crissey, an eminent industrial investigator in the United States, that when he recently interviewed certain production executives in some of the largest munition plants in both Canada and the United States, he was told even more strongly that the women were actually supplanting the men, not only in the quantity of the work performed, but also in the quality and accuracy required in the output.

"If that is too much for you," said one of these men to Mr. Crissey, "you certainly cannot stand for a statement of some of the things that have happened right here under my own eyes, where I have hundreds of women workers at lathes, punches, and presses.

"There is a certain punch job here that was previously held by a machine-tool man who was drawing sixty cents and turning out six units of production to the hour. He was considered a good man at his job, too. Among the young women who came to us when the pressure for production decided us to use woman help, was one who demonstrated right from the jump that she had a keen, quick mind and that her fingers were under its complete control.

"Consequently we decided to try her out on the machine-tool job to which I have just referred. She was put on a ninteen cent piece basis and given the ordinary amount of coaching. In a very short time she turned out fifty-one perfect pieces in an hour, as against the six pieces produced by the man whose place she had taken."

After watching for a moment the effect of this on his hearer, the executive resumed: "You are at liberty to accept this statement or not as you like. I am frank to admit that I would have hard work to swallow it if it had not occurred right under my own eyes, and if I were not in a measure prepared for it by scores of other young women workers. The truth is, women are wonderful workers along mechanical lines. They have a deftness of movement and a touch that are marvellous, and they turn out work with surprising facility. They are nimble of mind and of fingers; and as ordinary operators, tool operators, and inspectors, they have given an account of themselves calculated to warm the heart of any executive who is trying for large output and quick production. In this connection, it should be said that the quality of their work is up to a high standard that keeps pace with its volume."

According to Mr. Crissey, this executive further stated that the future for women in mechanical lines was one fraught with great potentialities. Their performance in this period of high pressure is putting them in a position which cannot be ignored when the War is over.

Women Possess a Higher Industrial Conscience

THIS statement was further amplified by a superintendent of one of the largest munition plants in the Parkdale district of Toronto, who stated that one of the striking advantages which has been brought home to him is the intense interest which women take in their work down to the least detail. "Why," he said, "the women who work on both day and night shifts have an industrial conscience. They are not only punctual at all times, but they use their tools, their materials, and their time with such care that it is far more profitable to employ them on certain kinds of work than it ever has been to use men in the past. Their breakage of tools, once they have learned their work, is practically negligible."

Another superintendent of a large munitions factory just west of Toronto further emphasized the conscience idea which women bring to their work on munitions, by saying that in two months' time only one of the women whom he had working for him had been late to work, but as she had illness in the family, he considered the reason to be sufficient for the exception.

Women's Patriotic League Performs Invaluable Service

ONE of the most efficient agencies in enabling the munition factories to recruit women volunteers for their ranks is the employment bureau of The Imperial Women's Patriotic League, which is conducted under the direction of Miss Duff, at 80 King Street West, Toronto. Miss Duff has, since October, 1914, enrolled a total number of registrations amounting to 5373. Of these 791 have been placed in permanent positions in Toronto munition plants, and 405 in permanent positions outside of the city, making a total in all of 1196.

Miss Duff does not wait for manufacturers or employers to come to her for help—she originated a system in which all advertisements are scanned, manufacturers are interviewed, and other methods of communication outlined so that the element of time is reduced to the minimum. All the girls she has recommended for positions have given every satisfaction. Whenever minor troubles arise between employer and employee, she adjusts them.

The work of this remarkable woman does not end here, for Miss Duff is not satisfied to recommend a registered girl until she has given her a practical course in punctuality and neatness.

"I know," she said, "that the bureau has been of help in solving some of the pressing labour problems in the Dominion, but Canada is in a very embryo state as yet respecting employment bureaus for women. However, the day is not far distant when many of our present difficulties will be overcome, and when a good many of the things that have stood in our way will be removed, and both men and women will work together far more harmoniously, and at better wages than they have ever done in the past."

War-Time Industry Has Welded Together a New Sisterhood

THE good work goes on. The call of industry has answered the call of the Empire, and woman workers have found a new pleasure where before all was drudgery and a mere pittance of wages. In a vast number of cases they enjoy a fresh sensation, having discovered one of the keenest and purest pleasures of life — that of being able to do something that is necessary, and to feel that they have actually earned rest, and pleasure, and money. Many had lived the life of the average woman of the comfortable classes—a certain amount of social life, attendance at theatres, card parties, some simple charities, together with a seasoning of church or artistic work—a life that had many empty corners. Now these girls and women, who never knew real responsibility, have entered the ranks of labour. Work has become a very vivid thing to them, and they have won for themselves a new self-respect as useful members of society who are doing good work and earning good wages.

Many of these women may not be able to stand up under the strain of long hours and great physical effort. Others will not continue to work after the need for large shell outputs is over, but certain it is they will always carry with them a feeling that they did their bit as well as they could, and that the doing of it brought much satisfaction and a fuller financial reward in proportion to service rendered than they ever before enjoyed. The War has already proved to be a great welder together of the classes and the masses. Woman has learned a larger sisterhood than she ever before comprehended. Toil and sorrow have proven greater aids to the cause of woman than any propaganda in times of peace could possibly have done.

THE MUNITIONEER SPEAKS

By OWEN E. McGILLICUDDY

Yes! it's hard, hard work.
Yet why should I shirk
When the cannons never cease?
Would it seem quite fair
To our lads over there,
Who are trying to win back Peace?

If my poor head aches,
And my back near breaks,
And my hands get rough and sore—
What is that to me,
When in dreams I may see
Sons and brothers can suffer more!

No! I do not mind;
I shall leave behind
All thoughts of what used to be.
If our men must go,
Then we women shall show
We are glad they have crossed the sea.

So with lathe and wheel,
I still shape my steel,
And forget those peaceful years;
I shall work at shells—
Because each of them tells—
And my sweat it shall ease my tears.

No! not at the fray
Shall we find our way
To help punish Hun and Turk.
We've given our men
Since God only knows when—
Now, we offer the State our work!

CANADIAN WOMEN OPPOSED TO CONSCRIPTION

By An Overwhelming Majority They Cast Their Votes Against Compulsory Service. Women's Parliament a Success

CONSCRIPTION is defeated! So say the women of Canada by a vote of a majority of six to one. This majority against Conscription was returned through the ballot of The Women's Parliament. The question, which is of vital importance to Canada, was voted on by women of every class and rank, and in every part of the country. The result, therefore, may be taken as expressing the wish and the decision of Canadian women.

How the Vote Was Taken

THE Women's Parliament of Canada presented Conscription to its members by debate, in which each side of the question was discussed most thoroughly. The leaders of the debate are both experts and know their subject.

Mrs. Archibald M. Huestis is President of The Toronto Local Council of Women, and has been engaged in patriotic work and in recruiting since the outbreak of the War. She is in a position to know the great need of men and the present situation in regard to recruiting, and in full knowledge of all it would mean, she most strongly advocates Conscription.

Miss Laura Hughes is an authority on Sociology; she has studied Political Economy and Social Problems in all their aspects. She has investigated the conditions in factories, and has worked in munitions factories. There is no problem of the working man or woman that has not received her attention; and knowing the working man and woman as she does, she goes on record as most emphatically opposed to Conscription.

We invited our members to read most carefully and to weigh most thoroughly the arguments contained in these two opposing views, and to mark the ballots published on the same page and send them in.

The Women's Parliament of Canada established a Ballot Box in our office, and as the votes came in they were deposited with as much care and secrecy as though they had been cast by the voter's own hand. On February the 25th the Poll was declared closed and the vote counted. The result was a surprise, as we did not know that public opinion was so strongly opposed to Conscription.

Who Voted

IN almost every case letters came in with the votes, and these letters proved not only that the women had read the debate most carefully, but that they were glad of an opportunity to express their opinions—and their opinions were most emphatic and to the point.

We were glad of these letters, as they testified to the wide-spread interest which responded to the call of the Parliament, and we were doubly glad that they came from women in every condition of life. The mother who had given her only son, and she who had one son killed and three fighting—each wrote. The wife whose husband had just returned wounded and with one arm gone knew what she thought of Conscription and was glad to send in her vote. Some letters were sad in that the writer had lost the one and only man who was dear to her, and others rejoiced in the man who was still fighting.

But one and all wanted that which was best for the country, bravely putting aside the personal loss involved. These letters touched us deeply and made us feel that the country would be safe if its fate lay in the keeping of these brave, loyal women.

Effect of the Vote

THE vote on Conscription will have a wide and far-reaching effect. It came to us as the decision of the Women of Canada, and we shall give it back to all Canada through various sources. It deserves the widest and broadest publicity, as it has been, without doubt, a large factor in moulding public opinion.

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD will carry the message to seven hundred and fifty thousand readers and, with the aid of the newspapers, we shall reach every man and woman in Canada. A resolution will be framed and forwarded to Sir Robert L. Borden, at Ottawa, that the Government may know the will of the wives, the mothers, and sweethearts of the man in khaki with regard to Conscription.

Shall the Dictum of the Women be Final?

SHALL the decision of Canadian women against Conscription be final? The vote was cast by women in all parts of Canada: by women who have men at the Front: by those who mourn the loss of son, husband, brother: by the bride whose husband must say good-bye and go: by the woman who has no man to give: and by the woman who has given all. And by a majority of six to one they have spoken for the Voluntary System.

It would seem to us that a vote coming from those who are—must be—in a position to know and to feel the sentiment held by the man who has enlisted, and the man who may enlist, must voice the course of what is best for the country.

If these women, who are in close and daily touch with the men who are fighting and who must fight, say that recruiting would suffer and the morale of the forces already in the field be lowered by compulsion, it looks to us as though their opinion and verdict should be taken as final. Not even the officer commanding men, by whom he is loved and respected, can feel the pulse of the man's inner life as does the woman who holds his heart in the hollow of her hand. She it is who knows and understands the source from which his actions spring, and when she says that compulsory enlistment would not serve the country best, her dictum should be final, unless she decide otherwise, influenced by great events that may transpire to change the whole thought and temper of the Canadian people.

Our Place in the Vote

WHEN the subject of The Women's Parliament of Canada was under consideration, it was decided that on each and every debate presented to our readers EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD must and would remain absolutely impartial. No other course is open to us in fairness to all our readers, many of whom must be on opposing sides.

Therefore, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is not responsible for the arguments and opinions expressed in debate, nor for the policy decided by the majority of the votes. But as self-appointed trustees of the integrity of The Women's Parliament of Canada, our magazine is bound to abide by and support the decision of the majority of voters. The Women's Parliament belongs to the women, not to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD.

What Readers Say For or Against Conscription

If we allowed the white race to be slaughtered, as Miss Hughes puts it, we should have the yellow race to dominate over the remaining few whites left.—*Miss D. C. E.*

Conscription? No! A thousand times No! Don't disgrace the cause for which our sons have given all.—*Mrs. L. G., Champion, Alta.*

I hope that Conscription will never come into force; it would be worse than Prussianism. To makes slaves of our young men would be a blot on citizens of a free country.—*Mrs. J. E., Elk Lake, Ont.*

I could get all the women's votes in this country, who are all opposed to Conscription.—*Mrs. M.*

We all think it would not be fair to force any man to give his life for what he can never enjoy when he is gone, and so many of our best young men have already given their service. Most of them say, if we had Conscription they would stop serving their country, as they would not consider it their country if their life were not their own. Our young men are no cowards, but they want freedom. If Germans and Austrians had fewer privileges in this country, Canadians would do more.—*Mrs. R. S., Markville, Ont.*

No "Prussian Militarism" for me, is one of my reasons for voting against it. This terrible, murderous war was brought on by Prussian Militarism.—*Mrs. C. L., St. Catharines, Ont.*

I agree with Miss Hughes on every point, and am glad of the (*Continued on page 44*)

To keep the children clean

NOTHING does more to make cleanliness attractive to youngsters than Ivory Soap. In place of the ordinary thin, slow-forming lather it gives one which is thick, rich and smooth and which forms instantly. Instead of sticking to the skin and making a greasy gloss, it rinses easily, leaving the skin clean of soap as well as of dirt. Instead of burning the skin and making it smart long after the toilet, it feels mild and grateful and leaves no irritation whatever. Instead of sinking out of sight and reach, it floats conveniently at hand.

That millions of children have been "brought up" on Ivory Soap is the best proof that it is the soap for you and yours.

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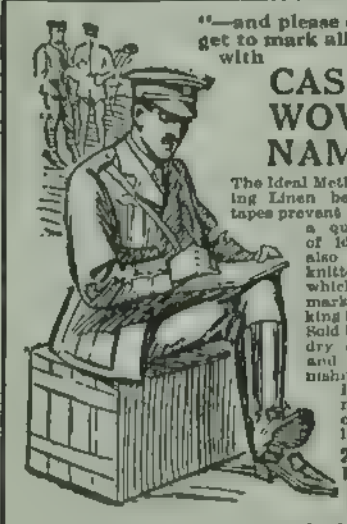
FRESH and clean in appearance, with non-fading colors, and **guaranteed** to be **absolutely** unshrinkable. Viyella is the ideal material for ladies' tennis and golfing suits, shirt waists and summer dresses, and is just as suitable for gentlemen's shirts, pyjamas and outing suits, and for children's dresses.

The great point is that

Viyella Does Not Shrink

Viyella is just as soft and dainty after repeated washings as when new. It is true economy and the best kind of thrift to have your clothes made of really good, non-shrinkable material.



"—and please don't forget to mark all my linen with

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The Ideal Method of Marking Linen because these tapes prevent loss and are a quick means of identification, also woolen and knitted garments which cannot be marked with marking ink.
Sold by all leading dry goods stores and mens furnishing stores.

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hair in. One testimonial says: "My hair soon became a mass of wavy curls." For either ladies or gentlemen. Send 15c stamps or coin for a sample
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The Corset Without Laces

Made entirely of porous woven surgical elastic web, which "gives" freely to every movement of the body, yet firmly holds the figure. It lends grace with absolute comfort at all times. Our patented methods of construction, and character of material used, make it equally desirable for street, dancing, evening or sport wear, and make unnecessary use of corset laces. In short and long lengths, white and pink. Retails $2 to $7. If local dealer cannot supply you, write for illustrated free booklet. Refuse substitutes.

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ROSE BUD RING Free

Gold filled, set with beautiful Rose Bud Top. To introduce our big jewelry bargains we will send this ring for 12c to help pay advertising. Send size.
Rex Jewelry Co., Dept. 32 Battle Creek, Mich.

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD EXCLUSIVE FASHIONS

No. 2453.—This very modish costume shows the new "slip-on" smock. The dress is of jersey and gives a military note with its braid and buttons. The smock is of taffeta. Cut to measure only. Pattern, $1.00.

No. 5030.—Very smart top-coat in brown velour, with odd belt arrangement, and deep pouch pockets. Collar of white cloth. Cut to measure only. Pattern, $1.00.

No. 2454.—In Scotch tweed. This suit is in excellent style for everyday wear; finished with buttons and bound with braid, it has a very trig appearance. Cut to measure only. Pattern, $1.00.

No. 3250.—One of the new white serge suits, with circular skirt and smart, belted coat. The pleated arrangement is particularly good with the decided flare at the sides. Cut to measure only. Pattern, $1.00.

No. 2455.—Suit in deep peacock rajah, with novelty patent leather belt. The collar and cuffs are of white rajah, embroidered in peacock. Cut to measure only. Pattern, $1.00.

No. 4092.—Figured tussah sport suit in white, with odd figures in terra cotta and an odd shade of blue. Terra cotta coloured velvet is used for collar, cuffs, and girdle. Cut to measure only. Pattern, $1.00.

No. 3993.—Plain blue, and blue and white bordered tussah are combined in this snappy costume. The skirt is side pleated. The collar is decidedly new. Cut to measure only. Pattern, $1.00.

No. 2704.—Smart hiking suit in dark green velour combined with gray and green check. The belt is unusual and the pockets are a novel feature. Cut to measure only. Pattern, $1.00.

In ordering write name and address clearly, and give accurate measurements. Send money by Dominion Express Order, Postal Note, or Money Order. Address, Exclusive Fashions Department, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, 62 Temperance Street, Toronto, Ont.

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD EXCLUSIVE FASHIONS

No. 3307.—Separate dress skirt in cream georgette satin showing the new peg-top drapery. The yoke effect and straight loose panel are both new notes. Cut to measure only. Pattern, 75 cents.

No. 5147.—Afternoon frock in natural pongee, with the new crushed girdle embroidered in Oriental design and finished with wide silk fringe. Cut to measure only. Pattern, $1.00.

No. 4754.—This new chemise blouse is one of the new "slip-on" models. It is made of ecru georgette crepe, with a deep border of ecru novelty lace. A narrow satin binding gives a dainty finish; the vest is also of satin. Cut to measure only. Pattern, 75 cents.

No. 2145.—A charming blouse of ecru georgette crepe, with diamond inserts of navy taffeta. Soutache braid in navy outlines the inserts, collar, and cuffs. Cut to measure only. Pattern, 75 cents.

No. 3014.—Lovely frock of rose charmeuse and jersey. The "slip-on" blouse is of the charmeuse and is trimmed with gold embroidery. The skirt is of jersey. Cut to measure only. Pattern, $1.00.

No. 5172.—Dainty morning dress in striped voile, with a double pleated skirt. The collar and girdle are finished with balls. Cut to measure only. Pattern, $1.00.

No. 2452.—The new coat-frock for street wear. Shown here in taffeta, but is suited to serge or light wool materials. Cut to measure only. Pattern, $1.00.

No. 2451.—This simple, dainty frock is in white china silk, with high waist line. Pin tucks and buttons are the only trimming. Cut to measure only. Pattern, 75 cents.

In ordering give name and address clearly, and accurate measurements. Address, Exclusive Fashions Department, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, 62 Temperance St., Toronto.

Ye Olde Firme

Tone and Touch

in a piano spell the real merits of a piano. Beauty of tone, delicacy of touch are the predominant qualities of the

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giving the world-famed, Canadian-made instrument a first place in the piano records of the world.

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Style Louis B

The piano case of the Heintzman & Co. Louis XV. Design reflects in most perfect manner the period of this famed ruler of the seventeenth century. In some respects there is found in the artistic case of this piano the peculiar art finish that is so familiar to the rococo period. The lines and scrolls are all of the most artistic character, and there is something graceful in every turn, however viewed, emblematic of the period of Louis XV. Price - - $525.00

Very Special Piano Bargain

HEINTZMAN & CO. handsome upright piano, polished case, two solid panels in top door with centre swing music desk. The case of this instrument has been refinished and is now indistinguishable from new. All essential inside parts have been carefully looked over in our repair room. Has a magnificent tone and a very dependable action. An unquestionable bargain at - - - $285.00

Address all enquiries to "Ye Olde Firme"

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Please send per return illustrated catalogue of your own manufacture of pianos with all particulars as to price and terms as per advertisement in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, May 1917. At the same time, be good enough to send your list of slightly used pianos at bargain prices.

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To make a good cup of Cocoa Begin Right!

CHOOSE

BAKER'S

Prepare it carefully, following the directions on the package, and you will find that every member of the family will thoroughly enjoy this delicious and wholesome beverage. Its healthfulness is assured by its purity and high quality.

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Made in Canada by
WALTER BAKER & CO. LIMITED
ESTABLISHED 1780
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YOU wouldn't use soap on your face that would ruin your complexion. Why not be equally as careful with the polish you use on your shoes?

USE

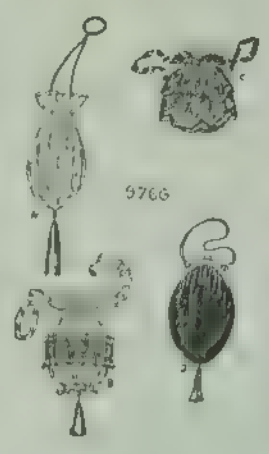
"NUGGET" Shoe Polish

"Nugget" not only gives a brilliant shine, but it feeds the leather, keeps it soft and pliable, and makes your shoes waterproof. Ask for "Nugget" at your dealers.

BLACK, TAN, TONEY RED and DARK BROWN
10c per tin

"Take Care of Your Shoes"

WHAT SHALL WE WEAR THIS SPRING?



No. 9766.—Ladies' Set of Fancy Bags. One size. Set of patterns, 15 cents.

No. 9546.—Ladies' Shirtwaist. Sizes 34 to 42 inches bust measure. Pattern, 15 cents.

No. 9639.—Ladies' Kimono Waist. Sizes 36 to 42 inches bust measure. Pattern, 15 cents.

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No. 9549.—Girls' Russian Blouse Dress. Sizes 8 to 14 years. Pattern, 15 cents.

No. 9563.—Ladies' One-Piece Dress. Sizes 34 to 44 inches bust measure. Pattern, 15 cents.

No. 9762.—Misses' and Small Women's Dress. Sizes 16 to 20 years. Pattern, 15 cents.

No. 9622.—Misses' and Small Women's Russian Blouse Dress Sizes 14 to 20 years. Pattern, 15 cents.

No. 9574.—Girls' Dress. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Pattern, 15 cents.

No. 9620.—Misses' and Small Women's Redingote. Sizes 14 to 20 years. Pattern, 15 cents.

No. 9556.—Childrens' Dress. Sizes 4 to 8 years. Pattern, 15 cents.

No. 9752.—Ladies' Dress. Sizes 36 to 42 inches bust measure. Pattern, 15 cents.

No. 9678.—Boys' Russian Suit. Sizes 2 to 6 years. Pattern, 15 cents.

No. 9580.—Ladies' One-Piece Apron. Sizes 36 to 44 inches bust measure. Pattern, 15 cents.

No. 9571.—Ladies' Six-Gored Skirt. Sizes 24 to 32 inches waist measure. Pattern, 15 cents.

No. 9679.—Ladies' One-Piece Negligee. Sizes 36 to 44 inches bust measure. Pattern, 15 cents.

No. 9625.—Ladies' Two-Gored Tunic Skirt. Sizes 24 to 30 inches waist measure. Pattern, 15 cents.

No. 9681.—Ladies' Dress. Sizes 36 to 42 inches bust measure. Pattern, 15 cents.

No. 9554.—Ladies' Four-Gored Skirt. Sizes 24 to 34 inches waist measure. Pattern, 15 cents.

The price of each pattern is 15 cents; this includes prepayment of postage, and we guarantee safe delivery. Send money by Dominion Express Order or any way that is convenient to you—the mails are safe. Home Patterns are the easiest of all to use, and the styles are always up-to-date. Every pattern is guaranteed to fit perfectly, and a guide chart accompanies each pattern. Orders are filled the same day as they are received. When ordering, it is important that you write very plainly; that you give your name and address; the number and size of pattern wanted; and enclose 15 cents for each. Patterns for designs illustrated on this page may be obtained from any dealer handling Home Patterns, and from our Pattern Department, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, 61 Temperance Street, Toronto, Ont.

USEFUL DESIGNS FOR THE THRIFTY HOUSEKEEPER

ATTRACTIVE indeed is the home that displays good taste in embroidered linens, and the woman is admired who displays her efforts by making use of her spare time and considers it one of her pleasures.

The cut-work and eyelets with lacy daintiness are very effective over a dark table or background, and in No. 14803 is shown one of this character. A touch of solid embroidery may be added to it and the edges worked in buttonhole stitch, or it may be finished with cluny lace.

Coloured embroidery is very effective and is very popular just now. It is quickly worked, and gives a wonderful beauty with its brilliant shades. The luncheon set No. 14777 includes a centre-piece and six basket designs for the napkins. The flowers are worked in French knots in pastel shades, with mercerized cotton, the leaves in green, and the baskets in brown.

The luncheon set, No. 14746, with the table cover and eight doilies, worked in the easy, thousand flower stitch, is very charming in five or six shades of blue, and edged in blue or with cluny lace. The flowers are worked in the pastel shades, the leaves in green and edged in white, or they may be developed in all white, but it is not as effective as the colours.

The necessary napkin and silver cases shown in Nos. 14802 and 14804 are good ideas. You can readily keep things in place when you have cases for them. These cases are so easily made, and so pretty worked in solid white, that no woman should be without them

Guest or fancy towels were once a luxury, but not so in these days. Every housekeeper has a variety, and with these she must have some with coloured embroidery as well as the solid white. In No. 14801 are three distinctly different designs in one pattern for towels. These may be worked in solid white or in the correct colours and edged with white in the buttonhole stitch.

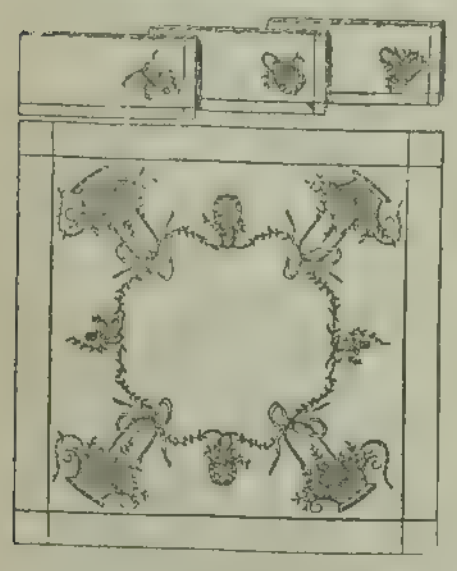
Venetian Cut Work

In 14803, 14746, and 14777 you have a variety of table linen with the Venetian cut work centre-piece, the luncheon set with the table napkins, and the luncheon set with the table doilies.

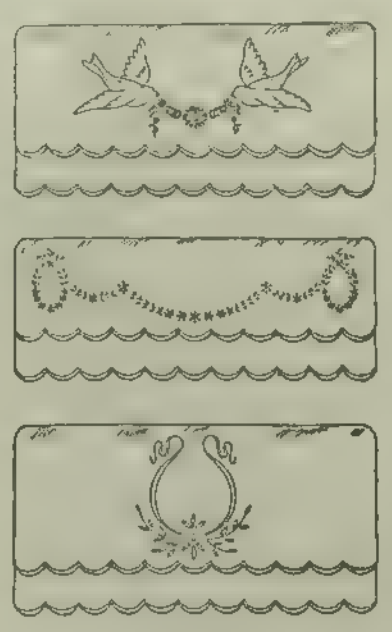
14803 is a 36-inch centre-piece of cut work, solid and eyelets to be developed in all white or worked with coloured mercerized cotton on ecru linen. Pattern, 15 cents.

The Luncheon Set

14746 is a beautiful luncheon set with the table cloth 50 inches in diameter including the four long sides, which may be cut apart and made larger if desired; eight doilies are included in this pattern. Pattern, 15 cents.



14777.—A charming luncheon set with six basket designs for the napkins. The tea cloth is 36 inches in diameter but may be cut apart and made larger. Pattern, 15 cents.



14801.—Three attractive designs for towel ends are included in this pattern with the scalloping. Pattern, 15 cents.

To Hold Silver

14804.—Four simple cases to hold your silver, to be worked in outline stitch and the edges bound with tape; the inside is lined with flannel and divided into sections. When rolled up, it is lapped so that the design comes on top, and it is tied with tape, which is sewn to the end of the flap. Pattern, 15 cents.

For the Napkin

14802, the napkin case, and 15804, the silver case, are both very convenient to the housekeeper, as she can keep her napkins always spic and span and protected from the dust. Then the silver case with its lining of flannel, divided into sections to keep the silver from scratching, and the three towel designs developed in colours, are very effective.

14802 is the napkin case, which is nine inches in diameter when folded and is to be developed in solid white. Pattern, 15 cents.

Patterns for designs shown on this page mailed on receipt of 15 cents each. Give number of pattern wanted. Write your name and address clearly. Address, The Pattern Department, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, 62 Temperance Street, Toronto.

HERE'S a luxury within the reach of everyone—a hair-bath in the whipped-cream-like lather that LUX makes in hot water. Your hair takes on a soft, luminous silken quality that makes it a crown of beauty indeed. The scalp is stimulated, your head refreshed.

LUX makes water soft as summer rain. These wee satin-smooth flakes of the purest essence of soap dissolve absolutely in hot water so that not the tiniest particle of soap can remain to clog the pores. Try it to-night.

10c. at all grocers

LUX

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British Made

For Ideal Lingerie use

HORROCKSES'

sheer NAINSOOKS, dainty embroidery CAMBRICS, fine MADAPOLAMS, reliable LONGCLOTHS, or durable FLANNELETTES

In each class "HORROCKSES" are known as the standard of excellence. See "HORROCKSES" on the selvedge.

For information as to the nearest store where procurable, apply to agents John E. Ritchie, 591 St. Catherine St., West, Montreal.

Reduce your Laundry Bill by wearing ARLINGTON COLLARS

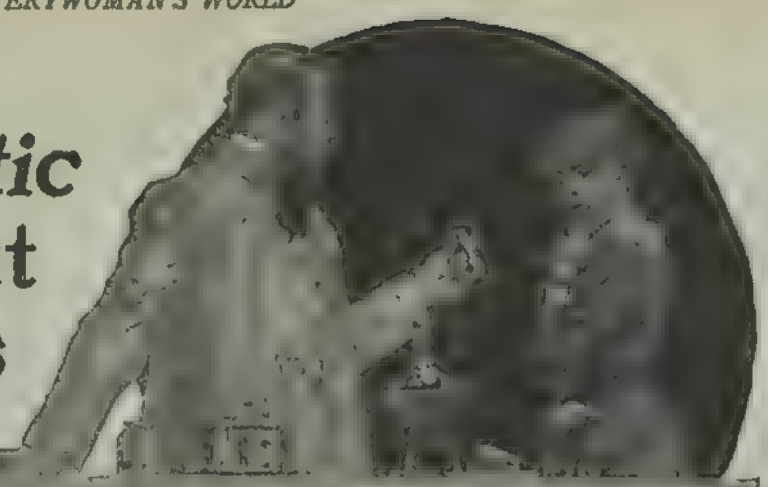
Just half a minute's work with a sponge and water, and your collar is as good as new again.

Send for our style book; we have all styles, and the shape you like best is among them. If you enclose 25c, mentioning your size, and describing the kind of collar you prefer, we will send you a sample collar prepaid.

Do it now---and hit the High Cost of Living a blow by cutting down the laundry bill

THE ARLINGTON COMPANY, LIMITED - TORONTO, CANADA

The *Skeptic* About Corns



Some years ago a famous chemist invented the Blue-jay plaster.

In a bit of wax he combined ingredients which no corn can resist.

Through us he offered to all people this sure ender of a corn.

But people said, "We've heard such claims before." They had used harsh, old-time methods which proved inefficient.

The same folks tried this Blue-jay, and each told others. Since then this method has removed some 80 million corns.

Here is a way that's gentle, scientific, sure. It is applied in a jiffy. It costs but a few cents per corn.

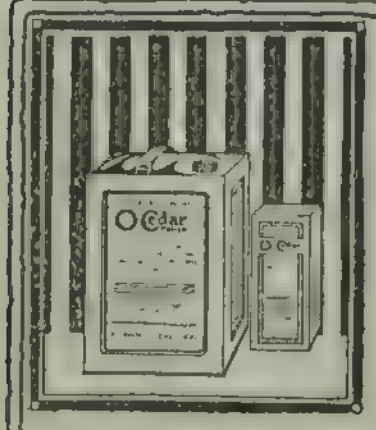
It stops the pain instantly. It ends the corn in two days—that is, nine corns in ten. The stubborn ones need a second application.

It makes corns forever needless. Corn aches become unknown. For your own sake, prove this. Stop paring corns. Learn how easy it is to end them. Prove it tonight.

BAUER & BLACK
Chicago New York
Toronto
Makers of
Surgical Dressings, etc.

Blue-jay
Stops Pain—Ends Corns

15c and 25c
at Druggists
Also Blue-jay
Bunion Plasters



Makes House-Cleaning Easy

The "O-Cedar Way" is the only satisfactory method of cleaning and polishing fine furniture.

O-Cedar Polish does not make a dirty surface shine—it cleans the surface first—then polishes it.

O-Cedar Polish
(Reg. Can. Pat. Office) (Made in Canada)

makes light work of the furniture part of your housecleaning. The "O-Cedar Way"—a wet cloth—a few drops of O-Cedar Polish on it—a light rubbing—a brisk polish with a dry cloth—gives you what is known as the "O-Cedar Result."

Every finger mark, every trace of the bluish film which so quickly gathers on mahogany furniture vanishes—leaving in its stead a surface gleaming like glass—so hard, that it will not require re-polishing for weeks.

O-Cedar Polish applied with an O-Cedar Mop is the most efficient and easiest method of cleaning and polishing hardwood floors.

Channell Chemical Co., Limited
369 Sorauren Avenue, Toronto

O-Cedar Polish 25¢ TO $3.00

WILL MY BOY BE A MINISTER?

(*Continued from page 16*)

appearance of evil." The minister must walk circumspectly, and in the full knowledge that his every act is either a help or hindrance to the spiritual life of his people.

If the man who professes religion would avoid hypocrisy, it is absolutely necessary that the animal and selfish qualities be entirely under the domination of the moral and spiritual. The more completely is this the case, the weaker is the force of temptation, and the less marked the reaction after an effort to rouse others to a sense of their moral and spiritual responsibilities.

Those persons who most strongly give the impression of spiritual-mindedness are marked by the height and breadth of the head at the crown, and by the flexibility and expression of the lips. The traits of reverence, hope, faith, justice, benevolence, conscientiousness, are all located in the upper parts of the head, while the selfish and animal propensities are situated in the base of the brain. The man with a head low from the level of the opening of the ear to the crown of the head should choose some vocation other than the ministry if he wishes to make any kind of a success of his life.

The Temptation of Intellect

THE work of the ministry develops especially the emotional side of man's nature, but the emotional must not be allowed to affect, dominate, or outweigh the intellectual, since religious feeling without the guidance and control of the intellect becomes mere superstition. When trouble comes, he must be consoler, but counsellor as well, in sickness he comforts, but he must also inspire cheer or resignation, in bereavement he sympathises, but must point to the hope of resurrection, to the penitent he brings forgiveness, but must insist on the leading of a new life; to the unregenerate sinner he must thunder his warning with unhesitating authority, but tempered with justice and mercy.

The man worthy of the name of minister must needs be mentally fitted to wrestle with the innumerable phases of spiritual torment and unrest with which every soul is beset at some stage of its development; and he must have a large general grasp of all knowledge that he may lead his people from what they already know to that which he would teach. He must have power of expression; to feel and know all that he would say and not be able to express himself adequately and well is—to a minister—tragedy.

But equally tragic and much more disastrous is the minister who talks too much. Unsually this type of man is overflowing with emotion—emotion which is not dominated and controlled by intellect; he lacks the depth necessary to ever really grasp the essence of the doctrines he would teach. His flow of language makes it almost impossible for him ever to become a great preacher; his very fluency is a temptation to him to skimp on study in college and preparation of work in his parish; and finding that he cannot attain results except by appealing to the emotions of his congregation, he and they suffer from the fervid ecstasies of the high-strung, emotional nature and the black depths of despair that mark the natural and inevitable reaction. Therefore, the man who would not be the victim of his own emotional nature must have a head, not only high and well rounded, from forehead to crown, but splendidly developed in the frontal parts—the forehead must be high, square, broad, and smooth. Eyes set deep in the sockets indicate difficulty in expressing one's self, and eyes that are very prominent show a great fluency of speech; the successful preacher should not have eyes extreme in either way—his eyes should be only fairly large and prominent.

Two Distinct Types

MINISTERS are divided by nature into two distinct types, and if this could be done in practice, the good resulting would be great. The man who alone supplies a church really fills two distinct positions and performs two distinct functions—those of preacher and pastor. The first-class preacher is rarely a first-class pastor, and it is but seldom that the most successful pastor is anything but a very ordinary preacher.

Many large churches who can afford it specialise, and have one man gifted as a preacher, and another who has the characteristics that go to make a good pastor.

The preacher must be a student of books and human nature; he must have a logical and analytical mind; a good platform voice and pulpit delivery; he needs good judgment so that he preaches neither below nor above the intellectual level of his congregation; he must "wear well," improve on acquaintance, and have infinite patience, since he must continue to teach and educate the same people year after year. With him the intellectual controls and directs the emotional, and in this he differs radically from the Evangelist. The Evangelist coming into a church seeks to enlist the interest and assistance of every one for a short time only. He stirs things up, puts new life and energy into the Christian worker, brings many to repentance, and directs a general revival—then he moves on. His success is largely due to the emotional rather than to the intellectual, since he must make an impression and accomplish his work in a very short time, and it does not require any great depth to give a short series of Evangelical appeals, which he may—and does—repeat in the next church he visits. As a general rule, the extreme blonde, having very fair hair, light blue eyes, good vitality, and strong emotional nature, succeeds as an Evangelist, while men of medium or dark colouring do better as preachers and pastors.

The social characteristics of the successful pastor are strongly marked. He must make friends readily and be (*Continued on page 28*)

Fly Poisons Attract Both Flies and Babies

In the last three years the press has reported 106 fly poisoning cases—a large proportion fatal. The innocent looking can with its sweetened wick—the saucer of poison paper—both contain *arsenic*, deadliest of poisons.

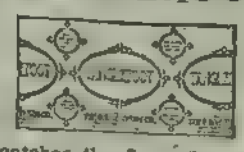
No mother would put fly poison within her children's reach if she realized the danger. Yet it kills more children than all other poisons combined.

This is the U.S. Government warning against fly poisons, taken from U.S. Public Health Service Bulletin, **supplement** No. 29:

"Of other fly poisons mentioned, mention should be made, merely for the purpose of condemnation, of those composed of arsenic. Fatal cases of poisoning of children through the use of such compounds are far too frequent, and owing to the presence of arsenic as an impurity in commercial darrhea and cholera infantum, it is believed that the cases reported do not, by any means, comprise the total. Arsenical fly-destroying devices must be rated as extremely dangerous, and should never be used, even if other measures are not at hand."

The one **safe, sure, non-poisonous, efficient fly catcher** is

TANGLEFOOT



which catches the fly and embalms it and all the deadly germs it carries in a thick coating of varnish. (106)

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THE O. & W. THUM COMPANY
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American Address: Grand Rapids, Mich.

Back Ache

Gin Pills banish backache, no matter how severe. The effect, understand, is not to numb the pain, but Gin Pills go right to the source of the trouble, the Kidneys, restoring the natural functions of these organs, and with the blood purified, and inflammation allayed, the pains disappear permanently.

Gin Pills FOR THE KIDNEYS

Other indications that the kidneys are not purifying the blood stream properly are frequent headaches, deposits in the urine, touches of rheumatism—to name but a few symptoms—and every case calls for Gin Pills.

50c. a box, or 6 boxes for $2.50 at all druggists.

Sample free if you write to

National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited
Toronto, Ont.

U. S. Address—NA-DRU-CO, Inc.
202 Main St., Buffalo, N.Y. 61

KIDDIES! JOIN THE BUNNY CLUB

MAY
Uncle Peter's Page For Children

"You'll find it quite funny to be A BUNNY"

Uncle Peter's Monthly Letter

MY DEAR BUNNIES:—

Here they come, piles and piles of applications from new Bunnies joining Uncle Peter's Club. You have only to send your name, address, and age, and the 5c. application fee, and you get your badge. Send it to-day if you haven't joined already. Bunnies who have won prizes in the competition send such nice letters about them. They certainly seem to like them. Try to win a prize this month, Bunnies!

Your affectionate Bunny-Uncle,

Uncle Peter.

Uncle Peter's Wise and Otherwise Sayings

Be peaceful, but keep strong!
The stronger we are, the more likely we are to be left in peace!

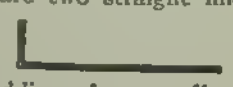
Golden Rhyme

I started forth and wandered far,
I searched for countless days,
To find a glimpse of Heaven, in
This old world's tangled ways.
I searched the crowded haunts of men,
I searched throughout the wild,
But I found my glimpse of Heaven in
The face of a little child!

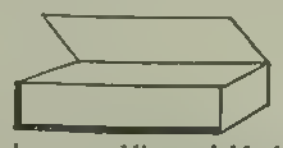
Competition

This month, Bunnies, we have another little drawing competition. See what you can do with it.

Here are two straight lines,



and by adding a few more lines to them we make a little drawing of a box which looks like this:



Here is a curved line. Add what you like to it and make it into a simple little drawing of something we all know.

Take a clean piece of paper and first of all copy the curved line as given above. This should be put in quite thick. Then add your own lines rather lighter until you have made your little drawing complete.

Six prizes will be given for the best six drawings sent in *according to age*. Be sure to give your age. Drawings must be made on plain paper, and on the back of each piece must be written the name, address, and age of the sender. Drawings may be done in pencil or ink and must reach me not later than June 20th, addressed to Uncle Peter, 62 Temperance St., Toronto.

The best drawing sent in will be printed in the July issue of our magazine. Now see what you can do!

Mr Fox Proposes Peace.

Just look at these pictures, Bunny dear!
The story I'll tell you to-day
Is how all the animals came to hear
What a Bunny had to say.

MR. BROWN FOX was not very happy. Indeed none of the Foxes were. When Mr. Owl had told all the woodland folks about the way in which Mr. Red Fox had been caught in the pipe, there had been a lot of fun made of the Foxes, and they all felt as though they would have to make some plan to catch John Bunny, or something else would be likely to happen.

So Mr. Brown Fox called a meeting and asked all the Foxes to come to it. You would have been surprised to see what a lot of them there were when they all got together. John Bunny and his little games had become pretty well known, so they all turned out to Mr. Brown Fox's house to talk about him.

When they were all there, Mr. Brown Fox said to them, "We shall have to do something very soon. Wherever we go, all the animals in the woods are laughing at us, so I think it would be a good idea to make peace with the rabbits and promise to leave them alone altogether. Later on they would not be afraid of us at all, and I think the time would come when we could get even with John Bunny very easily."

All the Foxes thought this would be a very good idea, so Mr. Brown Fox made out a note addressed to John Bunny and all other Bunnies, promising that the Foxes would leave them alone and not try to make any more of them into rabbit pie.

"This note," said Mr. Fox, "is what is called a treaty. I will take it over to John Bunny's house in the morning and show it to him, and I think everything will be all right for us after that."

So the next day Mr. Fox went over to see John Bunny. John was sitting by his front door. It was a beautiful day in May, and John was enjoying the sunshine and wondering how long it would be before he would see any of the Foxes again. Just at this moment Mr. Brown Fox came up with his note.

"Keep your distance, Mr. Brown Fox," said John Bunny. "Of course I know that you have said you will be my friend because I did you a good turn last Christmas, but still, I am not going to trust you too far."

"John," said Mr. Fox, "I have here what is called a treaty. You will be very pleased with it, I know."

"It looks just like a scrap of paper to me, Mr. Fox," said John, "and I don't want you to come any nearer. If you do, I shall have to go inside."

"A treaty, John," continued Mr. Fox, "is an agreement. This one promises that the Foxes will not chase the Rabbits any more, but will all be friends of yours."

"Too good to be true, Mr. Fox," said John.

"Not at all, John," said Mr. Fox. "I think you will like it when you have read it over, as you know it would be a fine thing to have peace between the Foxes and the Rabbits."

"I remember, Mr. Fox," said John, "a little matter where the Foxes once made a promise before. Don't you remember what happened to my friends, the Belgian Hares? The Foxes had promised to keep off their land and not to make any war upon them, or to cross their property, and yet what happened? It will be very hard to make me believe any promise that a Fox makes after that!" said John Bunny.

"Well," said Mr. Fox, "things are different now, and I think you will find that you can depend upon us. I will leave the paper where you can read it when I have gone, and I will come back to-morrow and see what you have to say about it." And off went Mr. Fox, not even looking behind him.

Later on that day Mr. Owl called round to see John, and John told him about the treaty.

"I'm going to have all the Foxes come up here to-morrow," said John, "and I will agree to their treaty on my own terms. I want you and all the Owls you know, and all the other animals that are not afraid of the Foxes, to be here, too, to see the fun," said John. "Five o'clock in the afternoon will do."

Mr. Owl promised to be there and to bring his friends.

The next morning, when Mr. Fox came round, John told him that he would be prepared to give him his answer at five o'clock that afternoon, and Mr. Owl, remembering some of the tricks that John Bunny had played before, told a great many of his friends about the meeting and invited them to be there, too.

At five o'clock that afternoon, when John came out to his front door, he found all the Foxes sitting round in a half circle in front of his house—Mr. Brown Fox, Mr. Sharp Nose, Mr. Brush, Mr. Tan Coat, Mr. Red Whiskers, and many more whose names I have forgotten; and in addition to these, there were Mr. Owl, and all his friends, too. You cannot see them nearly all in the picture; there was not enough room to put them in.

"Good afternoon, gentlemen!" said John. "I am pleased to see you all here to-day. I feel that the time has come when we should all understand each other properly.

John Bunny then mounted a chair which stood by his doorway, and tucking his hands underneath the tail of his coat in the most up-to-date manner, said:

"I am quite safe in saying that no meeting has ever given me greater pleasure than this one. If I were not safe in saying it, I should not say it. You are all very friendly, so friendly, indeed, that if any of you were to make a jump at me, I should fall off my chair in astonishment, but, in doing so, I should fall right into my own doorway. This is why I feel safe in making these remarks to you. The subject of our meeting is Peace, and a most important subject it is. You have for so long made the woods unsafe, that Peace will be most welcome to us. Gentlemen, I have decided to agree to your proposal of peace."

The Foxes smiled all round the ring. They grinned at each other, and in doing so, they showed their teeth, as Foxes will.

"My good friends," said John Bunny, "your smiles are very winning. I myself smile in sympathy, knowing how very important the results of this treaty will be to us all, when, with all hard feelings removed, you are free to invite us freely to your homes for meals. This idea of Peace opens up beautiful pictures to me," said John, with upturned eyes. It seemed to do the same to the Foxes, who grinned again with pleasure.

"But," said John, suddenly, "Peace, to be any good, must be lasting, and we cannot agree to any Peace until we know that it will continue. You see in me, gentlemen, a harmless ball of fur. How can I depend upon the effect of a treaty while you all have such sharp teeth."

"Therefore," concluded John in a hurry, "I say, on behalf of the Bunny nation, that we will agree to peace on one simple condition, namely, that when you gentlemen go away to-day, *you must all leave your teeth behind you.*"

And John dropped quickly off his chair into his doorway, and none too soon, for all the Foxes were so angry with the trick he had played them, that they made a dash for him, only to find that he had gone.

Mr. Owl and his friends certainly had a good story to tell to all the little woodland folk the next few days, and the Foxes felt worse than ever.

"'Home, Sweet Home' is a great song, my dear," said John to Mrs. Bunny that evening, "and Home is a great place to be."

And so it is.

Uncle Peter.

The Foxes make plans.

The Meeting.

Mr Fox brings the treaty.

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This is the red, white and green package which you have been buying for over eleven years.

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requires only the easy motion of swinging the tub from side to side to operate it. The whole weight of the tub runs on Ball Bearings, and two powerful coil springs reverse the motion of the tub. The Connor does not get tired like your hands do. It has a hundred times the strength and saves you from the bad effects of the strain of continued washing days, and does not injure the most delicate fabrics.

You will have no washing troubles with a Connor Ball Bearing Washer.

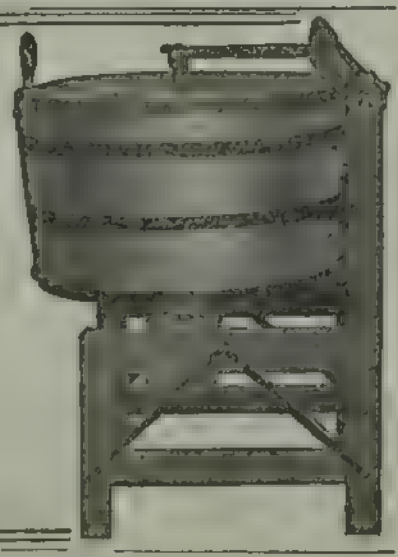
Write to-day for our booklet. The Connor is the best, easiest working, and most satisfactory Washing Machine in Canada for the price, and you should have one. The booklet will tell you why. Will you write for it now—to-day?

You cannot learn too much about a household help which will leave your strength unimpaired.

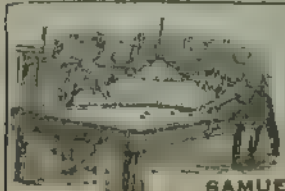
Saves your clothes and your back and leaves you time to spend in more pleasant and more profitable ways.

Ask your husband whether he would spend a day at the washtub or let the Connor do the work for him.

J. H. Connor & Son, Ltd., Ottawa, Canada



Father!



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VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE INSTITUTE FOR WOMEN

SLOGAN: DO SOME ONE THING WELL

THE HOUSEHOLD EFFICIENCY EXPERT

By KATHLEEN ELIZABETH STEACY

THE difference between the manner in which a man runs his business and a woman runs her house affords an opportunity to a clever woman, possessed of training, initiative, tact, business ability, and health, to blaze a new trail in occupations.

A man trains for his business; if not in school or college, then in office, workshop, factory, or on the land. However handicapped he may be by circumstances, conditions, or health, he gets his training in some way and learns by his experience—if he is to succeed.

The average woman gets her training for the position of housekeeper and home-maker haphazardly; and she never learns thoroughly by experience, since she does not understand the underlying principles, nor possess that comprehensive grasp of her problems which is necessary to success. She sees only the immediate things that are pressing to be done; she lacks the system which is imperative to a well-ordered house; she knows nothing of the art of food preparation beyond the frying pan and the tin can; a knowledge of simple book-keeping is, to her, a work of supererogation, and home economics and finances are but names.

A man would not dream of running a business without system, an intimate knowledge of that in which he deals, and a practical method of keeping accounts—not unless he is courting failure and bankruptcy. His money, time, and talents are invested, and he is bound to make good or lose; he loses or wins—there is no middle course.

When a business is shown by the books to be falling behind, the firm hold a conference, or the owner sits down and thinks it out. The books are studied carefully, methods are criticized, and the production considered. It is taken for granted that there is a weak spot somewhere, or a leak, and the investigation goes on until the trouble is located. Then the efforts of the management are directed toward stopping the leak and strengthening the weakness. Usually, under this treatment, the business pulls through and is placed on a sounder and better basis than before—they have learned by their experience.

But when a woman knows in her heart that her business of running a house is a failure—what does she do? Does she consider her methods, her budget, her daily routine? Does she acknowledge, even to herself, that the fault is her own? She does not. She "gets along" somehow and—hopes for the best. She pins her faith to chance, closes her eyes to the present, and hopes that "things will be better when the children grow up." She does not see that her health and happiness and that of her family are invested, and that she can be a failure and a bankrupt. She does not realize that she is, in honour, bound to make good, and when she fails, that her husband and children suffer.

But a business does not always pull through, even with intelligent care. It needs an expert, and if the man be up-to-date and awake to his own best interests, an Efficiency Expert is called in. The questions he asks are few, but he investigates thoroughly and, presently, he lays an assured finger on the weakness. Then it is talked over, and he receives—if the man be wise—*carte-blanche* to reorganize.

The woman cannot do this. The most she can do is to take a course in Domestic Science, simple Book-keeping, Hygiene, and to study the science and the art of buying. But she must apply all she learns herself and apply it to herself, and, since the machinery of the house must go on, she must practise on her family. She applies her knowledge only a bit here, a bit there, and a bit somewhere else. She cannot, as she is in fault herself, begin at the foundation and reorganize entirely. She tries it, but the cogs of the wheels will not fit. It is ten to one that the right place to begin is with herself, and that is about the last place the ordinary woman would begin. If she can afford it, she tries keeping a girl; but as few girls are experts, this is not much of an improvement, and often only serves to deepen the trouble by giving the mistress a false sense of security—she believes the girl should know and be able to do that which she neither knows nor can do herself.

Right here the new occupation of the Household Efficiency Expert comes in. Many women who have never earned their own living must now do so, and many of these have had well-ordered and efficiently managed homes. These women, by reason of their home training, are exactly fitted and suited to become Household Efficiency Experts. They have both the knowledge and the experience. As a rule, they are quiet, capable, self-controlled women of middle years, who would be utterly useless in the business or commercial world. Housekeeping is the only profession and home-making the only thing they know, and, as the Household Efficiency Expert is an entirely new occupation, they have been looking on the future with very sad eyes. A working housekeeper's position seemed to be the only thing open to them, and that usually means—in this country—a domestic servant, with responsibilities added, but not higher wages.

The Household Efficiency Expert occupies a remunerative position because she is trained and because that training has been ripened by experience. Going into a home, she *works with* the mistress, giving her practical teaching and training that is fitted to her particular needs and suited to this particular family. If the work "drags," she looks to the health of the worker; if the children are delicate, she seeks the cause; if the husband is "grouchy," she considers his digestion. She makes out and tests a schedule of work and a family budget, altering each here and there until both are brought to the highest point of perfection in regard to this particular home. No schedule or budget can exactly fit two different families as the personalities of no two are alike, and personality is the strongest factor in determining health and happiness.

Ask Yourself

Can I concentrate?
Can I decide promptly?
Can I act quickly?
Can I *will* to do?
Can I face a crisis?
Can I face failure?
Can I try again?
Do I plan my work?
Do I work or worry?
Do I wish or act?
Do I believe in myself?
Am I adaptable?
Am I tactful?
Am I self-reliant?
Am I cheerful?
Am I self-controlled?

Test Yourself

Do I enjoy my work?
Do I watch the clock?
Do I aim to improve?
Do I watch for opportunity?
So I study my work?
Do I say "I can" and "I will"?
Do I say "I can't"?
Do I criticise myself?
Can I take criticism?
Can I take reproof?
Can I stand praise?
Can I stand success?
Am I as big as my job?
Am I growing out of my job?
Am I doing all I am paid for?
Am I interested in my work?

THE position of Household Efficiency Expert opens up a large, wide, and important field of usefulness. The good a capable woman can do, apart from earning her own living, in filling this want in an honourable and dignified manner is beyond calculation, and in addition to this there is the blessing of living her own life in fullness and completeness. Contrast this with the unsatisfactory and unsatisfying endeavour to make a respectable appearance while "looking after cousin Ann's children when they had measles," or "taking care of Uncle John, while Susan went to visit her mother." Harder yet is the lot of the home loving, home-making, mature woman who tries business or commercial life. She does not fit in; she cannot adapt herself to an environment entirely new and absolutely uncongenial; and she goes to the wall.

A short course in Domestic Science, Hygiene, Home Economics, and simple Book-keeping is wise. These will "set in order" your ideas and thoughts, and crystallise your methods of teaching and of working. Learning the latest ideas and methods will broaden your outlook and bring you up-to-date. Afterward you must continue to "read up" just as any expert must, no matter what the line of work may be.

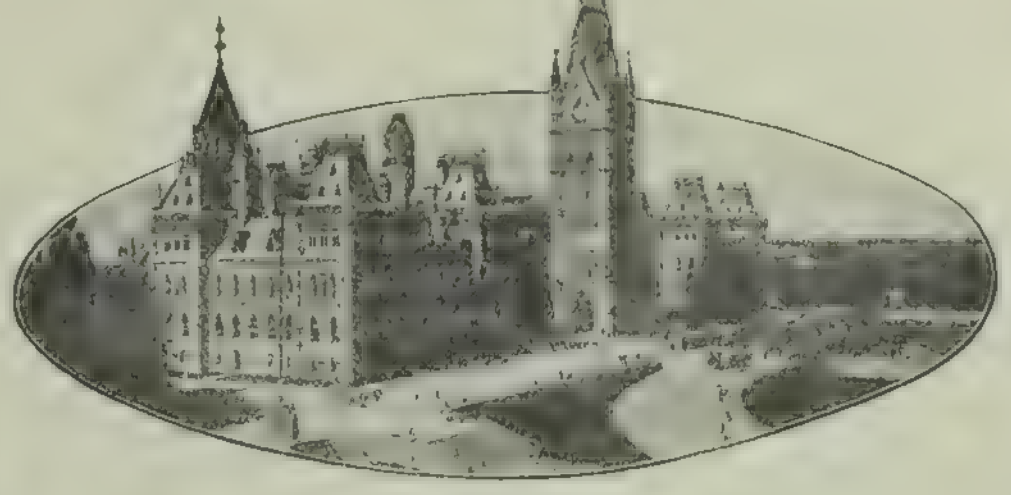
Remember that you must be courteous, considerate, tactful, efficient, careful, honest, punctual, quiet, neat, tidy, clean, resourceful, patient, and well-bred, and above all else, never forget that you are in another woman's house, and that you must be blind, deaf, and dumb to any family jar or unpleasantness. Here are a few "don'ts." You must not gossip, talk scandal, carry tales; you must not be over-sensitive or too ready to take offence; you must not be domineering, presuming, aggressive, obstinate, impatient, sharp in speech, or abrupt in manner.

The Household Efficiency Expert spends anywhere from two weeks to three months in each position, and any well bred woman with the needed training, ripe experience, and necessary qualities can make a good living in this congenial work.

NOTE: The Vocational Guidance Institute aims to be of practical use to the woman who feels she is not doing the work for which she is best suited. We help you decide on the occupation for which you are best adapted: to connect you with the source of knowledge you want and the information you need: to tell you of occupations open to women: to bring you and the job together. Write Miss Steacy fully. Address, Vocational Guidance Institute, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, 62 Temperance Street, Toronto.

NATIONAL SERVICE FOR THE WOMAN

A Page for the Canadian Woman Who Wants to Help the Empire Win The War



Edited by KATHLEEN K. BOWKER

Boy Scouts, the Playboys of the World

SCOUTING is a great, big game. Every real boy is full of "ginger" and must "do" things.

It is from among those boys whose abundant energies and quick brains have not had enough good games to develop them healthfully, and to give them an outlet, that our criminal classes are largely recruited.

It is a fact that many business men who engage boys give Scouts the preference, because they can receive and execute an order intelligently, immediately, cheerfully It is not a Military Movement. If you think it is, then you do not understand it. Get "Scouting for Boys" by Lieutenant General Baden-Powell, at your library, or from The Macmillan Co., Ltd., Toronto. If you have not time for that, read "The Scout Movement, Its Aims and Objects," a short pamphlet, which will be sent you free by the Scoutmaster in your district, or by Mr. H. G. Hammond, Provincial Secretary for Ontario, Dominion Bank Chambers, Sherbourne and Bloor Streets, Toronto. "Boy Scout Tests and How to Pass Them" will interest a boy, even if he is not a Scout, as will "Boy Scouts of America," by that old Torontonian, Ernest Thompson Seton. These are in your library. If you want them for your own, Macmillan, or any bookseller, has them, or will get them for you.

If you want to start the Movement, apply to the nearest Scoutmaster in your district. If you have none, write direct to Mr. Hammond, and he will give you all the necessary information. Eight boys make a Patrol. But even four or five, who are interested, can start one. Three or more Patrols make a Troop. The training given to Boy Scouts makes them self-reliant, responsible, courageous, unselfish, thoughtful. It makes them kind to animals, and always ready to help others. It gives them healthy outdoor exercise and teaches them woodland lore. A Boy Scout may put in a pane of glass or light a camp fire with equal ease. The Boy Scouts' motto is, "Be Prepared."

Seasonable Hints

"Seasonable Hints," is the title of a useful Government pamphlet issued three times a year: in March, July, and November. It tells just what should be done in the immediate approaching season to prepare, plant, and arrange for spring and summer, late summer and fall, and winter work.

Write to Mr. J. F. Watson, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, and ask to be put on the list of those who receive this Bulletin regularly. It costs you nothing, and gives you much. Much waste of land, time, and temper may be avoided if you know exactly how to go about your garden.

As the Irishman Says—"Potatoes and—Point"

Before the time of Good Queen Bess, potatoes were not known in Europe. Sir Walter Raleigh is credited with their introduction into England. They have now acquired a value next to that of wheat. The world's normal crop of potatoes exceeds the normal crop of wheat by some two billion bushels.

The potato repays care and kindness. No other field crop increases its yield per acre to the same extent that potatoes do, if the right seed is used and constant cultivation is given.

Pamphlet No. 3 should be read by every potato grower. Circular No. 6 should be studied by all those who grow—or ship—in quantities. Farmer's Circular No. 4 is a Pictorial Eye-Opener. These will be sent for the asking, from the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Your Best Foot Forward

"I won't give unless my work goes to the man in the trenches," says one woman. "My work is only for wounded heroes," says another, Work for "Our Soldiers" and don't handicap the work of distribution.

The greatest need is: first, *Socks*; second Socks; third, SOCKS. Make them right. Socks with ridges and lumps are dangerous. Directions are sent free from any Branch of The Canadian Red Cross Society and from Headquarters, Imperial Oil Bldgs., Toronto.

Take Your Health Between Your Teeth and KEEP It There

"An Army travels on its stomach;" so runs the proverb. Then the dentist is responsible for the rails!

Military authorities realize that healthy and properly treated teeth are essential to each man's well being. The Dental Corps is as necessary as the Army Corps.

Ninety per cent. of all diseases enter by the mouth. Germs lodge there and grow fast in the moist, warm atmosphere. Give your teeth the natural exercise that they need. You will be better nourished and better satisfied with less food, well masticated, than with double the quantity, insufficiently chewed.

Pay three or four visits to the dentist yearly. Rheumatism, indigestion, constant colds, blood poisoning, ear troubles, tuberculosis, and many other diseases are often caused by defective or badly cleaned teeth Corrective dentistry can alter your expression, and almost change your face. Preventive dentistry can save your health, your teeth, and your money. Don't wait till your children cut their second teeth before you take them to a good dentist. The baby teeth are just as important, as they are cutting the path for the permanent ones If there is no school dentist in your town, read the biennial report of the Educational Committee of the Canadian Dental Association. That will show you what is being done elsewhere. "Care of the Teeth" gives many startling facts and has splendid illustrations. These can be obtained free from Dr. A. J. Broughton, 305 Markham Street, Toronto. Get them, and arm to the teeth!

Do You Care What Becomes of Your Children? Then Insure Your Children

The man who builds an expensive house or barn and does not insure it gets nothing but sympathy if it burns down, and very little of that!

Is not the future of your children as precious to you as barns or houses? Have you insured it? Perhaps you are not rich. If you were to die this year, are you sure that your children would have a sister, an aunt, or a step-mother, who would save and work to give them the health, the care, the clothes, and the education that they need? Even if you are sure of this, do you want your children to be dependent on others?

Do you know that for forty or fifty dollars (depending on your age) you can buy one thousand dollars for your children, if you should die before the year is out? If you do not die, you must pay that interest every year, to guarantee the principal to your children at your death. But if you live ten, fifteen, or twenty years (set the date yourself) and pay that sum yearly—you will receive at the end of that time all you have paid in, plus something over current bank interest. You cannot lose. But if your children lose you, at least they will neither be in want, nor dependent on others. By monthly bank deposits, you may save one, two, five thousand dollars, if you live long enough. But when you die, they will receive only your actual savings, plus interest.

Don't leave this to chance. Every mother should take out an endowment policy. Premiums can be arranged to suit you, for from five cents a week up.

It may entail some sacrifice to meet the payments, but the peace of mind which is yours more than repays you for the effort. Reliable insurance companies will help you over a hard place if you need assistance.

Have a talk with some of the representatives of the well-known insurance companies. Hear what they can tell you, or write them for their prospectus. If you do not know a reliable company, write me for information.

Stop the Clock

In this National Thrift Campaign, what can we save?

How about daylight? This constitutes a real saving—of water, engine, and man power, all over the country, as well as a dollars-and-cents saving to yourself. Don't say that "you cannot alter the clocks." Changes in time from one end of the country are always made an hour at a time. If you are going west, suppose you reach Brandon (almost midway between Montreal and Vancouver) at three p.m. You stay fifteen minutes. It is a twenty-minute run to Kemnay, the next station. Yet you arrive there at 2.35. Because at Brandon the change is made from Prairie Time to Mountain Time, and all the people on the train put their watches back one hour. People in Kemnay work just as long, and sleep just as long, as the people in Brandon. They never complain when the alarm clock wakes them at 7, that they are being made to get up at 6.

If the whole Dominion set the clock back one hour, we should have "the morning, dew-pearled" for our own. We could finish our heaviest work before the hottest hour arrived. We could have a long, light evening for rest, or pleasure, or we might use it for extra outdoor work if we prefer to rest for an hour in the heat. Beyond the saving in light bills, we should not be aware of the change. There would still be twenty-four hours in the day.

England has done it. In America business men and others are organized for National legislation for daylight saving. It needs only public opinion to make it universal. Educate your family to want it!

The Object of This Page

THE tide of National Service is sweeping the Empire from the centre of its throbbing heart in London to its farthest bounds in the islands of the sea; and we, in this broad and wide, prosperous and resourceful Dominion are not behind in our wish to accomplish, in our desire to "do our bit."

Woman is serving the Empire well—in recruiting, in caring for the soldier, in giving of her best. But in these great works, which are most imperative, others equally important have been neglected.

The Government is now bringing these less imperative, but equally important, subjects before our notice, and in our National Service Page we shall, each month, give you practical information on definite ways and means by which you may "do your bit" and help to win the War.

The Government stands back of us with its accurate and reliable information, its pamphlets, publications, statistics—free for the asking—and its demands for your hearty co-operation.

Unless otherwise stated, all Government publications mentioned on this page are free.

Write for information on economic subjects to Kathleen K. Bowker, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, 62 Temperance Street, Toronto.

War Information Bureau

This is the crucial, and, we hope, the final year of the War. The armies and the munition factories of the Allies are trained and organized for a supreme, united effort. The maintenance of an adequate food supply is vital to the success of this effort. Canadian men, women, and children all over the country are shouldering their spades and preparing to "dig in."

Many of them will meet with difficulties that demand prompt, expert advice. Your Government is prepared to give this, through a special War-time Information Bureau in connection with the Department of Agriculture.

Address: Information Bureau, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Speaking in Public

Many women are called on to speak in public, as chief orators at a meeting, in response to an address, or to take part in a discussion. Not all women have time to read enough books and papers on the subjects of the day to give them confidence in their own opinions that will prevent their ever finding themselves at a loss.

Sir Thomas White's open letter "To the People of Canada" gives a clear, concise statement of facts about the War Loan. It is called "Help to Win the War." Banks, post offices, and other public offices have free copies for distribution; or Mr. B. J. Roberts, Assistant Secretary, Finance Department, Ottawa, will send you one. From him also may be obtained free copies of a short, pointed address which Canada's Finance Minister gave early in the year, before the Toronto Board of Trade. "Papers for War Time" are a series of pamphlets issued by the Oxford University Press, Richmond Street, Toronto, Ont. "Spending in War Time," "Active Service," "The Share of the Non-Combatant" are some of the best. "Canada at War" (two pamphlets—being speeches before Canadian Clubs by Sir R. L. Borden) gives an excellent review of "the reasons why"—and a good account of our early share in the struggle. "National Organization for War," a booklet by Professor Stephen Leacock, has made so profound an impression on the National Service Board, Ottawa, that they have had a quarter of a million copies printed for free distribution. They will supply these direct, or they may be had from any (District) National Service Director. Get a copy. Read it yourself. Declaim it to your family. Lend it to your neighbours.

If you are called on to speak often, take some lessons in voice production. Books that will help you are: "How to Read and Declaim," by Greville Kleiser, (Funk and Wagnalls Co., New York), which gives definite lessons for public speakers; and "Eloquence," by G. P. Serviss, (Harper Bros., New York). Ask your librarians to advise others.

Chickens Can Be Patriotic

Miss Lilian Nicholson and her sister, who live at Chelsea, Quebec, are in the chicken business, and out of it they are making a capital living. Miss Nicholson (for a moderate fee and expenses) will come and help you, if you will arrange the time and the place for her talk. She will give you all kinds of useful poultry items both for buyer and seller: how to buy in the market; how to tell young and healthy birds; how to detect disease in them, etc. She gives a splendid practical address of tremendous usefulness to women who want to start poultry raising on a small scale; and she will carefully answer any number of questions from her audience.

A good pamphlet for beginners is Bulletin No. 11, "Poultry Keeping on a City Lot," which is supplied by the Department of Agriculture, Victoria, B.C., and though written for that district, much of the information is valuable in any part of the country. The Department of Agriculture, Toronto, issued Bulletin No. 217, which goes very fully into various branches of the subject, and gives good plans for a variety of hen-houses. Bulletin No. 208 gives some startling facts about the Ontario egg market, with excellent suggestions for improvement. Poultry Bulletin No. 3, "Successful Poultry Raising," and a pamphlet, "The Co-operative Marketing of Eggs," are excellent and may be had from the Department of Agriculture, Edmonton, Alberta.

Sensible Mothers know

Baby's food is a great factor towards his health. Health means to him a good start in life, and lays the foundation for the fullest use of his possibilities as a man.

Baby has a rightful demand: withhold it and he will be handicapped, and for years he will cost more in care, anxiety and money.

If Baby has to be hand fed from birth or at any time, wholly or partly, give him the 'Allenburys' Foods, the foods that are suited to his needs step by step. Let us tell you about them—send for our booklet "Infant Feeding and Management" free.

The Sturdy Baby Reared on

The 'Allenburys' Foods

The Allen & Hanburys' Co. Limited, Toronto 8

The Favourite Newspaper of Every Briton Overseas

The Times
WEEKLY EDITION

Published in London every Friday and containing the latest and most reliable Home and Foreign news, Roll of Honour, Promotions, etc., etc., it is the most welcome present any man on active service can receive.

To the Subscription Manager,

The Times Weekly Edition, Printing House Square, London, Eng.

Please send The Times Weekly Edition regularly for the next 52 weeks to

Name.....

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For which I enclose $3.20

Acknowledge receipt to.....

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GIVEN TO BOYS

BOYS—You don't need to pay the high prices they are asking in the stores this year for baseball goods. Here is every thing you need—the complete equipment—absolutely free. It contains this dandy big league catcher's decker; a chrome tanned web thumb and raised heel solid leather fielder's glove; a well padded 1917 steel catcher's mask, a strongly sewn full size baseball, and there is a dandy pair of baseball shoes for every boy who earns an outfit. Every piece in this grand outfit is full size and well made.

BOYS—We are giving away this great outfit to quickly advertise and introduce "Fairy Berries," the new cream candy coated breath perfume which every one just loves. Send your name and address to day and we will send you postpaid a free sample package and just thirty five large 10c. packages to introduce among your friends. Open your sample package try a Fairy Berry yourself and ask all your friends to try one. They will like them so much that every one will want a package or two at once. Just a couple of Fairy Berries will purify the mouth, sweeten and perfume the breath, and they are so delicious you will sell them all in a couple of hours.

Return our $3.50 when the breathlets are sold and we will promptly send you, all charges paid, the complete outfit of mask, ball, decker, and fielder's glove; and the dandy rubber soled baseball shoes, guaranteed to fit and give satisfaction, are yours too if you will show your grand baseball outfit to your friends and get only three of them to send our goods and earn our premiums as you did. Write to day, boys. Be first in town to own this grand baseball outfit. Address:

THE FAIRY BERRY COMPANY, DEPT. BB. 2 TORONTO, ONT. 16A

WILL MY BOY BE A MINISTER?

(*Continued from page 24*)

capable of forming many, deep, and lasting friendships. He must know men and women and be able to meet each one on his own ground. His home and his own fireside must be dear to him; little children must come to him readily as to a well-known and trusted friend. He must be a lover of church property and a builder-up of both church and congregation. He may not be a very deep student of books, but he needs tact, sympathy, generosity, a loving, lovable nature, and a kindly manner. His forehead is particularly full in the upper part, and well rounded in the middle and frontal part of the top.

Points of Emphasis

EVERY minister attracts those among his people who are so constituted that they readily respond to the characteristics which are strong in himself. We call this congeniality. And it is equally true that the different denominations tend to emphasise different elements in religious life, attracting those persons who are in harmony with their own particular constitution. The dark man is inclined to be conservative and usually adheres for life to the church with whose teachings and methods he became familiar in childhood, but if he does change, he is likely to ally himself with the older and more conservative bodies. Very fair types, by their very temper, love of variety and change, show a natural tendency to change their religion from time to time. Statistics show that among the more conservative denominations—Anglicans and Roman Catholics—there is a larger proportion of dark haired persons than among the newer churches—Baptists, Methodists, Congregationalists, Christian Scientists. The members of those churches who lay great emphasis on authority and tradition have heads high and well rounded in the middle and a couple of inches back from the forehead; while those who are strong on grace and are inclined to discard and despise authority are often markedly undeveloped at this point. The atheist, who by nature is seemingly incapable of conceiving of the existence of a Supreme Being or disembodied personality, is marked by a head comparatively low on the whole top.

The Christian Scientists, who believe that disease can be cured to-day by faith just as well as two thousand years ago, show the top head decidedly full and well rounded; while those who accept the Bible miracles, but reject the possibility of miracles to-day, have the type of head that shows, in a full face view, decidedly high in the centre at the top, but dropping off at both sides. The Presbyterian of the Calvinistic type, who emphasises duty and fore-ordination, usually has a head very high and square just above and back of the ears. The Methodist, with greater emphasis on grace and forgiveness, is usually best developed at the front-top, with a head higher and rounder just back of the forehead. The Cults that insist on faith, even when opposed to experience, have foreheads that show deficient development.

The old German god of war, Thor, whom the Kaiser worships, appeals to those who have heads wide at the ears and high at the crown, and who are strong in qualities of selfish energy and ambition, but lack development in the front part of the top, indicating lack of sympathy, tact, and all humanitarian feelings.

In view of all the demands, of the high requirements for physical, mental, and spiritual qualities in the ministry, he who would consider entering upon this profession may well ask, "Who, then, is sufficient for these things?"

Yet, however perfection may be sought, perfection is not to be attained in this life, and even those who fall short of perfection may serve well in the Christian ministry. The Apostles themselves were very ordinary men, with individual weaknesses that often hampered their efforts, yet they served to spread in their day the light which has continued to spread through all succeeding generations. If a man have the mind to grasp even part of the Great Plan, and a soul awakened to commune with the Eternal, in what calling can he do more for his fellowman? On what profession does the future of any nation depend more than on the ministry?

"Line upon line, and precept upon precept," from earliest childhood until the evening shadows lengthen, the pastor is the counsellor and instructor of his flock, the preacher is the teacher and inspirer of his congregation. His it is to instruct the minds, to awaken the consciences, to arouse the outreaching spirit of human brotherhood, to lead to an even fuller conception of the universal law in the moral realm, and to a personal communion with the Great Spirit.

Truly "the things which are seen are temporal and the things that are unseen are eternal." The life or death of nations depends not on material riches, but on their unseen, spiritual life; and, notwithstanding the privations and the temptations, the long preparation and the self-denial, the work of the ministry will always appeal with an irresistible power to the noblest and best, the ablest and the most heroic of the young manhood of Canada.

Find Out for What Your Boy is Fitted

PROFESSOR FARMER requires for a personal reading of your boy, four cheap, unretouched photos, showing him full face, side face, back head, full length; a page from an actual letter written by him on unruled paper and including his signature; the following questions answered according to directions.

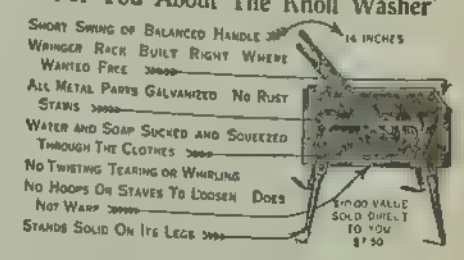
It is necessary that all these instructions be complied with if you wish a satisfactory reading. This service is for subscribers only.

1. Boy's name.
2. Age.
3. Weight.

(*Continued on page 42*)

A $10.00 Washer Direct to You $7.50

POINTERS
For You About The Knoll Washer


Short Swing of Balanced Handle
14 Inches
Wringer Rack Built Right Where Wanted Free
All Metal Parts Galvanized No Rust Stains
Water and Soap Sucked and Squeezed Through The Clothes
No Twisting Tearing or Whirling
No Hoops Or Staves To Loosen Dors Not Warp
Stands Solid On Its Legs
$10.00 Value Sold Direct To You $7.50

Over 100,000 in use

Send for descriptive folder giving full information about the wonderful Knoll Washer.

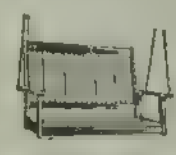
OTHER HANDY THINGS TO LIGHTEN THE DAY'S WORK

Kitchen Cabinet
Saves Steps—Everything in Its Place—See the Cupboard Top.

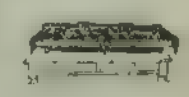
Folding Clothes Bars
Small Space Required—Very Handy for the Busy Housewife.

Elevating Clothes Bar
Necessary in Every Kitchen—Does Not Occupy Any Floor Space.

Automatic Ironing Board
Most Convenient and Solid—Easily Adjusted.



Swinging Veranda Seat
The Children Amuse Themselves — Keeps Them Outside.



Parlor Pool
For the Young Folks—The Greatest Home Game For All.

Lawn Swing
The Ideal Seat for Ease and Comfort.

Step Ladder Chair
Just the Thing for House Cleaning—Extra Strong.

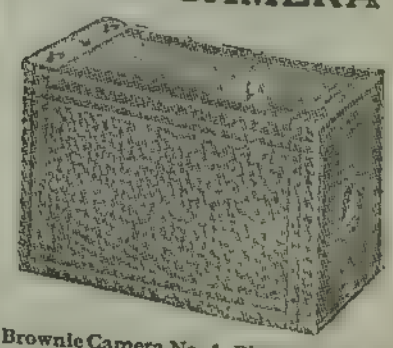
Rocking Horse
Brightens the Life of the Little One—Keeps the Children Safe and Happy.

Croknole
An Interesting Game—Amuse Your Friends.

Agents and Dealers send for Terms and Catalogue

The Schultz Bros. Co., Limited
BRANTFORD - ONTARIO

FREE CAMERA



Brownie Camera No. 1. Pictures 2¼x2¼

ANYONE can take perfect snapshots with this camera. It is so simple to operate. It is leather covered with nickle fittings.

We will send you this Camera free of charge if you will distribute among your friends only 24 of our 16x20 Oileograph Pictures. They sell on sight.

This is a new series containing the very latest WAR PICTURES, as well as reproductions of famous paintings.

These pictures sell in Art Stores at 50c—our price is 15c each. You can sell the whole lot in an hour, especially as we give you with each picture a prize coupon, which entitles the purchaser to a present from us, thus they sell like hot cakes. ORDER to day, right now. When sold, return our money, $3.60, and we will send your camera by return mail.

Colonial Art Company
Desk 7 - - Toronto, Ontario

Peerless WATER SYSTEMS

"It Has Given Me the Utmost Satisfaction"

Forest Hill Road,
Gentlemen:— Toronto, July 26/16

I have had one or two enquiries from friends as to how I am satisfied with the PEERLESS Electric Service System you installed for me some four or five years ago in my house here, and it strikes me that it would only be fair to write and let you know how exceedingly satisfactory this system has proved.

As you know, it is a double system, supplying both hard and soft water all through the house for use in three bathrooms, sinks, lavatories, kitchen, pantry, etc., and also having two or three hose connections for watering the lawn and garden.

The hard water is drawn from a drilled well about 70 feet deep, the soft water from a cistern.

As regards the working of the equipment I can only say that it has given me utmost satisfaction. It is so simple any one can easily manage it. All that is really necessary being to put a little oil on the pump and motor occasionally.

(Sgd.) W. A. L. Schreiber

Write for interesting booklet today

NATIONAL EQUIPMENT CO., LIMITED

35 Wabash Ave. TORONTO

"Scouting"

THE very word wakens the boys into fresh life when the spring draws near. These are truly happy days for the Boy Scouts—days of pleasant and invigorating work, work which is real play to a healthy, growing boy. In Scout work he unconsciously learns self-reliance and the value of truth, honesty, and discipline.

Start "your" boy along the right paths of manhood now by giving him permission to join the Boy Scouts.

Write for interesting Scout booklet (No. 22). It's free for the asking and contains full information about Scout work.

The Miller Mfg. Co., Limited
44-46 York St., Toronto

ORIGINATORS AND SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF
"Miller Official Scout Uniforms and Complete Supplies," also Church Gowns for Church Use

The "Easy" Wash Day!

Have you tried the wonder way of washing with Vacuum Washers? It's marvellous!! All the dirt is taken out of the clothes by suction—not friction—no rubbing your clothes to threads—no bending—no backaches or ruined hands!

The finest fabrics can be washed the "EASY" way without injury.

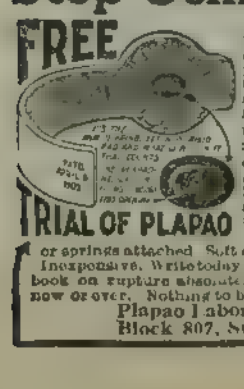
All metal—rustproof, sanitary, simple to operate—runs very easily and is light to move about.

Electric, Belt-drive and Hand Machines.

Buy an "EASY" Vacuum Washer to-day and you won't have to wash one day and suffer six as by older methods. $12.00 upwards, freight prepaid.

Easy Washer Co. 20 Clinton Place Toronto

Stop Using a Truss



Do away with bands of Steel and Rubber that Chafe and Enlarge. You know, from your own experience, that a truss is a mere makeshift—a false prop against a collapsing wall—and is undermining your health. Stuart's Plapao-Pads are different, being medicated applicators made self adhesive purposely to prevent slipping and to hold the distended muscles securely in place. No straps, buckles or springs attached. Soft as velvet. Easy to apply. Inexpensive. Write today for Trial Treatment and 64-page book on rupture absolutely Free—nothing to pay, now or ever. Nothing to be returned, address

Plapao Laboratories Inc.,
Block 807, St. Louis, Mo.

Laugh Time Tales

FUNNY THINGS THAT HAPPEN PEOPLE

SPEAK! SPEAK!

Little Annice was possessed of a most friendly disposition, but had not reached the age when she could understand the silence that may wrap itself round a wordless intimacy. In fact, she demanded speech, frequent and loving. One night her brother was studying his arithmetic lesson most assiduously, and after calling to him several times without receiving an answer, she appealed to her father.

"George is busy," said father.

"I know," replied Annice, "but he might at least have said Shut up.'"

***

CONFIDING IN THE TELEPHONE

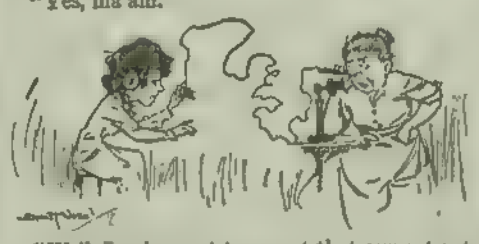
The family had not had their telephone very long, and everybody took a deep and abiding interest in it. On the outside of the directory they had noticed the words, "Trouble, call No. 4217."

It had been a hard morning, and everything had gone wrong. Finally the lady of the house, in desperation, turned to her trusty telephone and called 4217.

"This is the trouble department," answered the operator, sweetly.

"Is this where you report your troubles?" asked the lady.

"Yes, ma'am."



"Well, I only want to report that our cat got drowned in the cistern this morning; the baby is cutting a new tooth; the cook left without warning; we are out of sugar and starch; the stovepipe fell down; the milkman left only a pint instead of a quart to-day; the bread won't rise; my oldest child is coming down with the measles; the plumbing in the cellar leaks; we have only enough coal to last through to-morrow; the paint gave out when I got only half over the dining-room floor; the mainspring of the clock is broken; my three sisters-in-law are coming to visit to-morrow; the man has not called for the garbage for two weeks; our dog has the mange; the looking-glass fell off the wall a while ago and broke to pieces; and I think that my husband is taking considerable notice of a widow lady that lives next door. That's all to-day, but if anything happens later I'll call you up and tell you about it."

***

KINDLY ENQUIRY

Everything was ready for kit inspection, the recruits stood lined up ready for the officer, and the officer had his bad temper all complete. He marched up and down the line, grimly eyeing each man's bundle of needles and soft soap, and then he singled out Private MacTootle as the man who was to receive his welcome attentions.

"Toothbrush?" he roared.

"Yes, sir."

"Razor?"

"Yes, sir."

"Hold all?"

"Yes, sir."

"H'm! You're all right, apparently," growled the officer. Then he barked, "Housewife?"

"Oh, very well, thank ye," returned the recruit, amiably; "how's your's?"

***

UNEXPECTED

After the history lesson the teacher asked a few questions to see if her pupils had been attentive.

"Who reigned after Queen Elizabeth?" asked she.

There was no answer, so she asked again, and still no reply. She was getting very angry, when at last the smallest boy in the class put his hand up.

Teacher: "Now here is an example. The smallest boy in the class can tell us, while you bigger boys are looking very dense. Speak up, Tommy, and show them what duffers they are."

Tommy: "Please teacher, Johnny Mills 'as bin a-sticking a pin in me."

***

NEW KETTLE WANTED

An angry mother held her little son by the hand, and held a menacing cane.

"I'll teach you to tie a kettle to the dog's tail," she said.

"It wasn't our dog," said the boy.

"No, but it was our kettle," said the thrifty mother.

***

CORRECT

Teacher: "Now, Patsy, would it be proper to say, 'You can't learn me nothing?'"

Patsy: "Yes'm."

Teacher: "Why?"

Patsy: "'Cause you can't."

This illustration painted for The Lowe Brothers Company by W. B. King.

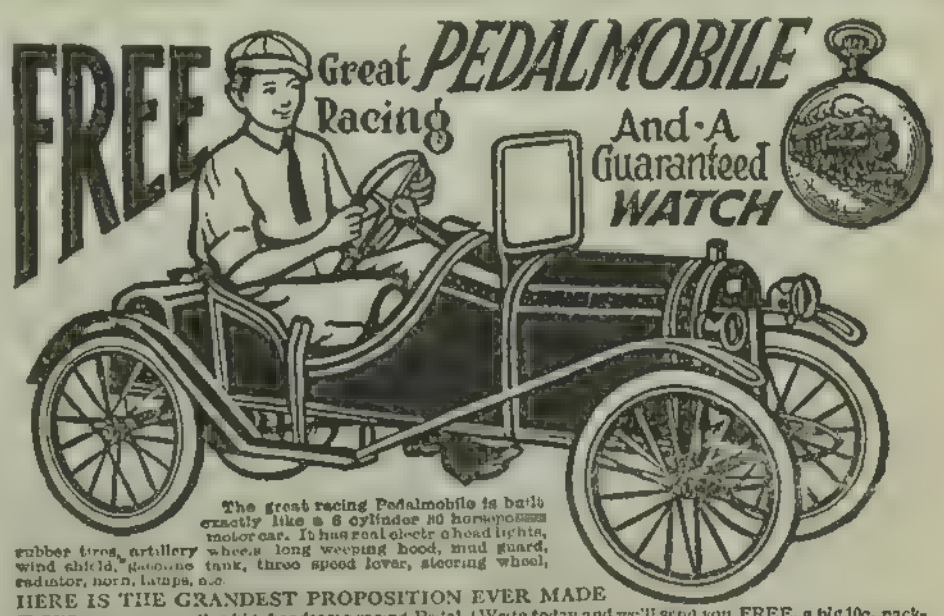
Lowe Brothers
Mellotone
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Beautiful flat tints for walls, holding their freshness and charm for years . . .

"The House Outside and Inside," enlarged edition with color plates, on request. Indicate whether interested in interior or exterior work.

LOWE BROTHERS, LIMITED
257-263 Sorauren Avenue, Toronto, Ontario

FREE



The great racing Pedalmobile is built exactly like a 6 cylinder 80 horsepower motor car. It has real electric headlights, rubber tires, artillery wheels, long sweeping hood, mud guard, wind shield, gasoline tank, three speed lever, steering wheel, radiator, horn, lamps, etc.

HERE IS THE GRANDEST PROPOSITION EVER MADE

BOYS, you can earn this big, handsome racing Pedalmobile and be the pride of the town.

Pedalmobiling is the greatest sport ever invented; you simply jump in the car, apply the speed lever, touch your feet to the pedal and go skimming along to beat the band. Put on your coaster and take the hills without pedalling, turn the sharpest corners without fear of spilling, blow your horn if any one is in the way, or reverse your speed lever and stop. In fact, the Pedalmobile would be everything a real auto will do but burn up gasoline. Beats bicycling all hollow, and just think of it, boys, you can get a racing Pedalmobile absolutely free and a jim dandy guaranteed watch as well that anybody would be proud to own. It has double solid nickel case, famous American movement, stem wind and stem set and absolutely guaranteed for one year.

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Hurry Boys. Be the first Pedalmobile driver in your town. Other boys are earning these fine watches and great cars, and you can too. You take no risk. If you cannot sell all the "Fairy Berries," you can return them and get prizes or cash for what you do sell. Write today to

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THE ROMANCE OF GROWING SLENDER ON THREE MEALS A DAY

(*Continued from page 10.*)

pies are the *piece de resistance* of her table, for she is a peerless cook.

"*No* pies, dear, and *no* cakes. *No* candy; *nothing* with a large amount of sugar or fat or starch."

"But, for goodness' sake, child, what *can* you eat?"

"Lots and lots of things that you have here, Aunt Jess—"

"Well, tell me what they are, that I may find them. You seem to have them all off by heart—the 'fat' ones."

"I've got them all in print for you, Aunt Jess, —the two lists: the approved and the forbidden."

"Passed by the Ontario Board of Censors," commented Mr. Fairweather.

"I can eat lettuce and asparagus; cabbage and cauliflower; cresses and onions, apples, peaches, pears and plums; because you see they contain only from seven to ten per cent. sugar. Oranges, too, and blackberries. And a well baked potato, by the way, now and then."

"How about eggs, Bella?"

"The *whites* of eggs, Auntie, because *they* contain only two per cent. fat; soft boiled, hard boiled, or poached."

"And fish?"

"Yes, *any* fish except the ones with a large percentage of fats, like salmon, eel, or mackerel."

"Chicken?"

"Oh, yes, chicken. Roasted is best. In short, I should say that *lean* meats, not very much—*no pork*—with fresh vegetables and ripe fruits, will make the *ideal diet* for reduction in my case; if it won't give you too much trouble, and you don't mind."

"Trouble, Dearie? Why, you've got me quite interested in your 'case,' as you call it, now I see you can eat something besides air, and won't have to starve to death on my premises. I never had anything to do with anything like it before. And if I can send you home to your mother and—and father, weighing a few pounds less, and you will feel any better for it—"

"A few pounds, Aunt Jessie? I've *got* to lose forty!"

She sighed, and threw up her hands.

"We'll send you home on a stretcher, I'm thinking, Bella."

"Aunt Jessie, how much do *you* weigh?"

She sat considering.

"I haven't weighed since the spring," she said, "but I weighed a hundred and eighteen then I don't think I've lost any since."

"I hope *not*," I said. "You're as tall as I am, and you ought to weigh *up* to what I am going to weight *down* to; about one hundred and forty pounds."

"Nonsense! I never weighed as much as that, not even as a girl."

"That doesn't matter. A woman of eighty should have the same form and size she had at twenty; and *you* are not old, Aunt Jess."

"I wouldn't be able to get around if I weighed a hundred and forty pounds," she declared.

"Then, how do you think *I* get around?" I demanded. "I weighed a hundred and eighty pounds and four ounces on your scales before supper."

"Oh, *before* supper!" she laughed. "Well, perhaps if I did weigh a little more I might feel a bit stronger," she admitted.

"Of course you would!" I declared. "And *I'm* going to feel stronger as I lose. I'm going to get good muscle in place of my fat. Now, you start to-morrow to eat lots of the things I won't eat, and you'll gain, too."

"Well, dear me, I'm sure I don't know what to give *you* for breakfast," she sighed.

"I'm going to have a glass or two of Fairweather Farm water before breakfast," I told her. "And for breakfast you may give me a cup of tea or coffee, without cream or sugar, or a cup of broth made from lean meat; and a well baked roll."

"You'll faint before dinner time."

"Then Uncle Jim can stick around to catch me," I said. "But I'll tell you what I may have for dinner, if you like, Aunt Jess."

"Do, Dearie," she said, with a note of returning cheerfulness.

"Some baked chicken, boiled onions, celery salad, some well baked rolls or toast, and some stewed or ripe fruit."

. . . . . .

I SAID good-night early and went to my room, the same dear old dainty favourite rose and white airy room, with three windows facing south and east, and a fine view of my vegetable garden and the orchard. Into this room the warm midsummer morning sun would stream across my bed.

I undressed and took my exercises, after pinning my 'charts" on the wall, where I could read the directions as I went along. I went through these movements with the fixed thought that I was doing them not only to reduce weight, but to develop beauty and grace. The *thought* helps. Beauty is gained by the effort to be beautiful.

But it was while I was sitting at a window, half an hour later, in a warm dressing gown, staring wild-eyed at that full moon—the same moon that was over Harriston and home and *him*—and perhaps he too was looking at it—with Cora—that Aunt Jessie came softly in and stole across the room and sat by me on the wide window seat and put a mothering arm around me.

"Tell me all about it, dear," she whispered.

"Tell me about *the man*. Jim and I were looking at the papers, after you said good-night. Is it—Garry Miles?"

And so I told her, as simply as I could.

"Nobody loves a fat girl, Aunt Jess," I said. For I felt suddenly horribly depressed. It seemed as though, in a black moment, I had lost ambition and hope, and that all the pluck and determination had gone out of me. It was just that millions of years' old man kissing the girl in the moon, I suppose. Her profile looked so like Cora Neville's, it seemed to me.

"I know somebody who loves a brave girl," said my dear, white-haired aunt. "And I'm going to help her all I can. And before our summer's quite over, there's a man going to be very much in love, I believe, with the new woman we are going to make between us."

And suddenly the barriers of my pride broke, and I clung to her and cried.

"But not a word about it," I pleaded, "to Mother or any one! Tell Uncle Jim it's my secret and yours. If I fail, they'll never know. And if I succeed, there'll be"—I hesitated—"the surprise."

SHE promised and kissed me good-night and went away; and I got into bed comforted, somehow, if unbelieving, and slept like a little child, until the streaming sunshine fell over me in golden bars, and the birds in the orchard called to me to come out and say good-morning to the world.

But I had had my nine hours of sleep.

I couldn't swim at Fairweather Farm, for the nearest stream is two miles away, through Farmington. But Uncle Jim's bathroom is a delight; big, like himself, and blue and white enamel, with a tiled floor, and a shower; right up-to-date. And I had a lovely cold bath, and a few exercises, and a vigorous rub, before I dressed for comfort and went out into the morning.

And that very first full day on Fairweather's Farm was marked for me by an increase in buoyancy and health.

By the end of the week I had a letter from Mother.

Cora was rushing Garry with a vengeance, it seemed: tennis, canoeing by the light o' the moon, motoring, dancing, tea on the lawn—everything. And a new frock on every day. Cora Neville had apparently made up her mind.

But I tried to tell myself that I was feeling so much better already, I didn't care.

He had called at our house and spent an evening, and talked about me to Mother (her letter said), but she didn't say about *what*. He had asked for my address; and at last she confessed—and hoped she would be forgiven—she had "confided" it to him.

A day or two later Uncle Jim brought home from town a package that had been sent to me by express. I opened it up later on the front verandah, alone.

Books and magazines. And two of the latter there were half a dozen of the most popular—were on physical culture and health. The last named was the July issue, just out, of the magazine I had seen in our public library and had bought and brought away with me from Harriston.

Then, in an intuitive flash, as I jumped up, I knew for certain why he had sent me that basket of fruit—of pears and peaches, apricots and plums—instead of chocolates; I knew what it was he had had in his mind to talk to me about, that day in the bank, when, unconsciously, it seemed, his glance for the fraction of a second ran over me.

I felt myself go hot and cold, and sat down suddenly—limp.

Was that what he had talked about to Mother—*my fat*?

Well, only Aunt Jessie and her husband knew *my secret*.

I picked up the health and physical culture magazines, and looked at the title pages. Nothing in *my line* there. I turned the pages over, but there was nothing marked. After all, he hadn't sent me the June number, the one with the *reducing* illustrated article in it. But perhaps that was only because he hadn't seen it.

My spirits came slowly back. Perhaps it was just my imagination, after all. And, after all, if he *had* wanted to help me to—to look like Cora Neville—

I flung the health magazine far out on the lawn, and the physical culture followed it with a good deal of temper and physical culture in the process.

If it weren't an accident, including those perfections with all the other fiction ones, what business was it of his—*my* physical culture, *my* health?

I picked up one of the fiction magazines, and soon was deep in a love story.

The next day I had a letter from him—not a long letter, but such a nice one. He hoped I had received the magazines, and that I was having a good time, and that I would let him know if there were anything he could do for me at the book store, or the bank, or anywhere.

I waited a week, after writing and tearing up half a dozen notes every day: and then sent him a civil, cool little one, thanking him for the books, assuring him that I had now enough fiction for all summer and that I needed nothing; and hoping that he was having a "good time" in Harriston and not finding the summer at all *dull*. I got it all, somehow, without it looking a bit squeezed, on *one page*.

I waited a week; but (*Continued on page 36*)

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIAL PAGE

Edited jointly by Pierrot and Pierrette, chaperoned by Madame Etiquette

MR. AND MRS. ROBERT EASTMAN
Request the Pleasure of Your Presence at the Aluminium Wedding of
MR. AND MRS. HERBERT RYAL
Monday Evening, May 7th
at 56 William Street
A Surprise *Dinner at 6.30*
Be prepared to respond with an excuse for your acceptance of this invitation

ON April 6th, the Eastman home began to present a fantastic appearance. The chandeliers were decorated with asparagus fern, and from them, suspended by tinsel cords, hung a dozen egg-shells, from which the contents had been blown before they were dipped in aluminium paint, imparting to them a decidedly silvery appearance. A bright new aluminium pail, filled with ferns and American Beauty roses, occupied the centre-table in the front room, while a chain dipped in the silver aluminum paint and twisted with smilax was draped across the archway between the front and back parlours.

In the dining-room the effect was quite striking. The light was decorated with the egg shells, smilax, and ropes of tinsel, the tinsel extending to the corners of the table and caught with bows of silver ribbon. The centre-piece was a new aluminium quart cup, filled with lavender sweet peas, surrounded by a mound of mint chocolates wrapped in tinfoil. The favours were small photographs of Mr. and Mrs. Ryal, mounted on tin. The place cards were of plain white, slit at the corner and thrust through with the stems of a boutonniere of lavender peas.

The guests, on their arrival, were stationed about in the upper rooms. Agnes and Herbert Ryal, who had simply been invited over to dinner, came promptly at 6.15, and had scarcely closed the hall door behind them when from above sounded a great fanfare of tin trumpets, and the guests began their triumphal march downstairs. Greetings and congratulations of the guests of honour had just been finished, when the dinner gong, in the form of a cow bell, sounded from the dining-room, and amidst a blare of tin horns, Mr. and Mrs. Ryal were tooted, rather than escorted, to their places at the table. An aluminium tray was passed to collect the trumpets, and the serving of the dinner began. There was bouillon in aluminium cups, followed by fried chicken, creamed potatoes covered with buttered crumbs and browned in the oven, peas and mushrooms in patties, and tiny sweet pickles as a relish, served on the best china. Salad on lettuce, with cheese straws, was served on a small aluminium plate. The ice cream was sliced by the hostess and laid on dainty plates, but the small cakes accompanying it were served in the fancy shaped aluminium dishes in which they were baked. The coffee came in tiny aluminium cups, and the mound of minted chocolates were distributed to the guests. With much clinking of water glasses, the company drank to the health of the bride and groom; then each presented his excuse for accepting the invitation to the anniversary.

These excuses proved to be side-splitting mirth provokers. Some of them were verses of old songs parodied and sung by the guest; others were rhymes recited with a great show of elocutionary skill; and some were even abject apologies for being present.

The gentlemen drank their coffee while the ladies chatted, until an imitation bugle call on a tin horn summoned all to the parlour, which they entered to the stirring strains of "Jolly Old Rogers, the Tin-maker Man." Mr. and Mrs. Ryal were shown to a position in the archway, and a very luminous address was read by a guest. One of the guests then sang "The Little Tin Soldier," after which the presents were brought in. There was a trig looking aluminium tin box containing a camping kit for four; another had a tightly fitted cover, divided into three sections for the storing of bread, cake, and cookies; also small pans for the baking of fancy cakes, in sets of twelve of six different patterns, as well as many other novelties in aluminium.

Following the distribution, Mr. Eastman took the floor, with admonitions to the bride and groom, consisting of a series of ludicrous do's and don't's, ending by declaring that he liked aluminium weddings better than the real ones, because the element of uncertainty was lacking. "Everybody knows," he said, "just how the couple are going to get along together, and the bride and groom are perfectly sure in regard to the sort of prize each has drawn in the matrimonial lottery; both having learned that each must give in a little and that it is better to expand than explode."

How To Spend a Million Dollars

Those who enjoy written contests might give each player a little booklet and pencil and ask him or her to write a short essay on "What I Would Do If I Suddenly Inherited a Million Dollars," without restrictions of any kind. The essays might take a comic, philanthropic, or sensational form. Twenty minutes to half an hour would not be too long a time to allow. A prize is awarded for the best, or there might be a prize for the best humorous treatment, and for the best serious treatment.

Here's a New Flower Show

Girls who want to earn money for their church or charity can do it during the spring season in a novel way. Let each girl dress herself as a flower, looking her prettiest, while each man on the evening of the entertainment pays twenty-five cents to purchase a posy. This payment should entitle the swain to the first and last dances on the programme with his chosen flower. Or, if a comic plan be preferred, let each girl represent a different item in the seedman's catalogue.

Some are flowers, others vegetables, while the men are gardeners. Each man paying twenty-five cents receives a gaudy envelope of the kind that seeds come in. When this is opened, the horticultural name of the girl purchased is found there. He must recognize her by her costume. The vegetables inspire some very novel and pretty dresses. To add further to the proceeds of the evening, appetizing cold suppers packed in new flower-pots may be sold at twenty-five cents a flower-pot.

To Make Fire-Proof Paper

To accomplish this simple feat, you must previously dip a sheet of paper in a strong solution of alum water, and when dry, repeat the process two or three times. As soon as again dry, you may put it into the flame of a candle, and it will not burn. Of course, you must keep your friends ignorant of the process your sheet of paper has undergone, or it will cause no surprise.

Go, If you Can

You tell a person that you will clasp his hands together in such a manner that he will not be able to leave the room without unclasping them, although you will not confine his feet, or bind his body, or in any way oppose his exist.

This trick is performed by clasping the party's hands around the pillar of a large circular table, or other bulky article of furniture, too large for him to drag through the doorway.

Game for Mother's Day

Reminiscences

Much of the pleasure of the gathering will lie in the reminiscences of happy times in the past, which the occasion brings up. While the needles busily ply, youthful days can be laughed over and jolly times in the past recalled to heart's content.

After the sewing, which will last until about five or five-thirty, tea is announced, and the guests are conducted into the dining-room, which is likewise decorated with the blossoms of our grandmothers' gardens.

Let each guest find her place by means of a teapot shape (cut double so as to stand up) re-

presenting a teapot, on which is written, "Polly put the kettle on, we'll all take tea."

For the refreshment, serve creamed chicken or some nice scalloped dish, with tea biscuits, olives, and sweet pickles. Follow this with a dessert of strawberry ice cream, with strawberries, sponge cake, home-made caramels, and tea.

Let the young girls of the neighbourhood wait on the older guests. They may, if there be time for it, wear a costume of hoop-skirt and fichu. The entertainment comes to a close with music, all joining in singing old-time ballads; or the young girls could sing for the guests and recite "old favourite" poems.

Advertising Tableaux

At a certain lake resort the young people gave and patronized a series of advertising tableaux. The boat house was converted into a theatre by means of a background of balsam boughs and shrubs, wings of green baize, and paper lanterns. The spectators, all of whom had previously purchased the twenty-five cent tickets, viewed the spectacle from their row-boats and canoes clustered together on the lake. The novelty of the situation attracted a large number, resulting in a goodly sum for patriotic purposes.

A Firecracker Party for the Twenty-fourth of May

One way in which to entertain your friends on Victoria Day is with a Firecracker Party, at which all the crackers are of the strictly safe and sane variety, which wise ordinances now restrict us to and which are really more fun than the old noisy kind.

For the invitations take small sticks of candy and roll each in red tissue paper, enclosing a little string at the top to look like the fuse of a firecracker. To each cracker tie a tiny card with ribbon, and on the card write this invitation:

Dear Friend·

You know the cracker tribe
Are rightly now taboo.
But one that's strictly safe and sane,
I'm hereby sending you.
It goes, with wishes best from all,
Most heartily to say,
Can't you all attend our party
Here upon Victoria Day?
Tell us if we may not greet you,
Underneath our spreading tree,
On the lawn surrounding "Cedars,"
At the hour of half past three?

Have under the trees a dainty table spread with cool, good things, so that those who come

may refresh themselves at will. Have a bowl of lemonade or punch with a ladle and a tray of tiny glasses, or if you expect a very large crowd, you might have the dainty paper cups. Have two or three good kinds of sandwiches, replenished from time to time from the house, cake and bonbons, and such crisp relishes as radishes, olives, pickles, and so on.

Arrange a series of good games, for one of which secure from your grocer a supply of small paper bags, according to the number of people that will play. Cover these with red tissue paper. Place them in a row on the ground, folded flat. When the signal is given, let all run to the bags, each taking the first one he can get; then each tries to blow up his bag and run with it exploded to the timekeeper. As soon as any player has burst one bag, he may run for another, and the one who has reached and cracked most when all have gone wins the game.

Another way is to cover the bags with the red paper, blow them out, tie them, and then have a game on the rose-war order, in which players bat the bombs, as they are called, to and fro across a chalk line. Tie the bags belonging to one side with red and those of the other with green ribbon.

Have swung from the trees, or from the lintel of the porch, a large firecracker favour holder—a receptacle of paper in the form of a giant cracker, filled with gifts. Pull it open with cords chosen to imitate fuses.

To Bring a Person Down Upon a Feather

This is a practical pun. You desire any one to stand on a chair or table, and you will tell him that, notwithstanding his weight, you will bring him down upon a feather. You then leave the room, and procuring a feather from a feather bed, give it to him, and tell him that you have performed your promise—that you engaged to bring him down upon a feather, which you have done; for there is the feather, and, if he examines it, he will find down upon it.

Chippewa Indian Names for Your Camp this Summer

Agaming (ah gahming')—On the shore.
Anokiwaki (ah no ki wah' ki)—Hunting-ground.
Anwebewin (ahn' web eh win')—Rest; Quietness
Chickagami (chick' ah gah mi')—By the lake.
Chigakwa (chi gah kwah')—Near the forest
Manakiki (mah' nah ki ki')—Maple-forest.
Mitigwaking (mi' ti gawh king')—In the woods.
Nawakwa (nah wah kwah')—In the midst of the forest.
Nissaki (nis sah ki')—At the foot of the mountain.
Nopiming (no pim ing')—In the woods.
Wakitatima (wah ki tah ti' nah)—On the hill-top.
Wasabinang (wah' sah bi nahng')—Outlook; At the place of looking.

Indian Boat Names

Choctaw.
Chilantakoba (chee lahn tah ko bah)—Pelican.
Oka hushi (oke ah hoo she)—Waterfowl.
Fichik hika (fee cheek hee kah)—Flying Star.
Blackfoot
Maniski (mah nee' skee)—Water Lizard.
Miesa (mee ay sah)—Fish Duck.
Arapaho
Awuth nakuwee (ah wooth' nah kio' way ay)—White-nosed Duck.
Babithinahe (bah be theen' ah hay)—Little Red-winged Bird.
Wahchesao (watch ee sah' o)—Bird's Nest.
Patkasha (paht kah' shah)—Turtle.
Onondaga.
Anokie (ah no' kee ay)—Water Rat.
Onaton (oh nah tone)—Water Snake.
Nootka.
Bishawih (bee shah' wih)—Black Cod.
Habsahid (hah' hah sheed)—Red Cod.
Qalal (khal' ahl)—Sea Gull.
Haqadish (hah kha' deesh)—Sea Lion.
Hinikoas (hee nee' ko ass)—Dog Salmon.
Hitsiwunni (hee' tsee wun nee)—Porpoise.
Kalahlchu (kah lahl' choo)—Flounder.
Shuyuhl (shoo yuhl')—Halibut.
Tichuk (tee' chuck)—Sea Otter.
Yacha (yah' chah)—Dogfish.
Haida
Chanskagit (chahn' skah git)—Blackfish.
Kahada (kah' hah dah)—Dogfish.
Powhatan
Acomtan (a' kon tan)—Boat.
Coiahgwus (koy' ah gwus)—Gull.
Cuppatoan (Kup pah toc' an)—Sturgeon.
Namaske (na' mask)—Fish.
Potawaugh (po' tah waw)—Porpoise.
Tatamaho (tah tah mah' ho)—Garfish.

They Say When a Man Quarrels With a Girl He Really Loves Her

I think I'll marry Carry,
She seems my proper mate.
Though I am fond of Mary,
And much desire Kate.
Bettina's smile is winning,
Flo's ways are a delight,
And Lucy keeps me grinning,
And Mabel's eyes are bright.
I find I'm drawn to Nancy,
And Grace is dear to me,
And Gertrude strikes my fancy,
But Carry it must be.
'Twas meant for us to marry;
The fates have willed it so.
I'd rather quarrel with Carry,
Than any girl I know.

Work These Out Yourself, Then Try Them on a Friend

A lady desiring to give 3 cents each to some beggars, finds she has not enough money by 8 cents, but if she gives them 2 cents each, she will have 3 cents remaining. How many beggars were there?

A turkey weighs three-fourths of its weight and three-fourths of a pound. How many pounds does it weigh?

"Good morning, sir, with your hundred geese and ducks!" "No, sir, I have not a hundred, but if I had as many geese, or three times as many ducks, I would have a hundred in all."

A farmer goes to four county fairs with his drove of horses. He gives a horse to enter the fair, sells one-half of the remainder in the fair, and has but one horse left to go home with. How many did he start out with?

A man is twice as old as his wife was when he was as old as she is now. When she reaches his present age, the sum of their ages will be 100 years. What are their ages?

A lady found $2.00 and then had five times as much as she would have had had she lost $2.00 instead

A column of troops twenty-five miles long are on the march a courier at the rear of the line is ordered to deliver a dispatch at the head of the column and return to the rear. He does so, and notices that he joins the rear at a point exactly where the head of the column was when he started. How far did the courier travel?

ANSWERS: 1. 11 beggars. She had 25 cents. 2. The turkey weighs three pounds. 3. 40 geese, 20 ducks. 4. 61 horses. 5. Ages now, 44 4-9, 33 3-9. 6. $3.00. 7. 60 miles, 1,876 feet.

PERCY'S PUZZLED! WANTS Your Help!!

$510.00 in Cash Prizes to be Awarded

MARY'S letter is surely a puzzler. She has so mixed up the letters in the names of the things she would like Percy to give her for her birthday gift that they spell something different entirely. Sometimes she has even made two or three words out of one name, as in number nine, which is undoubtedly "Diamond Ring."

Each of the names in Mary's letter represents a present that any girl would like to receive for her birthday. You know one of them; now try to solve the remaining nine puzzle names, and when you do, re-write Mary's letter (just in your own hand) substituting the correct names for those appearing above, and send your solution to us. In this interesting contest we will award

$510.00 in Cash Prizes

1st Prize			$150.00
2nd "			75.00
3rd "			50.00
4th prize	$35.00	Cash	
5th "	25.00	"	
6th "	20.00	"	
7th "	15.00	"	
8th "	10.00	"	
9th "	10.00	"	
10th "	10.00	"	
11th "	10.00	"	
12th "	5.00	"	
13th "	5.00	"	
14th "	5.00	"	
15th "	5.00	"	
16th prize	$5.00	Cash	
17th "	3.00	"	
18th "	3.00	"	
19th "	3.00	"	
20th "	3.00	"	
21st "	3.00	"	
22nd "	2.00	"	
23rd "	2.00	"	
24th "	2.00	"	
25th "	2.00	"	
26th "	2.00	"	

and Fifty Cash Prizes of $1.00 Each

Percy's Plan Will Help You

THE first thing Percy did was to walk through the stores and make a list of all the things that would make nice presents for a girl, so that he could compare his list with Mary's and see how many names would fit the puzzling words. He was surprised to find the number of nice things one could get for a girl for very soon his list contained the following: Sewing set, umbrella, manicure set, kid gloves, lace handkerchief, earrings, silver thimble, diamond ring, candy, necklace, books, bracelet, slippers, card case, travelling bag, purse, brooch, shawl, toilet set, perfume, set of furs, lace collar, etc., etc. These suggested presents may help *you*. Get a pencil and paper and try!

How to Send Your Answers

(An extract from the rules.)

Use one side of the paper only in writing out Mary's letter and keep it the same in form as given above, merely substituting your solution of the proper names in place of the jumbled ones. In the lower left hand corner instead of the postscript put your full name (stating Mr., Miss or Mrs.) and your full address. Anything else must be written on a separate sheet of paper. Do not send fancy, drawn or typewritten answers. A contestant may send as many as three sets of answers to the puzzle, but only one set may win a prize, and not more than one prize will be awarded in any family. Entry to the contest is barred to all employees of this Company and their relatives.

No Expense Attached to Entry to This Great Contest

Any One Can Win a Fine Cash Prize

All readers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD are invited to help solve Percy's problem and send their answers to compete for these fine big cash prizes. It does not matter whether you are a subscriber to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD or not, and moreover you will not be asked or expected to take the magazine, or to spend a single penny in order to enter and win a fine prize.

MAGNIFIED COPY OF MARY'S LETTER

Dear Percy,

Since you have so kindly asked me to suggest a birthday present that I would like I am sending you a little list to think over. If you can puzzle this out in time for my birthday I would just love to receive any of the following:-

1. BALL RUME
2. OH C ROB
3. DEVILS KOG.
4. SORE STUFF.
5. BELT CARE.
6. SCARE CAD.
7. GRANSIRE.
8. C CAN LEEK.
9. DO MI DARNING.
10. TRAINE MUSEC.

P.S. I have printed the words so that you can read them easily!

Sincerely yours
Mary.

If you are a regular reader of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, you no doubt know the magazine thoroughly and have often discussed it with your friends. If you are not, we will gladly send you free, a sample copy of the latest issue in order that you may know what a live, interesting, up-to-the minute magazine is being published right here in Canada, by Canadians, for Canadians. There is nothing in Canada like EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD for bright, entertaining stories, timely, interesting articles, up-to-the minute news of the events of the day, live discussions on topics of vital national importance, and it abounds with beautiful illustrations and departments of interest to every one in the family. More than 130,000 Canadian homes gladly take EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD and welcome it every month. It is fast supplanting American magazines in the favor of Canadians everywhere, and you will like it and agree that it is the biggest, brightest, and most interesting magazine being produced in Canada.

Frankly this great contest is intended to advertise EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD and to introduce it to friends and readers in all parts of Canada; so read carefully the copy which we send you, show it to the members of your family and discuss it with your friends. To qualify your entry to stand for the judging and awarding of these big cash prizes we will ask you to write and tell us just what you think of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, and to help us further advertise and introduce it by showing your sample copy to only three or four of your friends and neighbors who will appreciate this worth-while Canadian magazine and want it to come to them every month. You can easily render this simple favor and for it an additional guaranteed Cash Reward will be given to you at once. As soon as your answers are received, we will write and tell you the number of names solved correctly and send you the big prize list and sample copy of the magazine.

How the Prizes Will be Awarded

The judging of the entries will be in the hands of three independent judges, having no connection with this firm, whose names we will tell you in due course, and contestants must agree to abide by their decisions. The award will be given to the senders of the best opinions and sets of answers qualified according to the rules and conditions of the contest. In judging the entries to the puzzle, points of merit will be (a) sets having most correct answers, (b) general neatness and appearance of the entry (handwriting, spelling, punctuation and style all being considered) and the merit of both the answers and your opinions will be coupled in making the decisions on the awards. All answers must follow the form of Mary's letter, but containing the senders solutions for the proper names as called for above. Answers in any other form will not be considered. The contest will close promptly at 5 P.M., August 28th promptly after which judging will be commenced and the prizes awarded. Study Mary's letter and try for the correct solution now. Entirely in addition to the competitive prizes an extra cash reward is guaranteed and sent at once to every contestant complying with the conditions of the contest. Address your answers to:—

THE CONTEST EDITOR, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, 62-64 TEMPERANCE STREET, TORONTO, ONTARIO

HE WON A $500.00 CASH PRIZE

Mr. Hugh A. Ross, of Smith's Falls, Ont., won the Ford Car offered as first prize in our last season's contest and received cash in its place at his own request. His letter will surely indicate to many the great opportunity EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD contests offer.

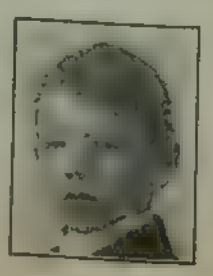
"Gentlemen:

I am in receipt to-day of your check for the cash prize you have so kindly given me in place of the Ford Touring Car, which I won as first prize in your recent contest.

The cash is made doubly acceptable by the promptness with which you have sent it, and you are to be congratulated on the courteous, fair, and efficient way in which you have conducted your contest. I have entered a great many contests but never expected to win such a prize as this.

I would like to acknowledge my appreciation of the very evident fairness to contestants with which you conducted this contest, and trust you will realize sufficiently in advertising and circulation of your excellent magazine to repay your outlay in furnishing a very interesting and entertaining pastime for your numerous readers. Yours truly, Hugh A. Ross."

HAMILTON BOY WINS $100.00 CASH PRIZE



This is Lyle O. F. Benson, the twelve-year-old Hamilton, Ont., boy, who won the $100.00 first prize in the recent contest for boy and girl readers in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. Writing recently, Lyle said:

"Saturday afternoon I received your letter and the check for $100.00, being first prize in the contest. I just want to tell you I was a happy boy and thank you very much."

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD prizes have made thousands of happy people and happy homes in all parts of Canada. There is a good prize for you if you will try for it.

How Would You Spend $500

In Improving Your Home?

WHAT would you do first in making improvements in your home if you had $500.00 to invest right now in such improvements as you want?

Woud you add comforts inside, or better appearance outside, or both?

Would you want a furnace, or some other modern heating system, to replace what you now have?

Would you want a bathroom, complete with running water, and closet sewage disposal system?

Would you want a kitchen sink, with drain to carry away water after dish-washing, etc.?

Would you change the interior of some of the rooms?

Would you add a clothes closet (or two) in a bedroom where there is now no suitable place to hang up clothes?

Would you tear down some partition, or build a new partition, to make a favorite room larger or smaller?

Would you put in a fireplace?

Would you want new laundry equipment—say a power washer and wringer, and some means of putting running water in your house?

Would you like a vacuum cleaner, and what kind?

Would you paint, paper, or alabastine the walls of your rooms?

Would you put in a new range or a new stove?

Would you want a lighting system? If so, what kind do you prefer?

Would you repaint your house outside? Or add a verandah or another room? Or change the windows—making them more up-to-date and cheerful?

Would you put in cement walks, a cement floor in the cellar, or a cement floor on the verandah?

Would you put hardwood floors in some or all of the rooms?

Or would you spend your $500.00 in new furniture—a piano, a phonograph, a kitchen cabinet, a new lamp, carpets or rugs, new beds and mattresses, or some other article to make your home more comfortable and cosy?

$100.00 To Help You

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD has added a new department of Home Decorating, Home Improving and Home Building. We want to know your needs in order that we may better help you through this department. Therefore we have set aside $100.00 in cash to be given in prizes to those whose ideas of the improvement they want in their houses are the best thought out and, in our judgment, the most thrifty and in the best taste to suit the circumstances.

1st Prize..... $50.00 cash
2nd Prize..... 20.00 cash
3rd Prize..... 5.00 cash
and 25 additional prizes of $1.00 each for the next best 25 ideas for spending $500.00 in improving a home

Plan What You Would Like to Do!

Plan out now what you would do. Get paper and pencil and put it all down.

If you want information, advice as to prices and costs on what you would like, write us for it. We will help you in any way we can, for it is for this purpose that we have started this new department of service for our readers.

A Few Suggestions

Fill out this form or copy it out on a larger sheet of paper as a guide, and send it to us for our information.

The Editor, Home Improvement Division
EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto, Ont.

I am thinking of making some improvements in our home. I have checked off on the form below the improvements I would like to make, and have also stated what I expect the cost of such improvements to be—approximately, of course, since I cannot tell exactly.

Also, on another sheet I have described briefly just what it is that I want to do, and I should be glad of any advice and help you can give me in carrying out my plans.

I should like to put in →

Check here

- ..... A hot water heating system. costing about .....
- ..... A hot air furnace " " .....
- ..... A bathroom " " .....
- ..... A firepace " " .....
- ..... Hardwood floors.. " " .....
- ..... Cement floors in cellars " " .....
- ..... Cement floor in verandah " " .....
- ..... Cement walks " " .....
- ..... A verandah " " .....
- ..... Clothes closets " " .....
- ..... New windows " " .....
- ..... Another room or rooms " " .....
- ..... Running water in the house " " .....
- ..... A kitchen sink with drain " " .....
- ..... A power washer ..... " " .....
- ..... A lighting system (state kind) " " .....
- ..... A vacuum cleaner (state kind)..... " " .....
- ..... A new range or stove .....
- (State what kind you prefer)
- ..... New furniture:—Piano " " .....
- —Phonograph " " .....
- —Kitchen cabinet " " .....
- —Lamp " " .....
- —Carpets " " .....
- —Beds, mattresses " " .....
- .....I would like to paint the house outside costing .....
- .....I would like to paint ..... rooms " .....
- .....I would like to paper the rooms " .....
- .....I would like to alabastine my walls " .....

Or, if there is some other improvement that you want, that is not listed here, write and tell us about it just the same.

NOTE CAREFULLY—All replies in this Home-Improving contest must reach EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD not later than June 16th.

There is no expense to enter, and no string of any kind attached. All entries will be considered absolutely confidential where so desired, so feel free to write us fully, and get our help and advice.

Address all entries and correspondence to:—

The Editor, Home Improvement Division
EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto, Ont.

In an early issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, perhaps next month, we will announce $100.00 in prizes for "The Dream House"—an idea for the most modern, convenient house which any one would want to build. Following this, we will announce $100.00 for plans and photograph of a "Just Right" house—a house that has actually been built somewhere in Canada, embodying a woman's own ideas, and which our readers will all want to know about. Watch out for these later announcements, and plan to take part in these contests, as well as in the foregoing one, to win your share of the $300.00 which we are offering in prizes, for the home-making ideas we want.

Lantic Sugar

"The All-Purpose" Sugar for pure, home-made Candy

Lantic Pure Cane Sugar, in itself, is a perfect sweet. It is pure—it is wholesome—it is good. And because of its FINE granulation and high sweetening power, is ideal for candy-making. It dissolves instantly and requires very little stirring.

Try These Dainty Recipes

Chocolate Mint Candies

1 cup of Lantic Sugar, ¼ cup of water, 2 drops of essence of peppermint, melted chocolate.

Cook the sugar and water together, without stirring, for ten minutes. Dip a fork into the syrup, and if a fine thread can be seen depending from it after lifting it out, the syrup is cooked enough. If a thread cannot be seen, cook a moment longer, then test again. Put in the peppermint; beat until white and creamy; then drop by small spoonfuls onto greased or waxed paper and set aside until cold. Melt the chocolate, which may be left plain, or sweetened by the addition of confectioners' sugar if desired. Do not, however, add any water to it, but melt over boiling water. Dip each little peppermint cream into the melted chocolate; then place again on greased paper to harden

Honey Corn Bars

1 qt. of pop-corn, 2 cups of Lantic Sugar, ½ cup of honey, 3 tablespoons of cold water.

Crush the corn finely with a rolling pin, doing this when it is freshly popped. Boil the sugar, honey and water together until it hardens when tested in cold water. Place the crushed corn in a well-buttered pan; pour the candy over it, and as soon as cool enough, mark into bars with a knife, dividing later when the candy is entirely set.

Buttercups

2 cups of molasses, ¼ cup of water, 2 cups of Lantic Sugar, 1 level teaspoon of cream of tartar, finely chopped nuts, raisins, figs or dates, or a mixture of part or all.

Cook the molasses, sugar, water and cream of tartar together until a little dropped into cold water forms a soft ball between the fingers. Turn out onto a buttered slab or platter and when cool enough to handle, pull until white and light. Spread a layer or sheet of this on the platter or slab, and over it place a layer of the fruit or fruit and nut mixture. Cover with more of the plain candy and then cut the strips into individual portions, using buttered or oiled scissors for the operation.

Everton Toffee

2 cups of Lantic Sugar, 1 cup of water, ½ cup of butter.

Boil the sugar and water together without stirring until, when a little is drooped into cold water, it is quite brittle and breaks easily. Add the butter and continue to boil until it again reaches this same stage. Turn into buttered pans and when nearly cold mark off into squares, so that it may be easily divided later.

Almonds, Brazil or other nuts can be stirred into the toffee just before it is poured into the pans.

Candy Book Free

Mail us Red Ball Trademark, cut from 2 or 5 lb. carton, or grocer's receipt for 10, 20 or 100 pound bag of Lantic Pure Cane Sugar—and we will send a copy of our Candy Book.

THE
Atlantic Sugar Refineries
Limited - Montreal

La Diva
"Super-Bone" Corsets
Modish and Smart

These ultra-fashionable corsets appeal quickly to women who appreciate corset perfection.

Our famous SUPER-BONE woven-wire boning used in these models only.

FLEXIBLE AS THE BODY ITSELF
Unbreakable and non-rustable, gives absolute freedom with perfect support.

Tall or short, stout or slim, there is a model to suit your figure. *Ask Your Corsetiere*

DOMINION CORSET COMPANY
Montreal QUEBEC Toronto
Makers of the Celebrated D & A and La Diva Corsets

STAMMERING
or stuttering overcome positively. Our natural methods permanently restore natural speech. Graduate pupils everywhere. Free advice and literature.
THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE
BERLIN, - CANADA

YOUR BOY'S PICTURE
Fasten it securely to the wall in the most conspicuous place with
Moore Push-Pins
Dainty GLASS HEADS and fine needle points. Will not injure the picture, woodwork or wall paper. Booklet and Samples Free.
Moore Push-Pins, Made in 3 sizes, Glass Heads, Steel Points 13c pkt.
Moore Push-less Hangers, 4 sizes. The Hanger with the Twist. 3 pkts. for 25c
Moore-Push Pin Co., Dept. B., Philadelphia, Pa.

EVEREADY

The light that says
"There it is!"
—when all other lights fail

STORM-TOSSED and battered, helpless in a raging sea, the crew unable to launch a boat—such was the plight of the Spanish freighter Pio IX., on the night of December 5th, 1916.
And here might come the tragic end of this story, but for Antonio Oliver, one of the crew. He remembered the Eveready DAYLO* in his bunk; strapped it to his wrist, and with ten of his comrades went overboard, clinging desperately to a ship's raft.
The light from Oliver's Eveready, gleaming like a lone star, attracted the attention of S.S. Buenos Aires. After several failures, a boat was launched and help sent to the exhausted crew. Thus were the lives of eleven men saved by the light that did not fail—EVEREADY DAYLO.*
There are times in every one's life when a dependable pocket light is invaluable—when, as in this instance, an EVEREADY DAYLO* may prove the means of saving one's life. Get yours to-day. 76 styles, from 85 cents up, at dealers everywhere.
*DAYLO is the winning name in our $3000 contest. We paid $3000 to each of the four contestants who submitted this name.

when something happens at the power house and the town is plunged into darkness.

when your car stalls on a dark road and the trouble must be located.

when a strange noise in the night awakens you.

when a storm breaks about 2 a.m. and the windows must be shut.

when the watch dog barks his alarm.

when the wrong medicine bottle may mean a tragedy.

whenever you need safe, instant light that can't blow out or set fire, you need an Eveready DAYLO—the most powerful portable electric light made.

Canadian National Carbon Co.
Limited
Toronto - Ontario

Don't ask for a "flashlight" get an Eveready DAYLO

BEING A GRANDMOTHER AT THIRTY-FIVE

(*Continued from page 11*)

week or two. Then, having spent a day with the heads of her firm discussing prosaic business, she departed on a month's vacation, destination somewhere in the Golden West, quite forgetting The Man in her flurry of eagerness and expectancy.

AND how the "Limited" did snail! On such a mission one should be able to travel at telegraphic speed. Beyond a certain point there seemed to loom up every fifteen miles a red water tank and the keeper's establishment. With watch in hand, she timed the stops, mentally berating the road's president and directors.

Four interminable days, and the journey dragged to its end. They met her at the station with the carriage, Nancy and Jack and the babe, the latter a gurgling, cooing, pink and white lump of warm flesh.

After the first happy greetings on the platform, they turned to the carriage. Mrs. Sterling did not relinquish the child even to mount to the seat.

The drive was a merry affair. In the uncertain, spasmodic fashion of the four-months-old, he made ineffectual attempts to 'clutch his grandmother's Parisian hat, and that good lady promptly removed the hatpins. After which she gave the hat's brim into the clutch of those pink palms. A moment, and the lovely creation was tossed contemptuously into a ditch.

As the baby gurgled, the grandmother laughed gleefully, hugging and kissing him in a great delight. But suddenly memory spanned the chasm of forgotten years, and she put a loving, protective arm around her daughter.

"Nancy," she whispered sadly, "once you did exactly that same thing—threw my hat out of the carriage into a mud puddle on the street. I slapped your patties soundly."

The daughter laughed into her mother's serious face.

"Don't you ever," Mrs. Sterling went on, "be such a beast!"

And thereon followed days and days when the grandmother found her duty mapped out for her—that of protecting the younger Jack from his stern, unfeeling parents. It was both amazing and shocking how they bullied the child, Nancy forcing him to sleep with songs that held a querulous note as the minutes slipped by and the baby's eyes twinkled brighter and livelier despite the song. Also they forced him to have his dear little face washed when he protested so vociferously, and really to a seeing eye looked so adorable with the smudges.

Often his grandmother came to his rescue, carrying him far away to the orchard, where, on a large rug, they both kicked up their heels in delight and crowed to the blue patches of sky that peeped through the nodding green.

And the thought that had occurred to Mrs. Sterling now grew to certainty; that nature often erred. Only a mature woman could fully appreciate the wonders of a baby. Sometimes the heavenly joy of motherhood comes too early in life.

As for the child, young though he was, he was fast beginning to recognize this supporter of his whims, his abject slave, this wonderful young thing who spoke and understood his own language, who never grew frightened or sighed when he raised his voice in the howls whose intensity was his especial delight.

Those were glorious days, a vacation the like of which Mrs. Sterling never remembered. But through it all she held the hazy knowledge that beyond the limit of thirty days another world waited, a world growing more distinct as it came closer, a world of sales clerks and floorwalkers, of superintendents and directors. Still she drank deep of her cup of joy while it lasted, and banished thoughts of the far-away workaday world of the East.

ONE afternoon, having rescued Jacky from an irate mother, who had sung herself hoarse in a vain endeavour to coerce the infant into taking his usual nap at the usual time, she went tripping down to the orchard. Two pigtails flew defiantly behind her. She had washed her hair that morning. Not even for neighbours was she at home, she told Nancy. As she sang lightly on her way, she thought a whistle sounded from the porch. She hesitated, looking back, then not considering the faint possibility of its being intended for her ears, went on. She reached the outspread rug and with a sigh of infinite happiness sank thereon.

But again came the arresting whistle, and as she sat erect, she made out an approaching male figure, threading his way in and out among the flower beds, coming toward the orchard.

With recognition, incredulous amazement filled her and flooded her cheeks with crimson. She made a wild little grab at her braids, as though to suddenly compel them to their usual decorous behaviour. But when he drew close, it was a smiling and self-possessed woman that greeted him and made light of her negligee.

"Why, Mr. Weston!" A slim hand was held over Jacky as he lay cradled in her lap.

"Had I known," she went on, "that I would be called on to entertain one of Canada's financial geniuses, I might have been more appropriately garbed."

Dull red suffused his face as he held tightly to her hand. In his usual abrupt way he began speaking after he had mastered that first wave of emotion.

"I found your note at the office when I returned. And that, I suppose, is the baby?"

The Man dropped to the rug beside her. "I happened to have business out this way," he went on, visibly embarrassed, "so I thought I'd just run over and look you up."

"How nice!" Her eyes mocked him. "Did you have far to 'run over' from?"

Suddenly he laughed. "Well, anyway, it's great to see you again." Enthusiasm grew in his tone. "Even if it is only to be made miserable by you. And that baby is a little peach. Quite the best sort of a baby for a grandmother to have."

The arm nearest her was supporting the weight of his body as he reclined beside her. With his other hand he was making little careful darts in the region of the baby's stomach. The child crowed and squirmed in delight.

His head, as he bent forward, was quite near the woman's. She could see the back of his neck when, with each succeeding jab at the infant, he lowered it. And, strangely, she felt an absurd impulse to kiss it. Never—never in life had she experienced such an overpowering desire. It was irresistible. It brought her breath forth in little halting gasps.

"Do—do sit up so I can see you;" she managed to laugh with the words. "You surely didn't come across the continent to—to see a baby. You're not a grandfather!"

For a fleeting moment he glanced up into her eyes, then continued his playing with the child.

And all the while that teasing neck hovered within a foot of her lips, coaxing, begging to be kissed. She could hear her own quick breathing and wondered; she thanked Heaven for the blundering destiny of him.

BUT presently he looked up swiftly—intently, with a new and searching scrutiny in his gaze. His eyes dwelt on her face until its colour heightened perceptibly. She lowered her head, slightly.

"I guess you're going to marry me at last, Margaret." The words were soft-spoken but vibrant.

For an instant she evaded the issue. Then his eyes drew hers again and held them. She felt an odd little thrill in their mastery.

"I—I guess I am, dear," she whispered in an awed tone. "But a *grandmother!*" The twinkle in her eyes shone through a mist.

"But *such* a one!" He smiled back, and for the moment his yearning for this one woman showed in his face. Then as her merriment grew, he too responded. "But lets be rid of grandson. I have only three hours to stay, and I want to show my appreciation of his grandmother. Come!" He rose and took Jacky from her. Then tenderly: "Dear, I'm so hungry to put my arms around you I simply can't wait any longer."

Together they made their way to the house, where the child was placed in his mother's arms. And after, when Mrs. Sterling claimed him again, and The Man had gone, it was in a shamefaced manner she addressed her daughter.

"Nancy," she whispered, and the hands stretched out to the baby trembled a little, "I—I don't know what you think of your foolish mother—"

"That's she's the sweetest girl ever," the young mother interrupted. "And I'm not surprised a bit."

"'Surprised' Why—" There was a startled radiance in the elder woman's eyes that made their blue depths increasingly beautiful. "Then—then you guessed!"

"Pooh! It wasn't much of a guess." Was her own daughter laughing at her? "When will it take place?"

"In a month," Jacky's grandmother twinkled. "You see, we're both too old to be lavish of time."

A WAR PROPHECY

The story that holds pride of place as a prophecy of this war is that of the experience of the first German Emperor William at a soothsayer's in 1849. As William was leaving the tent, the woman called to him and said, "I will tell you one more thing. What year is it?"

"1849," answered the King.

"Add 1 and 8 and 4 and 9 together, and add it to 1849. It will be the year of your kingdom's greatest triumph."

"1871? Perhaps," said William, and once more prepared to go. Again the soothsayer recalled him.

"Do you want to know the date of your own death? Treat the figures of 1871 in the same way."

The King did so. "1888? A long enough life, in all conscience."

A third time the woman called him back. "If you wish to know the year in which your great kingdom will totter to its fall, do the same to 1888."

And in 1913 the great European treason was devised and inaugurated by the fatal demand of Austria that Italy should help her to crush Serbia out of existence.

TWELVE BEAUTIFUL ROSE BUSHES

Given to YOU

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

will provide Roses for every garden in Canada. These will GROW and BLOOM

Imagine the pleasure of walking into your own garden and cutting great loads of beautiful fragrant flowers like these.

ROSES that bloom every month of the season from early spring to late fall. Hardy Everbloomers, the greatest of all garden kinds, selected especially for our subscribers, each one noted for its hardy, vigorous habit of growth, liberal blooming qualities, symmetrical form and bright clean foliage. They are strong, well rooted one year old bushes, covered with clean bright foliage, and all except the climbing variety should bloom this summer. They are guaranteed to reach you in healthy growing condition and to assist in your efforts to start a rose garden of which you can be proud, we will forward with each collection, printed instructions on their planting and culture.

Guaranteed to Grow and Bloom

Every one can succeed with them. They will thrive in any good garden soil, if some care is used in planting, although like all plant life they respond more liberally if fertile and congenial surroundings with some attention is furnished. The beauty they will add to your home will exceed by far all the care they require. ¶ Perhaps this very moment, you can see in your mind's eye these fresh, fragrant beauties growing along the garden walk, clambering over fences, twining around porch pillars and over the doorways. Make it a reality this summer by planting these modern and improved sorts and the almost unbroken continuity of the beautiful fragrant blossoms produced the entire season will be a summer long delight. ¶ Once you establish a Rose Garden, its fascination will keep your interest enlisted and no achievement will bring greater elation than that with which you will cut the first bouquet from these rose bushes in your own yard.

SCHEDULE for PLANTING ROSES IN CANADA

Yours will be shipped when it's time to plant As these roses should not be set out in the open ground before all danger of hard frost is past, we have arranged with our grower to deliver them at the proper time. Below is a schedule showing about the dates deliveries will be made to the different localities, although weather conditions might vary these several days, so do not be alarmed if your order does not arrive just on date specified. **PLANTING DATES—Latitude of British Columbia, March 15 to May 25th. Latitude of Southern Ontario, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick—May 25th. Latitude of Northern Ontario, Quebec, Saskatchewan, Alberta—May 25th.**

There Are 12 Sturdy Young Bushes In Each Collection

Two of each variety—the colors range from deep red through shades of pink, white and yellow

1 Etoile De France This rose has been selected from the almost unlimited number of hardy red roses, because, in our estimation, it seems the acme of perfection—a rose possessing every distinctive attribute which adds to beauty and appeal. As salt in hardiness and sturdiness the bush grows upright, covered with beautiful bronzy, green foliage, which is not subject to insect attack. The growth is so luxuriant and lusty that great masses of the most beautiful roses imaginable are borne all summer. The fragrance is delightful the color exquisite a clear, rich, velvety crimson. This is one of the best of all garden roses.

2 My Maryland A rare combination of a poetic name and exquisite beauty has made this new variety a dazzling rival of all the most famous pink beauties. A great outdoor rose of exceptional hardiness, rapidly producing a sturdy, shapely plant, which is a distinct ornament to any garden. The large rich green foliage is not the least of its charms, clothing the long, stiff stems with cool verdant beauty. All summer through the large, perfectly double fragrant flowers are borne flowers of indescribable charm, composed of thick heavy petals, unsurpassed in elegance of form.

3 White Cochet A most magnificent snow-white rose; possessing all the good qualities of vigorous growth, profuse blooming and beauty of flower. It is a fine variety for bedding purposes thriving under almost any condition of soil or treatment, growing into a great, lusty bush, which increases in beauty with the passing years. It is absolutely hardy in every part of the country giving perfect satisfaction and producing hundreds of superb flowers throughout the growing season. The buds are large, full and firm elegantly pointed, showing depth and richness as they expand the magnificent, pure white flowers open perfectly double and possess a distinct exquisite fragrance.

4 Sunburst No pen picture can do justice to this wonderful new ever-blooming rose. It is one of the most beautiful varieties ever introduced and we know full well that all who plant it will share with us in our genuine enthusiasm over it. We want every lover of beautiful roses to plant sunburst for there is not another like it, either in color, growth or beauty and wherever seen it has created a veritable sensation. Sunburst is the ideal garden rose, strong and vigorous in growth, healthy in every condition, thriving in practically any soil under the most adverse conditions to a perfection seen in no other rose. The splendid flowers borne on strong, upright stems produced in amazing profusion.

5 Radiance Radiance is the crowning masterpiece and hailed by flower lovers everywhere as one of the greatest rose creations of modern times. Grace of form, charm of flower and color with vigor of growth are the three characteristics. Flowers are of an immense size, produced in amazing profusion. The buds are beautifully formed always opening well, the rose showing double to the center. The color the most wonderful ever seen in a rose, an exquisite blending of carmine shades with opal and coppery reflections is indescribable.

6 Climbing American Beauty Truly a perpetual source of wonder and the most valuable addition to the popular class of Rambler Roses that has been produced for some time. It is perfectly hardy, having great vigor and sturdiness combined with grace. Special attention should be called to the magnificent foliage produced by this variety it is fine dark and glossy remaining intact to unseasonable weather and withstanding all diseases which causes the foliage to rust and look shabby. The marvelous production of bloom is really sensational, each individual rose being perfect in form and very double, the color being deep, intense scarlet crimson, which retains its vivid brilliancy as long as the flower lasts.

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CANADIAN K. K. COMPANY, LIMITED
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Mechanical and Design Patents Granted March 1917

THE ROMANCE OF GROWING SLENDER ON THREE MEALS A DAY

(*Continued from page 30*)

it passed without bringing me another note from him.

I had intended to weigh myself at the end of the first week on Fairweather Farm, as I had told Uncle Jim at the scales, that first evening, I would. But, somehow, though I was already feeling *physically* splendid, I waited till the end of a fortnight. And just at the end of it I had another package from Harriston, and—what I had been consumingly waiting for—another note, thanking me for mine. He was getting to be quite a fair swimmer, he said; going in every morning early, and afternoon; though he didn't expect to get to be proficient enough to save any one's life. And he went on to praise me up about saving his. And he wanted me to give him all the news of Fairweather Farm, and about what I was doing every day.

Then I opened the package he had sent.

A two pound box of chocolates—beauties!

I sat w ndering, and bewildered. Then I wrapped the box up again, and put it away in a bureau drawer—out of sight:

I weighed myself that evening, and my spirits went up with a bound.

I was down to one hundred and seventy!

And Aunt Jessie, thanks to her deliberate eating of the things *she* needed, had gained three pounds, and a new feeling of strength.

I had taken a Domestic Science course, and so of course found assisting Aunt Jessie and her "help" in the kitchen a delight. I insisted on writing out the menus, because I had no mind either to starve or to eat the things I shouldn't, and I would have dinner in the middle of the day. I picked those foods with large bulk, but small nutrition, and my meals were really satisfying and good. Even Uncle Jim had to admit that.

Dinners (Noon).

Baked chicken, boiled onions, celery salad, well baked rolls or toast, stewed or ripe fruit.

Baked fish, raw cucumbers, vegetable stew, cooked tomatoes, ripe fruits.

Lean beef broth with toast, any lean meat, vegetable salad, boiled cauliflower, cooked fruits.

Supper

Salad of green vegetables, dessert of fresh fruit, plate of toast.

Lean mutton, boiled cauliflower, salad of celery, lettuce, and a little cheese, stewed fruits without sugar.

Soft boiled eggs on toast, salad of apples and oranges, with juice for dressing, ripe fruit for dessert.

Breakfast was always relatively nil. In a reduction diet, breakfast is always the same: One cup of lean broth, or one cup of coffee or tea, with no cream or sugar, and a well baked roll. And half an hour or so before breakfast I drank a glass or two of water with the strained juice of an orange.

My skin had already cleared beautifully, and I was beginning to have quite a complexion. My eyes were splendidly clear, and my buoyancy of health was remarkable. I felt *alive*. The ten pounds that were gone *showed;* that is, the one hundred and seventy showed that ten had gone. As Mr. Fairweather remarked, I had already lost almost a whole chin.

IN three weeks from the day of my arrival at Fairweather Farm the effect of my restricted diet and exercises, which I kept up faithfully, was proportionately noticeable. I was *gaining* fast—in the right direction.

I had written Garry Mills again—a rather nice letter, I thought; so perhaps my increasing good health was beginning to be bad for that little devil of disagreeableness. But when he wrote a third time, to know if he might take a run out to Farmington at the week end, I wrote him again in a hurry, and vetoed *that* proposition, and the little devil dictated *that* epistle. If Cora Neville had made up her mind about Garry Miles, so had I. When he saw me again, he was going to see much less of me than he had seen in Harriston. I wasn't going to let him behind the scenes to spoil the play.

I didn't hear from him in reply. But I did hear from Mother, a week later, with the Harriston news. A new battalion was to be formed in the county for Overseas Service, with a camp near Harriston; Cora Neville had gone to the seaside for her health; and, as a postscript, Mother added that Mr. Miles had gone out of town, on business.

"Business of chasing after Cora!" I thought. "A frame up!" And that night I took his picture—the cut out of the Harriston newspaper, you will remember—out of my mirror, and stuck it away—with his box of chocolates.

I wouldn't have touched one of them now for *worlds*. And I *had* wanted to just open the box *so much*.

Well, he owed me a letter, and didn't write, no matter where he was; and so, like the chocolates, I tried to make it a case of out of sight out of mind, and stuck to my job. And at the end of the first month I was down to less than one hundred and sixty-five.

My clothes began to be my trouble now. But it was summer; and blouses and skirts were cheap and easy to get in town; and I didn't have to be *very* particular on Fairweather Farm. My Domestic Science course in sewing stood me in good stead; and what a joy it was to cut some of my things down, and to make them small *ahead!*

And at last came the time when I was going back home.

I went out and weighed for the last time.

Eureka! *One hundred and forty pounds!*

I had *reduced forty pounds*. Never mind the four ounces.

Why, I was a really truly girl! Not again, but *at last*.

"You're a wonder, Bella!" said big Uncle Jim, beaming. "You've (*Continued on page 38*)

The WOMEN'S PARLIAMENT of CANADA

THE QUESTION OF THE MONTH

Should We Make It Harder To Marry?

The Affirmative

Marriage Laws Should Be Made More Stringent

By LIONEL DAVIS

SHOULD it be made more difficult to marry? It would, perhaps, seem that sufficient obstacles to marriage exist at the present time, and possibly that is so, but these obstacles are principally economic, and do not result from the operation of the laws governing marriage.

Easy to Get Married

So far as the laws of Canada are concerned, it is most difficult to escape from marriage, but the slight obstacles placed in the way of those who desire to contract marriage are not at all difficult to overcome. It may be said that this is exactly as it should be, that marriage should be encouraged by the law and by the community, and that it would be a great evil and lead to greater evils if, by setting up obstacles in the way of those who are anxious to be married, marriage itself should be discouraged. All this may be conceded at the outset. No person interested in the future of the country would at all desire to decrease the number of marriages; but there is another consideration. All marriages do not turn out well. Unfortunately, for a variety of reasons, a large number result in unhappiness or something worse, and it will be admitted that such marriages are undesirable, and often bring about a train of unintended evils which are as detrimental to the community as the absence of marriage itself. In many cases the effects on the parties themselves are infinitely more unfortunate than if they had refrained from marriage. Obviously the kind of marriage to be promoted is that marriage which, so far as one can foretell, contains all the factors, both moral and physical, which are likely to make it turn out happily and satisfactorily. It is impossible, by any kind of legislation, to ensure that all marriages should result in this way. If marriages were, in truth, made in Heaven, there would still be those who had been mismated, or who, for various reasons, should never have been married. Nevertheless, the laws governing the contracting of marriage do play a more or less important part in, and have a certain effect on, the after-life of the parties. It is important, therefore, that these laws should be, as far as possible, fitted to produce the desired effect. Are the laws of Canada and of the various provinces, as at present framed calculated to bring about, to the extent that law can do so, those marriages which, in the interest of the state, and the individuals concerned, should alone be contracted?

How Marriages Are Regulated

The subject of marriage is one which under our constitution may be dealt with both by the Dominion and by the provinces. Broadly, the Dominion has power to say who may marry, and the provinces how marriages may be entered into, but in the absence of Dominion legislation, the provinces have attempted, so far as may be, to deal with the whole subject, and the constitutionality of most of the provincial enactments has not been so far challenged. All the provinces have passed acts dealing with marriage, and these acts are all dissimilar. It is unnecessary to describe here in detail the various laws and how they differ from one another. The differences are not, in the main, important, and such differences as there are, with the exception of those in Quebec, are mainly matters of detail. In all the provinces, licenses are required, and are issued by persons appointed for that purpose by the Lieutenant-Governor. In some provinces, as for example, Saskatchewan and British Columbia, provincial officials called respectively Commissioners and Registrars may, along with ministers of religion, perform the marriage ceremony. In other provinces, Ontario, for instance, ministers alone may perform the ceremony, and practically in all the provinces, the consent of a parent or a guardian is required where an intending party is under the age of twenty-one, or in Ontario and Manitoba, under the age of eighteen. In Ontario no license may be issued for the marriage of any person under the age of fourteen, nor in Manitoba under the age of sixteen, except under special circumstances. In Quebec, no woman may marry under the age of twelve, and no man under the age of fourteen. In Manitoba and in Ontario no license may be issued and no marriage solemnized where either of the parties is an idiot or insane, but such marriages do not appear to be invalid, the infringement of the act merely carrying with it a penalty attaching to the minister who performs the marriage, and to the person issuing the license.

An examination of the various acts affecting marriage gives a curious idea of what our legislators regard as the most important matters connected with the contracting of marriage. It might have been supposed that they would be concerned to see that only persons properly fitted for marriage should, so far as possible, be allowed to marry, and that all others should be prevented from doing so; that marriage should be forbidden to the feeble-minded; that some obstacle should be placed in the path of those who are suffering from communicable diseases, and who by marrying transmit such diseases to the other party, and to their children; but apparently matters of this kind are not really the important things at all. What seems to be important, is that a proper license should be issued and the proper fee paid for it, that proper ministers should perform the ceremony, and that the records should be made in the proper book. Other matters can be left to take care of themselves, at least, so far as the present laws are concerned.

A Solemn Contract Held Lightly

The more the present attitude of the law towards marriage is considered, the more curious it appears. For example, although it is, of course, something more, too, marriage is a contract—as much a contract in the legal sense as an agreement for the purchase of a house or for the sale of a horse. Like all other contracts, the law has something to say both as to the manner of its being entered into and as to the manner in which it is to be carried out. But although it is incomparably the most important contract into which any human being can enter, it is, curiously enough, the one in which the law takes the least interest as to the way in which it is brought about. With regard to other contracts, the law is concerned to ascertain whether the parties entering into them have fully understood what they were about; that there were no misrepresentations as to material facts; and that the parties entering into the contract have attained years of discretion. But in none of these things does the law concern itself with regard to marriage. Notwithstanding its supreme importance, it is the only contract which may be entered into by persons under the age of twenty-one. It is the only contract in which it is idle to say that you did not understand its meaning or implications after you *have* entered into

(*Continued on page 45*)

THE OBJECT OF THIS PAGE

Is plainly to give the women of Canada a voice in the solving of great National Problems. Below are three ballots. Read the two sides of the debate, then mark your ballot, expressing whether or not you want more stringent Marriage Laws in Canada, and have any other woman members of your household, or neighbours, sign the other two. Send them to

The Woman's Parliament of Canada,
62 Temperance St.,
Toronto, Ont.

BALLOT Mark X in Ballot in square indicating your vote

☐ I am in Favor of More Stringent Marriage Laws

☐ I am Opposed to More Stringent Marriage Laws

Name .. ..

Address .....

City .. ..

County .... *Province* .

(Voters must be 21 years or over)

BALLOT Mark X in Ballot in square indicating your vote

☐ I am in Favor of More Stringent Marriage Laws

☐ I am Opposed to More Stringent Marriage Laws

Name . .....

Address .....

City . . ..

County..... . . .. *Province* .....

(Voters must be 21 years or over)

BALLOT Mark X in Ballot in square indicating your vote

☐ I am in Favor of More Stringent Marriage Laws

☐ I am Opposed to More Stringent Marriage Laws

Name .....

Address .....

City.. .....

County .... *Province* .....

(Voters must be 21 years or over)

The Negative

Marriage Laws Should Not Be Made More Stringent

By EVERETT C. BURLEIGH

THERE is a lot of idle chatter just now about the necessity of making the marriage laws more restrictive than they are at present, and yet, when one begins to analyze some of the problems which confront all the nations of the world, one can easily see that if our over-ardent reformers are not careful, they are liable to overdo a number of the good things which they already possess.

We Need to Repair War's Damage

The war has brought many tremendous changes in our economic outlook and in our political conditions. Millions of men have been slain or crippled for life on European battlefields and on the high seas. Millions of women for the next decade must remain in spinsterhood. And yet our zealous friends would have us further restrict the natural propagation of the human race, because, forsooth, it is not in the best interest of strict eugenic progress.

Canada Needs Population and Needs it Badly

If the Great War had not done the untold damage which it has, and if the human race were still progressing along the slow tortuous path of peaceful pride, then the situation might be materially altered. However, we have to deal with conditions as we find them, and the fact remains that the crying need of the Dominion of Canada to-day is to people her sparsely settled plains and to develop a numerical strength strong enough to work out her material problems. If we were as strong, from a population standpoint, as, for instance, the United States of America, we could possibly afford to further purify and further sensitize the blood of our progeny, and take a foremost part in the pursuit of eugenic happiness, but we must deal with the facts that confront us which are crying for solution.

Our soldiers are now returning from the Front. When the War is over, there will be thousands of single men back among us, and they will be seeking the companionship of domestic life. Many of them will be cripples all their lives; all of them will be in need of that sympathy and understanding which only the love of a true woman can bestow. Now, suppose we say to these men that we ntend to make it harder for them to obtain a home than it was before they left for overseas service. Would it seem fair to the men, and would it appeal as particularly patriotic to the women of Canada?

Admitted that the present system has its defects, is the present a good time to put the remedy immediately in force?

The Present Not the Time to Change Marriage Laws

If a rational revision of the marriage laws of Canada could be made, say five years after the conclusion of the present hostilities, the argument takes on a new colour and must be approached from a different angle. However, in my opinion, the year 1917 is not the time for a change in our marriage laws, but I do believe there is a pressing need for educational work, or to give it a popular name, a "Big Sister Movement," among the young girls who go down town to work, whether in factory or office—or, for that matter, in homes where the influences of environment are bad.

It should be the aim and objective of the women of Canada, whether in city or country, to teach these girls what have hitherto been the great secrets of life and to inform them of the dangers which are on every hand, and which legislation alone will never entirely cure. What is more to the point, this treatment of the situation, if organized on an interprovincial basis in collaboration with church and civic authorities, and if done in a spirit of absolute sympathy, would do far more than cold, hard statute law could ever do to bring about marital happiness. Surely the Women's Equal Franchise League, which has done so much to advance the energies of patriotic womanhood, could help devise some means of looking after the interests of both soldiers and women so that happy partnerships might be facilitated when the great struggle now going on in Europe finally ends. To my mind, the world has made much social progress in the last few years, but the further restriction of marriage laws at this particular period in Canada's history would only give the reactionaries a chance to make mischief and provide for a temporary undoing of the permanent benefits which we have already received by Prohibition and Equal Suffrage measures.

Less Marriages and More Illegitimate Children

One of the prime reasons against revising the statutes in respect to marriage laws at the present time is the fact that if the laws were made too hard while the War is on, and for several years afterward, there would be a great diminution of legal marriages and an enormous increase of illegitimate children. This statement is not pure guess work, because it is an inexorable law of nature that the harder you make it to do the honourable thing, the easier it becomes to do the dishonourable thing. Human nature is peculiar in this regard, that if you appeal to the best in a man, you generally get the best. The same holds good for women, but too much regulation of those splendid impulses which have helped to make up the progress of the human race may only help to destroy what was meant to improve.

Should We Not Trust Our Soldier Boys?

Another feature which appeals to me is the fact that a law such as this might antagonize our Great War Veterans to such an extent that referendi might be brought on, and certain other reforms which have been gained during the War would be endangered. If we do not trust our boys at the Front to do the right thing, how can we expect them to trust us while they are away?

The query which presents itself is this: Which is it the more desirable to have, a little suffering brought on by comparative ignorance, or an extraordinary increase in the birth of illegitimate children? Bear in mind, I do not say this reform cannot be brought about some time, but I do say that the psychological influences are all against such a move during the next five or six years.

The World Needs the Help of Canadian Women

The whole world is beginning to call for an increase in the materials of construction, and the labour to do it with must be forthcoming, so that those countries which have suffered from the heel of militarism can be once more built up. Surely the patriotic thing would be to help in the restoration of the world for the next few (*Continued on page 58.*)

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68 King St. East, Toronto, Ont.

THE ROMANCE OF GROWING SLENDER ON THREE MEALS A DAY

(*Continued from page 36*)

done it! Why, girlie, we never knew you before! But I've noticed you coming, every day, this past two months, now!"

I stood before the mirror, in my room, that last night on Fairweather Farm, with shining eyes. I took all my measurements; or rather, Aunt Jessie did; and I was sorry now I had torn those other "before" measurements up. Bust, 38; waist, 25; upper arm, 11¾; forearm, 10¾, and all the rest, hips, et cetera—in proportion, too. I was another being, another body, another girl. Where *had* that other fat girl gone?

"But it's the way I *feel*, Aunt Jessie!" I exclaimed, hugging her. "I want to jump over the moon, like the cow in the Mother Goosie Rhymes!"

"And you've grown *strong!*" she said, gasping and laughing. "You never hugged me like that before."

"Well, you've grown stronger, too," I retorted, "or you couldn't stand it the way you do. You're pounds and pounds heavier than when I came."

There was another full moon—the harvest moon now—rising on Fairweather Farm; the third that had looked into my room. And the millions of years' old man was kissing Cora Neville's profile again.

"This time to-morrow I'll be home," I said, wistfully. "I wonder what they'll say?"

"I know what they'll think," she said quietly. "I always thought you were a pretty girl, Bella. Now, I know you are beautiful. And you've made yourself so, my dear."

"You arch flatterer!" I said, patting her cheek. But I had another good stare at the new girl in the glass.

I took the afternoon train next day, because I wanted to get home unexpected and a little late, while they would be at tea. I had on a brand new navy blue fall suit, with a dashing little hat, and gloves, to match. These were Aunt Jessie's presents, for they have some really smart shops in Farmington. And Uncle Jim's parting gift was an awfully swell sport coat. I looked quite "stunning," he said, with his colossally frank wink.

But on the train, as I drew nearer home, my heart began to beat fast. I remembered how I had dreamed in the train, on the way to Farmington, nearly three months ago, of that day had kissed my hands in Harriston. Why had he not written, this past while? Did he really care—for Cora?

THERE were two silver-haired, nice looking, low voiced women in the seat ahead of me; sisters, I guessed. And somehow they reminded me of Mother and Aunt Jess.

One of them gave the other a letter, over which they laughed and whispered a good deal. And while this was going on, the newsboy came through the car and I bought a paper. Presently, as I turned the sheets, I came upon a glowing account of the recruiting work being done for the new battalion of Overseas Service in Harriston County—by *Garry Miles*.

I sat up, thrilling, and suddenly afraid, a hand over my heart. And as I did so, the boy came back again, with *chocolates*. And the two silver-haired ladies in front of me, with the letter, bought a box.

Then, as in a flash, my mind ran back, and intuitively I seemed to *know*. There had been an exchange of confidences, by letter, between Mother and Aunt Jessie, about me—about me and Garry Miles. And *he knew* why I had gone to Fairweather Farm. He had sent me that two pound box of chocolates to test my will power—to tempt me!

I felt my face suddenly on fire. Surely, surely Mother would never have let him know that—*I cared?*

For the rest of the train ride I couldn't read. I could hardly sit still. I could only stare at the flying autumn landscape, and *think*.

But as the familiar landmarks appeared, and we drew near to Harriston in the light of the late afternoon, my perturbation became merged in the excitement of just getting home—getting home to Harriston and *everybody*. And how my heart did beat as the train drew in, on that peerless early evening of that early autumn day!

There were old familiar faces about the platform, but none seemed to know mine. You see, they had never seen it before, nor my figure. I looked inches taller, and I carried myself in a different way.

There was no one to meet me, so Aunt Jessie hadn't given me away there, to Mother.

I checked my trunk and bag to the house, and old Tommy Martin, the baggagemen, blinked at me through his glasses when I gave him the address. I simply *knew* that he took his glasses off and rubbed his eyes and stared after me as I walked away.

I carried out my programme and walked home; down the main street, and along the familiar avenues, which were more or less deserted now. I met a few people, all of whom I knew; but none knew me, it seemed, though they turned to look after me.

And then, just across the avenue from home, as she came up a cross street, on her way home like me—*I met Cora.*

"Well, Cora!" I said; and held out a gloved hand. Though she didn't *look well;* I saw that at a glance. Indeed, she looked wretched. There were great dark rings under her eyes, and she looked positively *thin*. Over-powdered, of course, and the same carmined lips.

"Too much dancing and late hours and rushing 'somebody' around," I said to myself.

She stared at me in candid amazement with widening eyes, her lips parted. And suddenly the street arc lamp above us sparked and spluttered, and in its flood of uncompromising light I saw that not all Cora's powder or art could hide the badness of her skin (*Continued on page 42*)

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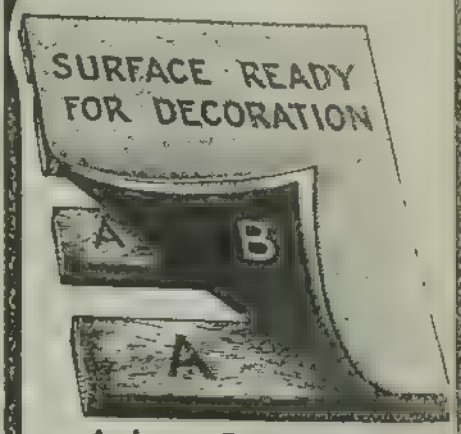

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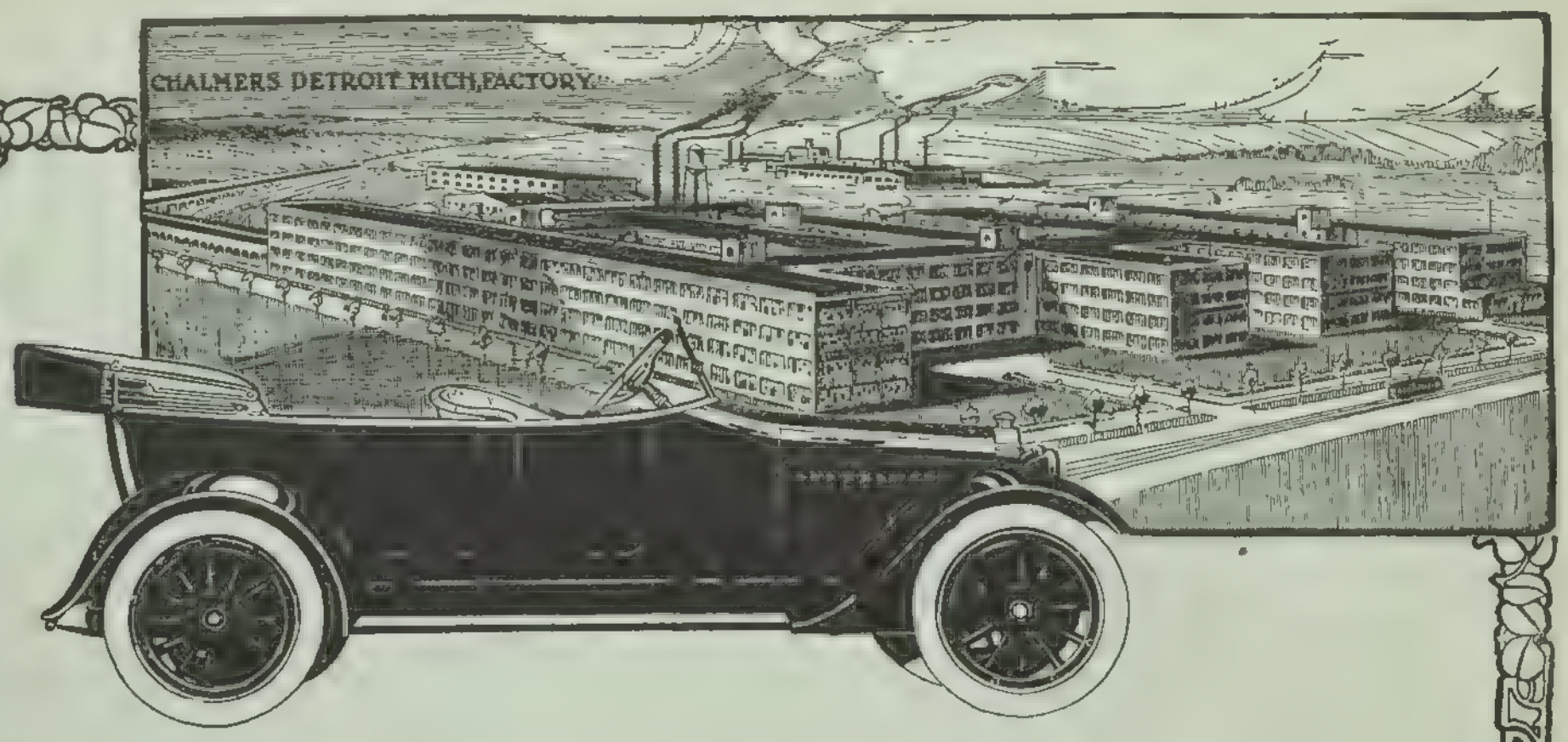

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The field of motordom choked with weeds. Luxury rode behind a Mogul engine in an upholstered truck.

Men were tired of motor extravagance. But, the supreme comfort of motoring came *not* with economy. Chalmers success—marvel of a decade—came from low-cost production of the car ideal.

Chalmers *saw* the *sensible* car—the sort of car a business man would drive. A car that would appeal to keen minds as a sound buy.

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Chalmers *built* the ideal car.

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Chalmers 6-30 5-passenger	*$1625.*
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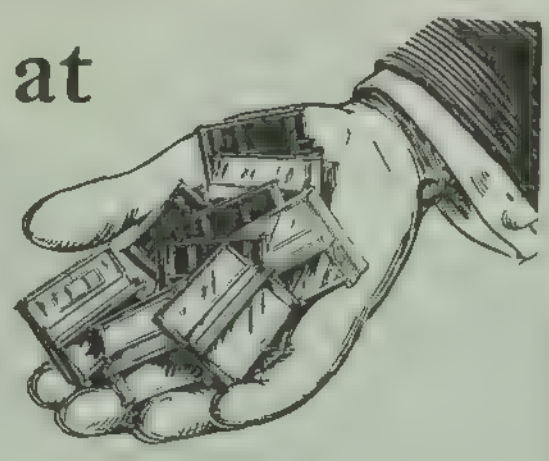
The Chalmers Motor Company of Canada, Limited, Walkerville, Ont.

CANADIAN Chalmers

Pianos at 3½ Cents A Piece



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What Goes to Make Up a Piano

When you think of a piano your mind generally pictures nothing but the exterior, or case. You touch a key and the tone comes forth, yet there are 79 separate pieces in the mechanism between the key and the hammer which strikes the string. As there are 88 notes in the piano, it means that 6,852 pieces are needed.

Then there are many delicate hair springs, back checks, dampers and lost motion absorbers. The hammers are made of different felts of the finest quality, forced into shape under tons of pressure. They must be hard as boards, yet retain the elasticity of the felt.

Scales differ, but there are 222 strings in a Sherlock-Manning piano, many of them wound with a separate wire and some wound twice. Also there is an average pull on each string of 175 to 200 pounds, or a total pull of 40,000 pounds on the 222 strings. Think how sturdy a piano must be built to withstand this terrific strain day in and day out, year after year.

In addition to all the separate pieces required to make up a piano, there are six or seven coats of varnish, a large quantity of glue, and many incidentals such as polishing, tuning, and the regulating and adjusting of the many parts.

Also it takes six months time to build a piano, while the wood used in the sounding board and some of the parts is seasoned from 3 to 5 years before being used—and all this for an average cost of 3½ cents a piece.

In computing the cost per individual piece in a player-piano, the figures are even more surprising. There are at least 30,000 separate pieces in a player and the average price is $750 or 2½ cents a piece. Surely a man must be a patient creature to put 30,000 pieces together so carefully and skilfully that they will produce the wonderful human-like effects of the modern player-piano, and he should be given credit for being modest in his demands when he offers these 30,000 pieces so combined and arranged and placed in a handsome case for an average of 2½ cents each.

Honestly now, after considering the above facts, don't you think a piano at from $350 to $500, or a player-piano at from $500 to $750, is remarkably cheap?

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THE SHERLOCK-MANNING PIANO COMPANY

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BY HER LOVE AND HATE

(*Continued from page 15.*)

his German self-sufficiency made him feel that there was such virtue in him, being willing to lawfully marry a woman of a conquered race, that his soul felt clothed, though in the sight of God. And perhaps, in the balance of the Eternal Law, his boyish pledge *was* counted unto him for righteousness.

His comrades found him in the morning, and the doctors told him he would not die, but that it would take months of careful nursing to save his leg. So they sent him to Monastir. And he still meant to keep his word and marry Milena. Mingled with an honest fear of God was the memory of those piles of household linen, and the taste of the jam. Even judged by German standards, Milena was all a woman should be, he thought, so she was not unworthy of his condescension. And then he was in Monastir again, lying in the white and blue parlour, and asking for Milena as a personal attendant, as well as for his own servant, Fritz. Von Rohn consented, with a sardonic smile, and Milena came.

SHE stood in the doorway, a ragged, work-worn woman, yet still with the fierce charm that had held Paol's imagination captive. Even among men who regarded their own women merely as "conveniences," she had escaped the fate that befell so many women in those dark years of Hun domination; for Von Rohn was not the only German who wanted Milena for more than a moment of low passion.

There was a pail of refuse in the room, and Milena went to lift it, but Paol spoke sharply:

"Fritz will see to that. Come here, Milena."

She came to the side of the bed where he lay, with his leg fast in plaster and splints, and in her eyes was a smouldering hate that was almost insanity. She had been a delicately nurtured girl, the graduate of a French college, who had come back to her Serbian home filled with the high ideals of the twentieth century. But slavery had made her mad. Like her Hun masters, the veneer of civilization had been stripped from her soul, and Paol could as easily have tamed a rage-crazed tiger with a few kind words, as he could win this woman who looked at him—as once the wife of Heber the Kenite looked at an invader of her land, who thought she was a neutral.

He took both her hands. "How rough they are!" he said with clumsy gallantry. "But never mind, you are not going to have any more hard work. You are to be my nurse, and Fritz will do anything unpleasant. Now, go to the alcove; there is water there, and clothes. Make yourself clean—and pretty—and then I have something to tell you."

Outside the window there were telegraph wires, and as the September wind passed, they sang eerily. Milena looked at them with a strange expression, then back at Paol. Her feminine instinct told her here was no strong brute of a German man, but only a foolish German boy who might be used as a tool by a woman whom desperation had robbed of all scruples.

"You are very kind, Herr Second Lieutenant Schmidt," she said meekly. "I shall change my dress, and then I shall cook you a dinner, and I know that when you taste it, you will say something very nice to me indeed."

She stepped behind the curtains into the alcove; there were toilet arrangements there, with clothes on a narrow camp bed; and a charcoal cooking stove, with its row of copper pots. But Milena only looked out of the window. It was at the corner of the house, screened from view by the branches of an oak; and had it been open, she could have reached out and touched the telegraph wires that passed there, with her hand. She stared at them with the eyes of a starving tiger.

"God! God!" she moaned. "My brothers are fighting in the mountains, and the unclean ones mock, saying they can never win through. I pray Thee grant that I may help them just once, before these beasts find me out and kill me."

Fritz brought her the materials she asked for; then he set the table for two. Von Rohn sat at it, and on the other side, Milena knelt, radiant in her white gown and scarlet girdle and apron, with the coins glittering in front of her white head dress. She was waiting on Paol more than was necessary, but the rich soup that she gave him was so good, that he never looked at her strangely quiet eyes. Then she went back to her stove to fetch the roast mutton. Von Rohn and Paol were both used to the stringy tastelessness of that common Serbian dish, but the Serbs, like the French, count cooking among the arts, and for the first time both men learned how a Serb woman can cook, when she loves and hates. The pastry and coffee that followed softened even Von Rohn's heart, and blunted his judgment, for a man's brain, as well as his affections, is easiest reached through his stomach. Milena had evidently surrendered to fate, and Germany, he thought. He believed, cynically, that to save her face she would yield to this boy first.

"Well, let her," he told himself. "Afterward I shall have the prettiest and best cook of any one in all our lines."

And Milena was sitting in the soft twilight alone with Paol; her hands lay passively in his, and her hard eyes looked hungrily at the humming wires outside. In modern colleges they teach the girls many things, and cooking and telegraphy had been Milena's "specials." She only half listened to his talk; his gush as he described the effect her pride and beauty had on him, and his assumption that she was quite ready now to bow down to his "divinely-appointed-to-dominate-the-world Germany," nauseated her. Only at his declaration, rather than offer of marriage, she looked down at him in some surprise.

"And now that you are my betrothed," he concluded, "you must let me put a sealing kiss upon those little lips."

She put her face down to his at once, but he did not find his pressure on the hard, drawn-in line of her lips at all satisfactory.

"Take care," he warned her angrily. "If you are cold and hateful toward me, I may have you thrown out on the streets again. Have you no womanly feelings, no gratitude, that you act like this to me, your benefactor?"

"Forgive me!" she said gently—it was too dark now for him to see her face. "You know you called me a poor maiden, and maidens are always shy at first with lovers. I shall never forget for a moment that you claimed my love because you are my benefactor. I cannot tell you all that is in my heart toward you just now, but before you leave Monastir you shall understand my feelings thoroughly."

Half satisfied, Paol patted her hands in the gloom. "You must not be afraid of me, little sweetheart," he said. "A German soldier is only terrible to those who hate his fatherland. I shall soon teach you to forget your foolish maiden fears and kiss me honestly. Then in November my leg will be strong enough to travel, and I shall go home for a long leave, and you shall go with me, little betrothed. We shall be married in my own town, but until then, we'll keep our betrothal secret; only do not fear that I shall try to be anything more to you than a brotherly protector. So many people misjudge the Germans these days; they do not understand the true tenderness of our hearts."

She rose to get a light and his supper, and as he ate blissfully, she took his Bible and read aloud the story of Jael and Sisera. Paol frowned. "That is not a Christian part of the Bible," he said severely. "I don't expect it is true; lots of those parts are not; and anyhow, I object to my betrothed reading them—my mother never does, I know."

But she carried away the empty dishes, chanting in her heart—"Blessed above women shall Jael the wife of Heber the Kenite be. He asked her for water, and she gave him milk. She brought forth butter in a lordly dish. She put forth her hand to the workman's hammer. She smote Sisera. At her feet he bowed, he fell dead."

All those weeks of the Autumn she fed and flattered him, letting him fondle her hands, and kiss her cheeks, but skilfully putting him off when he demanded the warm betrothal kiss from her. She listened with a sombre gleam in her eyes as he talked of German perfection, then coaxed him to open his field telegraphic kit, and show her how he worked. But he soon stopped that; he did not want a learned woman, he told her; she had best have no interests outside her children, church, and kitchen. He pinched her shoulder good humouredly as he spoke.

"Does mentioning children bring the maiden blushes, eh? Oh, I saw the little sweetheart hugging and kissing the baby that woman with the vegetables brought this morning."

She was not blushing, she was very pale, and for the first time he saw fear in her eyes. "That baby," she stammered. "You know the Major is pleased that the peasants are bringing in things all the time now. And this woman brought her baby. I didn't think—"

HE interrupted her with a loud laugh. "Now, what is the little sweetheart afraid of? I am pleased with you, good child, for I would not marry one of those cold women who refuse to have children. I was getting afraid you were one. But when you can kiss a baby like you did, I know I shan't have to wait much longer for my kiss."

He went downstairs then, for he could walk easily now, though his leg was not strong enough for active service. He expected to leave for home that day, to be petted and feted, and married to the lady of his boyish love. He was singing as he stood in the lower hall, but his song ended suddenly, as the house vibrated with the shock of a near-by explosion. Monastir had just received a shell from the nearing French and Serb batteries.

Outside there were noises of anger and confusion; then Von Rohn, with some other German and Bulgar officers, came in. The Germans were almost weeping with rage and grief that the impossible could happen—the Serbs could come back, and now held the hill position which commanded the city. Monastir must be evacuated at once. Germany must lose a part of her prestige. Stores that could not be destroyed must be left for the enemy. So the Germans grieved and raged; but the Bulgars only raged; there was black treason somewhere, they declared. The enemy could never have made the movements they had without a very accurate knowledge of their plans.

Very downcast at this German defeat, Paol went upstairs. He wanted Milena to sympathize with him, and because he could hear loud splutterings on her stove, he parted the curtains, and looked in. The fire noises were there to mask any other sounds she might make, as she

stood at the window tapping the wires with nstruments stolen from his kit.

He flung himself on her, gripping her wrists as he dashed her against the wall. "You traitor ess! You she-devil!" he hissed.

"You fool!" she hissed back at him, her eyes blazing.

She threw back her head with a burst of half insane laughter. "You fool!" she jeered. "To think that the wife of Georg Popovitch, whom men call Vouk (Wolf) because of the way he wars on you in the mountains, could ever be your slave, you low brute!"

His hold of her wrists slacked. "You! You! My little maiden sweetheart, a man's wife!" he gasped.

She was angry with herself because the dumb reproach in his eyes made her ashamed, and she said fiercely: "Georg Popovitch taught in the college here, until he was called out for a soldier. He escaped with our army, but I stayed with his sick mother, though Ljubitza took my baby across to Greece. You saw her when she brought him back for me to see him, before you found me out and killed me. Because you kept me here, Georg became a wolf-fighter against you, and I took the chance which you, you little fool, gave me to learn your plans. I sent them on by the peasants who brought vegetables. You trusted me as Sisera did Jael, and I hurt you as she did him."

He had forgotten wars and army honour, and only said stupidly—it was the only thing he could think of—"Then you never loved me?"

"Love you!" she cried. "Listen, German fool, and understand, if you can. The Allies' politicians may make a political peace with you. The men you have fought with might forget enmity—if you had not warred on women. In every land where you have fought, we women will teach our children before they are born, to loathe you, even to ten generations. You German fool! We would as soon take dogs for our mates as men of your blood."

He might have faced her hate, but the loathing in her eyes struck even through his German self-conceit, and he shrank back, sick to his soul.

"Go away," he said thickly. "Go to the attic. Say your prayers. I must tell them about you and they will shoot you; but go away now."

She obeyed; and he sat down, covering his face with his hands. He had thought, like the masses of Germany, that the hate of their enemies was a mixture of envy and fear, and he regarded both as homage to German superiority. But now he forgot the hurt Milena had done to his vanity and love, because her eyes had shown him that those who hated Germany and Germans hated them as they did vermin. The peace he had dreamed of would never come, for women like Milena would not allow their men to sheathe their swords, until they—or Germany—were extirpated. He groaned aloud.

MEN were in the blue and white room—Von Rohn and other Germans. They tore the curtains down, trampling them under foot as they rushed at him. He had risen respectfully, but with savage oaths they beat at his face with their fists. Blinded by his flowing blood, and half stunned, he staggered against the wall, wondering if they were punishing him for loving Milena. Then he heard Von Rohn shout:

"Lock the doors; no one must know! Gott in Himmel! To think of a German officer being a traitor! We must finish him ourselves in here. This comes of letting workmen's sons take the positions of gentlemen. I suppose he is one of those damned Socialists."

Paol opened his mouth to say he was as loyal to his country as they—indeed perhaps more so, for, beaten like a dog, and threatened with murder, he was still docile enough to German discipline to feel that it was his first duty to denounce Milena—but before he could speak, Von Rohn had knocked him down, stunning him for the minute, while he shouted to him to tell instantly what he had been given for his treason.

The boy lay in a motionless heap on Milena's couch, and the insane Von Rohn pointed to the stove, with its glowing charcoal coals.

Paol came back to consciousness in pain beyond description. He writhed under the savage hands that held him down, and then, gone mad, he shrieked Milena's scornful words at them:

"Every land where you have fought, women will teach their children before they are born to loathe you. They will mate with dogs as soon as with you. You will never have peace, never!"

Von Rohn put his revolver to the boy's head—and Paol Schmidt, German, had found death, and also salvation.

. . . . . .

The Greeks and Turks, who formed a large part of Monastir's population, looked out from behind their iron shutters as the first of the French Scouts came riding in. They had found Hun rule harder to live under than Serb, and so little Serb flags fluttered out from every lattice, while garlands of late autumn flowers were thrown down for the necks of the horses.

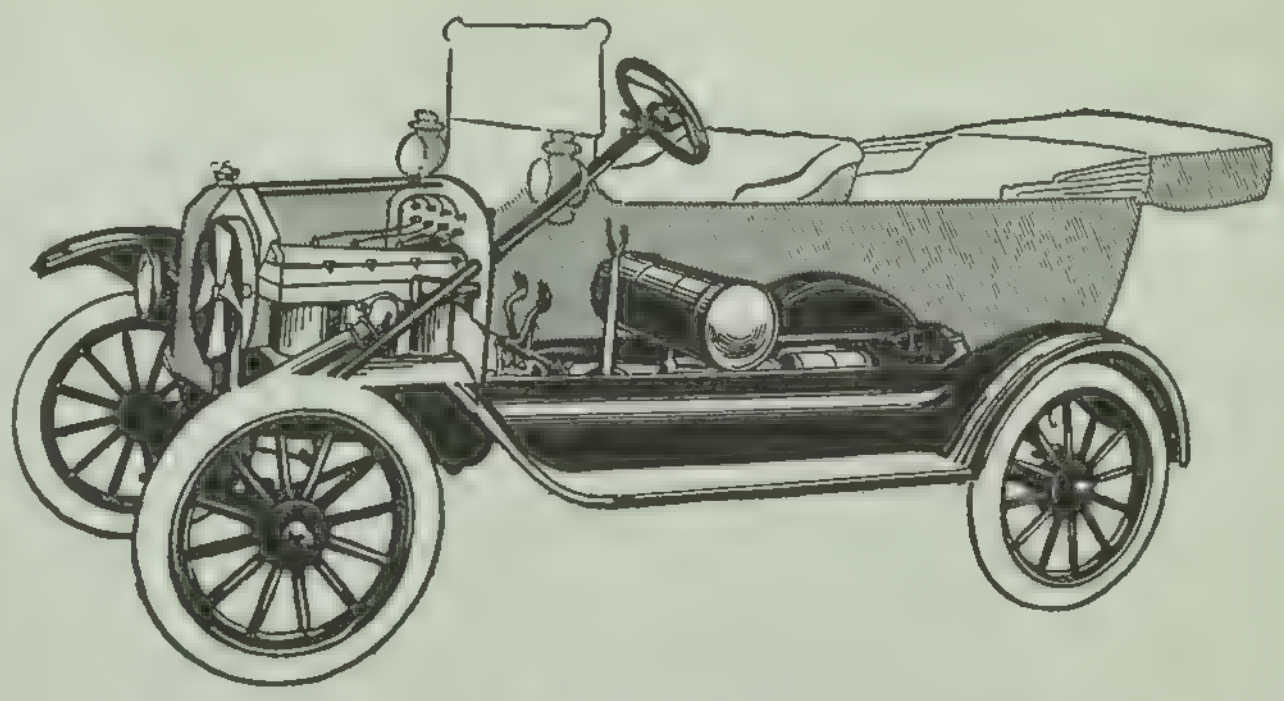
Beside the French captain rode a stern-eyed, tall young Serb—Georg Popovitch, whom war, as waged by the Hun, had transformed from a suave college professor to a reckless captain of irregulars.

They stopped at the house where Paol had met Milena. It seemed quite empty, as Georg and the French officer entered. Then some one came down the stairs, and Milena was in her husband's arms.

"I saw them all go but him, the boy—who—who was kind to me," she said breathlessly.

They went up to the blue and white room, and the Frenchman, in front, said sharply, "Don't let madam see."

But she pushed past him, to kneel by the dead boy. "He never told them that it was I who did it," she sobbed; then as the two men looked down at her with their heads uncovered, she kissed the dead bruised lips with a passion of gratitude and repentance for all that she had said to him. And she believed that the dead boy knew.



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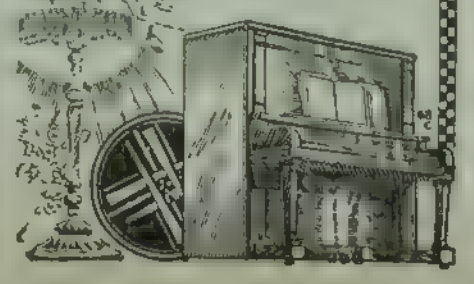

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THE ROMANCE OF GROWING SLENDER ON THREE MEALS A DAY

(*Continued from page 38*)

since I had seen her last. And so we stood, in frank inspection of each other. And I felt *sorry* for her.

"Whatever have you done to yourself, and wherever have you been?" she said at last, as she slowly gave me a limp hand, while I stood smiling. "Have you been—very ill?"

"Awfully!" I said, laughing. She started again at my laughter, at the tone of it. But I had grown accustomed to it myself, now. "However, I'm picking up."

"Why, you look—" She stopped, biting her lips.

"Dreadful, I know!" I agreed; and laughed again. I felt, somehow, I could afford to laugh a little now. "But I'm back home, Cora, at last, and I'll be all right. Going in to shock the folks now. See you later!" And I nodded, and went blithely across the avenue, with my swagger sport coat on my arm, leaving her standing there, biting her rouged lip and staring.

But in my heart a little bird was singing; for I had seen her left hand—ungloved.

It was not till *very* late that evening that I learned from Mother what had been the matter with Cora. She had been over-eating and taking some outrageous nostrum *in an endeavour to get fat!*

I went up our walk to the house, crossed the verandah, and on into the dining-room, where they were at tea.

"Well!" I exclaimed, as I marched in,—for they didn't know my step—and threw my sport coat across a chair. They started at my voice, with the new ring in it; and then sat staring, petrified. "Where was the band to bray the little girl home?"

. . . . . .

I DON'T know whether you'll think there's anything more of real consequence to tell. It was Mother, I guess, who 'phoned to let him know. I had strolled down the walk to the gate, and was leaning on it, when suddenly he appeared around the opposite corner, where Cora and I had stood, and came hurriedly across the avenue

And as I looked, through sudden tears, I realized that I had never dreamed that he could look so fine to me.

For he was a Soldier of the King now; an officer in khaki.

He stood, the gate between us, gazing down at me in his grave, yet whimsical, way. But if ever a woman was flattered by a man's eyes, I was then. For there were frank astonishment and delight and pride in his.

I looked up at him bravely, with that clutch in the throat, that was more than half joy, and fighting back those tears. But there was something in his gaze now that made my own glance flutter and fall.

"You're—you're very rude!" I managed to say. "Staring like that!' And not saying a word! What are you looking at me for, if you don't know me at all, Captain Miles?"

"I'm looking at a brave and very beautiful girl, Bella," he said in his low voice. "And I know that she is the woman I've wanted all the while." My arms were still on the gate; and he took my hands, and raised them to his lips.

"Aren't you going to let me in?" he whispered. "I want to ask you to be my wife; and I can't—so well—with a closed gate between us, Dear."

. . . . . .

"Won't you have a chocolate?" I asked, an hour or two later. "I never even opened the box, you tempter! And you and Mother and Dad may have them all now, Garry."

WILL MY BOY BE A MINISTER?

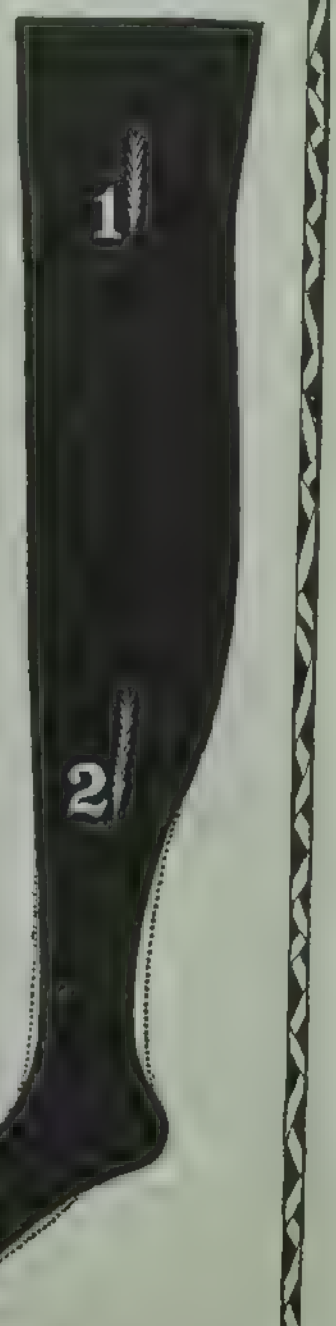
(*Continued from page 28*)

4. Height, without shoes.
5. Measure, from tip to tip of fingers with arms outstretched.
6. Size of head around the base just above the ears, the largest circumference, in inches.
7. Colour of hair; send sample if possible.
8. Colour of skin.
9. Does his skin burn? Freckle? Tan?
10. Colour of eyes.
11. Is the edge of the iris (coloured part of the eye) darker than the rest?
12. Is the iris dark or whitish next the pupil?
13. Are there any spots or peculiar markings in the iris?
14. Is his general health good?
15. Has he good teeth?
16. Does he have headaches?
17. Indigestion?
18. Colds?
19. Fevers?
20. Has he had any serious illnesses?
21. Does he get along well at school?
22. What is his grade?
23. Is he considered quick or slow in classes?
24. What subjects does he like best?
25. What studies does he find most difficult?
26. What does he read?
27. What are his favourite games?
28. Has he any bad habits?
29. What do you consider his worst faults?
30. What do you consider his best qualities?
31. Does he resemble his father or mother?
32. What does he want to be when he grows up?
33. For what do you think he will be best fitted?
34. What should you most like him to be?

Write your answers to these questions on a separate paper, numbering each answer to correspond with the question number. Write your name and address plainly, and enclose a three-cent stamp. Address your letter to Professor A. B. Farmer, Psychological Expert, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto.

The Newest Idea In Hosiery

We paid a big sum to obtain new and improved machines to knit seamless, full-fashioned hosiery—the most up-to-date in the world. We control these machines—no others can use them.



Mercury Hosiery

knitted on these new machines has the narrow ankle that fits without a wrinkle—something that women have long wanted in Canadian-made hosiery. We get this by fashioning the hose at the sides (see 2 in the picture).

The toe also is perfectly turned and fits without a wrinkle (see 3).

The dotted lines at toe and ankle show how much wider ordinary hosiery is.

No. 1 at the top shows the fashioning here which makes the hosiery more elastic and comfortable at this point.

Made in Black Cashmere, Black Lisle, White Lisle, of the finest finish and quality.

Ask your dealer to show you this new "Mercury" hosiery.

Mercury Mills, Limited, Hamilton, Canada

Also makers of high grade hosiery for men and underwear for men, women and children

51

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it likes the Chicks

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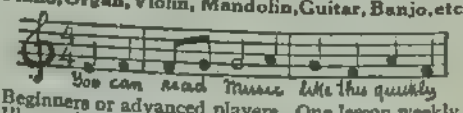

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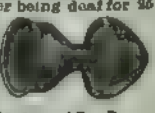

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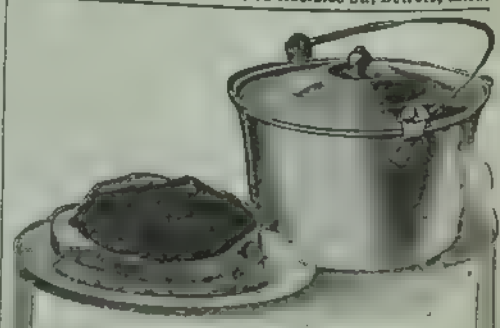

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WINDSOR KETTLE

Heat the empty kettle over a low flame; sear the roast on all sides; then turn down the fire to a mere flicker. Turn the meat when half done. Thus a "Wear-Ever" kettle reduces both your fuel and meat bills.

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FOR ONLY 25c

(stamps or coin) and the coupon, we will send you this regular one-quart (wine-measure) Stewpan on or before June 20, 1917.

Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"

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Send prepaid, 1 qt (wine-measure) "WEAR-EVER" stewpan. Enclosed is 25c in stamps or coin—to be refunded if not satisfied. Offer good until June 20, 1917, only.

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MAKING THE HENS LAY

Right, Practical, Valuable Help from an Expert Poultry Man

By N. C. CAMPBELL, B.S.A.

"WHAT'LL make hens lay?"

Of course any old hen that is worth anything at all will be laying by this time of the season. This is the natural laying season. Everything in nature is coming into life. The grass is getting green. The sun is starting the buds on the trees. The insects are coming back again and are hatching out from eggs that have been dormant through the winter. The hens are happy all day long, for there is plenty of green things for them to eat, lots of exercise for them to take; there are worms and insects for them to get, plenty of water for them to drink, and they will pick up grit and other matter from the earth for grinding their food. It is their natural laying season! Certainly they ought to lay!

Looking Into Mistakes

Let us look back over the past winter and see if we can discover just why the hens did not lay. We can then take a look ahead in prospect of the coming winter, and if we are to be satisfied with their production, then we ought now to make sure that the hens will lay well next winter—just when we want the eggs, at the time when prices are high.

It was my good fortune recently to meet in with Mr. J. W. Clark, of Brant Co., Ont., who had just concluded an eight weeks' lecturing and demonstrating tour with the Agricultural Demonstration cars from the Ontario Department of Agriculture. He had been travelling and stopping at all local points in Western Ontario, and giving of his practical, successful poultry experience to any and all who came to see. I pumped Mr. Clark for some of his more valuable ideas which he had discovered regarding poultry, such ideas as I could pass on for the benefit of the readers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD who have or have not heard Mr. Clark lecture on this fascinating subject.

The Uppermost Question

He said, "The first question that the farmers put to me invariably is, 'What'll make the hens lay?'

"Then I start to question them. I ask them:

"'Is there any moisture in your house? Do you notice any frost on the walls? If so, you can be sure that this moisture is one reason why your hens will not lay.'

"Too close confinement is another reason why the hens won't lay. They need exercise and fresh air to keep them in the best of good bodily health and vigour; otherwise there will be no eggs forthcoming.

Getting Hen's Eggs vs. Cow's Milk

"Next, I ask the farmers what they are feeding to make their hens lay. 'Are you giving your hens any animal food to take the place of worms and bugs which they would naturally pick up in the summertime, which is their natural laying feed? Are you giving them any green food?'

"Then I go on to explain to them that green succulent food is as necessary to the hens as silage or succulent food is to the dairy cow. I explain also that animal food is as necessary to the hen for egg production as is grain and high protein food to a dairy cow for milk production. I point out to them that of course a cow will give some milk on ordinary hay and straw. So also may we expect a hen to lay eggs in lesser numbers on indifferent feed. But if we want to get maximum production, we must supply the ingredients from which the eggs can be produced.

Hens Lay Out in Cold

"It is taking some people a long time to learn that hens will not lay well in warm, stuffy houses," continued Mr. Clark. "Many a farmer has spoken to me with disgust at the fact that his hens, which were roosting out in the trees, or in an old wood or implement shed, were laying, while the main flock, which he had carefully housed in a nice warm building, would not lay at all.

"This situation is exactly what one could expect. It has been demonstrated time and time again that a warm house is not at all necessary for winter egg production; in fact, it is a disadvatage when winter eggs are desired.

"The month of May is a little too late for hatching chickens from which to develop pullets for early winter laying. The earlier hatched pullets are the ones that will develop into layers, producing eggs when prices are high.

"It is a remarkable fact that the later hatched pullets do not seem to be able to catch up to their earlier hatched sisters in the matter of egg production later on in the year—during the summer. All of the eggs that we get before Christmas or before January seem to be just that many to the good. Obviously, then, it is worth while to have the chickens hatched out previous to May if we are counting on satisfactory egg production."

Egg-Making Feeds

As to the feeding of the laying hens and the poultry in general, Mr. Clark remarked that it is surprising how few farmers there are who really know anything about beef scrap or animal meal, which are manufactured especially for feeding poultry, and which are as necessary in the ration for laying hens as grain and clover are in the ration of the high-producing milk cow.

Buttermilk or sour milk is a good substitute for other animal food. Professor Graham, of the Poultry Department at the Ontario Agricultural College, has discovered that hens, when fed on buttermilk or sour milk, all they will eat or drink, will lay two eggs on such a ration to every one egg that they will lay without the milk. The buttermilk or sour milk seems to fit right into the digestive economy of the hens. Sweet milk has not the same effect; in fact, to the contrary, it is highly dangerous to feed sweet milk on account of its being such a good medium for the propagation of disease germs, which affect poultry and may, through the sweet milk, be widely spread from a sick individual to other members of the flock.

Clover leaves may take the place of green food; they may also take the place of bran. The clover leaves have almost the same analysis in protein as has bran.

Practically every farmer has clover; but farmers don't seem to think of it for their poultry.

How to Feed Clover

The best way to feed the clover leaves is to prepare a rack of one inch mesh wire netting, which may be attached to the wall so that it will bag out enough to hold the clover leaves like a rack. The hens will pick the clover leaves from this rack and not waste it, as they would were the leaves scattered on the floor or fed in the feeding troughs.

Summing up the poultry situation, Mr. Clark says there are five points to keep constantly in mind:

1. Secure a laying strain of the breed you want. It is a demonstrated fact that certain strains or families of any one breed are much more heavy producers than any other strains or families not bred or selected especially for egg production.

2. It is important that the chickens be hatched early; if possible, before May, for winter layers.

3. The housing. There must be no moisture in the house. It must be well ventilated and free from draught, and there should be "no smell of hens."

4. The feeding. Pullets must be kept separate from the older stock, because they require more feed, since they are not yet mature, and enough feed for the pullets will be too much for and will fatten the older hens. Suitable feed, containing the right ingredients from which eggs may be produced, is of course necessary.

5. Lastly comes the matter of care. A great deal depends upon this point. Regular attention from a careful, painstaking, interested individual is quite essential to the success of poultry.

Dangers in Back Yard Poultry

Last month in these columns of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD I dealt in particular with backyard poultry keeping. On talking over this matter with Mr. Clark, he advised against attempting to raise any number of chickens in a back yard if the chickens were later to be developed into winter layers. There is danger of low vitality amongst (*Continued on next page*)

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stands every test. Made by the open hearth process, all the impurities are burned out of the metal, thus removing one of the greatest causes of rust. The wire is also galvanized so thoroughly that it will not flake, chip or peel off. Every intersection of the wires in our farm and poultry fence is locked together with our Peerless lock. While these locks

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hold the wires securely together, yet this fence can be readily adjusted and perfectly stretched over uneven ground. It's easily erected and on account of heavy, stiff stays used, few posts are required.

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There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

"Here is the Nerve Food I know that will help you."

Malnutrition

Failure to get the good of the food you eat.

It is not what you eat, but what you eat, digest and absorb, that counts in keeping up the health and vigor of the human body. If you are not getting the benefit of the food you eat you should suspect the nervous system, for the nerves control the flow of the gastric juices of the stomach and the other chemical fluids of the digestive system which effect the digestion of starches, fats, etc.

Especially at this season of the year digestion lags, appetite fails, you do not get the good of the food you eat and vitality is consequently lowered. You feel the effects in loss of energy and ambition, feelings of fatigue come over you and you lack in courage and good cheer.

Eating more will not help you, for you must have nourishment in an easily assimilated condition so that it may be taken up by the blood stream without effort. In short, you need such assistance as is best afforded by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

By using this food cure you enrich the blood and supply nourishment directly to the starved nervous system. The nerves which control the process of digestion are invigorated, digestion is improved, appetite sharpened, and gradually you are restored to health and vigor.

This is Nature's way. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food supplies the elements and the processes of Nature convert these elements into new, rich blood and new nerve force. You cannot fail to be benefited by such treatment, and the results obtained are lasting.

50 cents a box, 6 for $2.50, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Do not be talked into accepting a substitute. Imitations disappoint.

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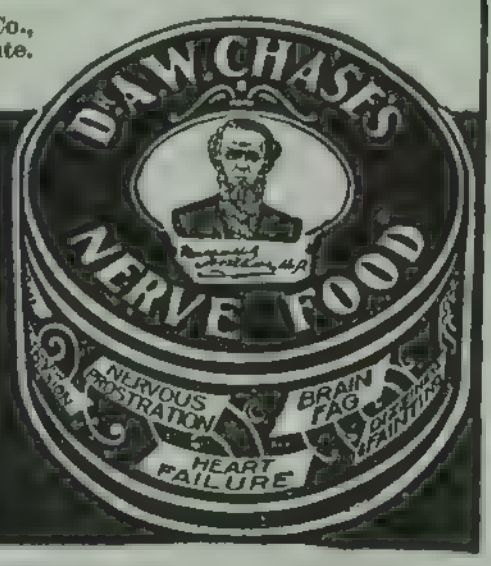

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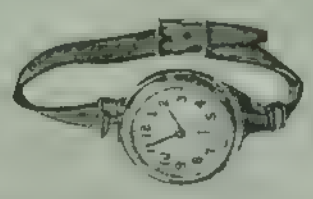
Just think girls we will give you all these grand presents absolutely without cost. First The Big Beautiful Fairy Palace Doll House, so big and roomy that it will hold a whole family of dolls; then a real Wash Set of 14 pieces, consisting of wash tub, wash board, wringer, iron and stand, big clothes basket, clothes line and a little case full of dolly clothes-pegs; then you get a five-piece baking set, and the cute little French bisc baby doll that you'll just love. Next comes baby doll's lovely enamelled bed with its canopy and the beautiful baby doll carriage you see above, handsome as can be with its fine parasol and bright metal finish. Last but not least, every girl can get the lovely big "Princess Pat" dressed doll—over 18 inches high. It's a "made in Canada" beauty, with unbreakable head and she is dressed completely from head to foot, real shoes, stockings, underwear, etc., and she has many different styles of dresses.

GIRLS—Write to-day and we will send you Free a big sample package of Fairy Berries, the lovely new Cream Candy Coated Breath Perfume. We want you to try them and learn how delicious they are. With your sample we will send just 30 handsome big packages to introduce among your friends at only 10c each. That is easy. Open your sample package and ask everyone to try a Fairy Berry. Everyone just loves them—they perfume the breath, purify the mouth and leave a delightful lasting fragrance. Everyone takes a package and two at once, so you will sell them all very quickly. Then return our money only, $3.00, and we will promply send you the big Doll House, complete wash set, baking set, baby doll, doll bed, doll carriage, just as you see them, and the lovely big "Princess Pat" doll you will also receive for simply showing your grand presents among your friends and getting only three of them to sell Fairy Berries and earn our lovely premiums as you did.

Write to-day girls—We arrange to stand payment of all delivery charges on your presents and if you can't sell all the breathsets we will take them back and give you presents for what you do sell.

Address THE FAIRY BERRY COMPANY, DEPT. B. 2 TORONTO, ONT., 15a



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EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

TORONTO, ONT.

CANADIAN WOMEN OPPOSED TO CONSCRIPTION

(*Continued from page 19*)

opportunity to say so.—*Miss N. V. F., Sussex, N.B.*

Conscription is needed to regulate fairly the enlistment, and force shirkers to either go or work at agricultural or other necessary work at soldier's wages. Yet I think it would be a calamity to take young men who own their farms and who would have to desert them in order to go.—*Mrs. B. C. A., Bruce Co., Ont.*

We need our boys at home.—*Mrs. J. G., Pelto, Ont.*

We did not have to force men out by Conscription; they went of their own free will, and went gladly. I have a brother in the trenches, and a good many friends there also, facing death.—*Miss B. S., Campbellton, N.B.*

If such a thing were to be forced, it would be very unfortunate for the provinces where so many men have gone. In the west men are so scarce, it will be very hard to get crops off and also to get seeding done.—*Mrs. F. V., Walsh, Alta.*

I was well pleased with Miss Laura Hughes and her address. I think this is a great movement.—*Mrs. P. D. MacM., Stirling, Ont.*

Do not see why more women should not be given a chance to vote on this question, and not only the subscribers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD.—*Mrs. J. A. L., Amherst, Ont.*

We hear men express themselves by saying, "When Conscription comes in force, we'll go." They should be made to go and be made men. My only son is in France, a Province of Quebec boy, though enlisting in Ontario.—*Mrs. W. B., Belleville, Ont.*

Our country protects us in times of peace, as well as war. In such times as this we should be compelled to defend it in whatever way seems best to those in charge of affairs. Every bit of commercial life should be enrolled by the Government at this time.—*Miss M. O. P., Kirkton, Ont.*

There are many young men in smaller places who are really doing nothing but playing cards and lying around all day, going home to eat what their fathers have earned, and it is a shame. How much more good they could be doing! There are also a lot of young married men, some with one of a family and others with none, who could go, too.—*Mrs. G. W., Westport, Ont.*

Why should my brave boy be suffering all sorts of hardships in the trenches again this year, and a cowardly slacker holding his position at nearly double the pay? I think if we soldier-boys' mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts had their right, we would have Conscription at once. It is the only fair way to settle it.—*Mrs. G. H., Kingston, Ont.*

If Canada did her duty, she would send some of these men that have been here all last fall training and are here yet. If they were to send them to France and let those who have been there since the outbreak of War come home and rest, and send these off, they would only be doing right.—*Miss N. M., Sarnia, Ont.*

Canada does not need her men for the farms or for munition work; the women can do just as well. The women of England have given their men freely and gladly and are doing the work themselves. So can the women of Canada, if they only choose to. Those women who sign against Conscription are not only helping the Germans, but are false to their King and Country.—*Mrs. B. M., Sarnia, Ont.*

MAKING THE HENS LAY

(*Continued from preceding page*)

pullets raised in a limited back lot. Much better individuals can be raised on unlimited range out on a farm.

Mr. Clark's advice is to raise chickens if you want to have the fun of raising them in your back yard, but count on killing these for your own table or selling them and getting other stock next fall to keep for your winter layers.

"If I were keeping poultry in a back yard, village, town, or city lot, I would count on getting the earliest pullets that I could buy," affirmed Mr. Clark. "I would get them next fall when the farmers were selling off their poultry.

"A house suitable for twenty-five to thirty hens can be built by any one in a back yard lot at a cost not exceeding $10.00, even if a carpenter's services are used.

Substitutes for Glass

"I do not advise using any glass. We can save this expense, and the house is better without the glass.

"The door, as well as the windows, may be covered with an open, porous cloth, preferably cheesecloth, through which the air can circulate freely. The light, of course, comes through the cloth also, and this is what we want in the hen house—lots of air and lots of light."

Again I would remind my readers of the Information Bureau at the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, from which every last interesting detail may be had on poultry—free for the asking. No need even to put a postage stamp on your letter in this case! Merely mark it, "O.H.M.S." Get the information. Use it. Be patriotic. And as well make a profit this year—as you can—from poultry, of which the country needs greater and greater quantities than have ever been produced.

MARRIAGE LAWS SHOULD BE MADE MORE STRINGENT

(Continued from page 37)

it, and it is the only contract which will not be rescinded, no matter how gross the misrepresentations which induced it. A man may have represented to his future wife that he was physically fit and sound in every respect, or that he was of temperate habits, or that his financial position was such that he is able to care for her and for his future children. These representations may all have been false, and the wife may have discovered them to be so within a week after the ceremony; yet this affords no ground whatever for the dissolution of the marriage.

What has already been said contains a fair presentation of the present law of marriage. It remains to be seen what are some of the consequences which have resulted from such conditions and to ascertain whether any feasible alterations in the law would result in their improvement.

Diseased Persons Marry

The first interest of the State should be that every person who contemplates marriage should be mentally, morally and physically fit. Without going into details, it is enough to say that the law pays little or no attention to any of these requisites. In the Province of Ontario at the present time there are nearly eight thousand persons who are feeble-minded. In addition to these there are a large number of epileptics and an enormously large number of persons who are suffering from venereal diseases which peculiarly unfit them for marriage, and which are bound to bring suffering and disease on their spouses and their children. There are others who, by reason of tuberculosis and other diseases, to say the least, ought not to marry. There is nothing at the present time in any province of Canada to prevent any of these persons marrying some one who is entirely ignorant of their physical and mental condition. Those who are feeble-minded are in almost every case likely to have more children than normal persons, and such children are bound to be mentally far below the average intelligence. Those who are diseased venereally are bound to have diseased offspring. More than this, it is possible under our present law that a man who suffers from tuberculosis may marry a perfectly healthy woman, infect her with the disease, and, in the event of her death, marry a second wife whom he also infects; and he may keep this up so long as he can procure a wife, and himself remain alive; nor is there anything to prevent a young man of eighteen, an epileptic subject, from marrying a girl of sixteen who is feeble-minded, provided the consent of their parents can be obtained, the parents possibly not knowing of the existence of such conditions, or in any event, not appreciating their probable consequences. All this is of importance to the country and to the community, and it is surely time to consider whether we may not, by appropriate legislation, do something to ensure that these conditions will not persist.

No one would suggest that legislation, however well framed, would entirely do away with present evils, nor that it would ensure that all those marrying are entirely fit to do so. We might do well, too, to take warning from some of the abortive attempts that have been made in other countries to improve conditions, and whose failure has been due either to the fact that the legislation attempted too much or because it was not well framed for the purpose in view. In the State of Wisconsin a law has been recently enacted, providing that no resident of that state shall marry without a certificate from a physician that he is free from certain diseases which are mentioned in the act. The act has been severely criticised, and possibly with reason, partly because by fixing an absurdly low fee for the examining physician it places a premium on hasty and inconclusive examinations. Then, too, even though the physician be honest and conscientious, the proper tests cannot be made except by a specialist, and in consequence the act really results in legalizing the marriage of diseased persons. The proper form which such an act should take cannot be too carefully considered, but at least nothing but good would come from the requirement that persons applying for a marriage license should be examined by a physician appointed and paid by the Government, who should have no financial interest in the result of the examination, and who should be authorized to make a full disclosure of the result of the examination to the other party to the proposed marriage; and further, that in case the examination disclosed a defective mental condition, the marriage should be prohibited altogether, and where there is disease, communicable and hereditary, it should be prohibited until the disease be cured.

Where a Fifteen Year Old May Make a Contract

It is worthy of observation that if any person of the age of sixteen years were to make a bargain for the purchase of a horse or a cow, the law would come to their assistance, and, if they desired, would let them out of their bargain, because it is considered that persons at the age of sixteen are not competent to make such contracts; but let them enter into the marriage contract at the age of fourteen, and they remain bound A woman who at the age of twenty has entered into a contract for the purchase of land worth perhaps one hundred dollars can, if she choose to invoke the law, become absolutely free from her obligation; but should she, at the age of fifteen, contract a marriage with a man who is diseased or feeble-minded, she is absolutely bound until such time as death releases her.

(Continued on page 58)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING SECTION

SOMETHING HERE MAY INTEREST YOU

THESE LITTLE ADVERTISEMENTS ARE CLASSIFIED FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

AGENTS AND SALESMEN WANTED

IF YOU CAN keep ten boys busy selling an ideal dime article, write A. Powell, Lancaster, Ont.

AGENTS WRITE for free circular. P. W. Brown, Winkler, Man.

EVERY WOMAN wants our one Hand Automatic Beater and Cream Whip because of its every day usefulness. Built to satisfy; guaranteed to satisfy. Send to-day and try one. 25c. postpaid. Refunded if unsatisfactory. Men and women can profitably handle our goods. Write for information. Freer Mfg. Co., 500 Main St., Foster, Que.

MRS. COPE, MACGRATH, ALBERTA, cleared $102.00 in four days. Sold to every home in Macgrath. You can do as well. Fine territory open for live agents. Catalogue and terms free on request. Perfection Sanitary Brush Co., 1118 Queen St. W., Toronto, Ont. Only manufacturers in Canada.

PARENTS—DO YOU WANT to win some nice premiums for the youngsters or for yourselves? Or better still, let the children earn their own pocket money. Write to us for a catalogue and list of articles for sale. Don't send any money. Colonial Art Co., Desk C, Toronto.

ARTICLES FOR SALE

SWEEPER-VAC, PERFECT vacuum cleaner and carpet sweeper combined. Removes all dirt in or under carpet and all threads, lint, etc., from top. Operated by hand like ordinary carpet sweeper, yet is easier and more powerful than electric. $9 50, $12.50, $15.00. Borrow one from us for five days free. Write Dominion Sales Co., 368 Yonge St., Toronto. Agents wanted; unusually good proposition.

ARTICLES WANTED

THE ONE BEST OUTLET for farm produce, non-fertile eggs, poultry, separator butter. Write Gunns, Ltd., 78 Front St., East, Toronto.

WE PAY CASH FOR OLD false teeth. Value 50c. to $5.00, satisfaction guaranteed. Canadian Refining Co., Imperial Bank Bldg., Toronto.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

FREE FOR SIX MONTHS.—My special offer to introduce my magazine, "Investing for Profit." It is worth $10 a copy to any one who has not acquired sufficient money to provide necessities and comforts for self and loved ones. It shows how to become richer quickly and honestly. Investing for Profit is the only progressive financial journal and has the largest circulation in America. It shows how $100 grows to $2,200; write now and I'll send it six months free. H. L. Barber, 560, 20 W. Jackson Boulevard, Chicago.

"HOW I CAN BUILD Business in Canada," is the title of a leaflet, containing letters from a few of our advertisers in this section. It tells of the results received; sent gladly on request. Classified Advertising Dept., EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto.

BABY OUTFITS

BABIES' BEAUTIFUL SOFT ROBES—and complete outfits. Everything required for the mother and child. Write for prices. Mrs. A. Wolfson, 37 Henry St., Toronto.

FAMILY REMEDIES

A GUARANTEED REMEDY.—Dr. Henderson's Herb Tablets; natural cure for Rheumatism, Constipation, Eczema, Kidney, Liver and Stomach Troubles. 3 months' treatment for $1.00 postpaid. Henderson Herb Co., 173 Spadina Ave., Toronto. Agents wanted, exclusive territory.

PINK EYE is epidemic in the Spring. Murine Eye Remedy affords reliable relief. Apply Murine patiently and persistently.

FLOWER SEEDS

FLOWER SEEDS. SPECIAL OFFER. Our Gem collection contains 1 pkt. each of Sweet Alyssum, Sweet Mignonette, Climbing Morning Glory, Dwarf Nasturtium, Mixed Wild Flowers, Phlox Drummondii, Shirley Poppy, Mixed Sweet Peas. Postpaid anywhere in Canada for 25c. with free 100-page Seed Book. Kenneth McDonald & Sons, Ltd., Dept. 2, Ottawa, Ont.

HELP WANTED—MALE

MONEY MADE BY intelligent persons in leisure hours corresponding for newspapers. Particulars free. Press Syndicate, 930, Lockport, N.Y.

RETURNED SOLDIERS or others looking for a light, easy, healthy and very profitable position. Whole or spare time. Write quick. Alfred Tyler, Dept. B., London, Canada.

START A BUSINESS OF your own. Can be handled in spare time. Only small investment required. Send to-day for free booklet. Niagara, Box 928, Lockport, N.Y.

WANTED—ENERGETIC young man or young woman to look after new and renewal subscriptions in exclusive territory. Apply Desk 75, Circulation Dept., Everywoman's World, Toronto.

$25 WEEKLY—Collecting Names and Addresses. Send Stamp Superba Co., 5 Baltimore, Md.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE

A LADY UNDERTAKES to send useful boys, age 15 to 16, for farms to married farmers; highest references to farmers, etc., in every part of Canada; references exchanged. Mrs. Thomas, 6 Stonor Road, Kensington, London W., England. Mrs. Thomas informs her clients she is sending boys only at present.

A RARE OPPORTUNITY.—Comfortable living, home sewing, plain cloth seams. Any sewing machine. Steady. No canvassing. No triflers wanted. Samples 10c., returned if not satisfactory. Home Sewers Co., Jobbers Sewing, Rehoboth, Del.

EARN $25 WEEKLY, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary. Details free. Press Syndicate, 427 St. Louis, Mo.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE (CONTINUED)

WANTED—All kinds of names and addresses. We pay 25c. each. Send dime for contract (silver). P-Sun, LeRoy, Mich.

WANTED—PERSONS to grow mushrooms for us at home; from $15 per week upwards can be made by using waste space in yards or gardens (start now); illustrated booklet sent free. Address Montreal Supply Company, Montreal.

WANTED—ENERGETIC young man or young woman to look after new and renewal subscriptions in exclusive territory. Apply Desk 75, Circulation Dept., Everywoman's World, Toronto.

WANTED—A respectable young woman to assist in house work. A good home. Only three in family. Will advance railroad fare. Address Mrs. Russell T. Kelley, 40 McNab St. S., Hamilton, Ont.

HOTELS

HOTEL LENOX
North Street at Delaware Avenue,
BUFFALO, N.Y.

Hotel Lenox is the stopping place for distinguished persons from all over the world. The building is a modern, fireproof structure, and the cuisine and service are unexcelled. Write for complimentary "Guide of Buffalo and Niagara Falls." C. A. Miner, Managing Director.

MARLBOROUGH—Family Hotel—80 rooms; 50 baths; all modern conveniences; close to shopping district and theatres; excellent cuisine. 214 Jarvis Street, Toronto

HOSPITALS

TRINITY PRIVATE HOSPITAL.—For nerves and mental cases, with graduate nurses in attendance. Massage and electrical treatments given. Special care given to aged people. Terms moderate. 257 Rusholme Road, Toronto. Telephone Junc. 4436.

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FREE SCHOLARSHIP in the school of your choice. All expenses provided for ambitious young women in consideration of work looking after Everywoman's World renewal and new subscriptions in your district. For particulars enquire—"Scholarship Division," Continental Publishing Co., Limited, 62 Temperance Street, Toronto.

NURSING

PRIVATE NURSES earn $10 to $25 weekly. Learn without leaving home. Booklet free. Royal College of Science, 709A Spadina Ave., Toronto, Canada.

OSTRICH FEATHERS

MADAME DUBOIS ET FILS.—Ostrich feathers cleaned, curled, shaped, or dyed any shade. 107 King St. W., Toronto, Ontario.

PHOTOPLAYS

WRITE MOTION PICTURE plays. $50 each. Experience unnecessary. Details free to beginners. Producers League, 325 Wainwright, St. Louis.

WRITE FOR FREE COPY "Hints to Writers, Photoplays, Stories, Poems." Also catalog of best books for writers. Atlas Pub. Co., 37 Cincinnati.

WRITE PHOTOPLAYS in spare time and earn money. Try it. Big prices paid; constant demand; no correspondence course; details free. Geise Co., 300 Whiteman St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

WRITE PHOTOPLAYS.—"Pointers and Model Scenario" Free. Ideas wanted. Paramount Photoplays Co., Box 1402,-P22, Los Angeles, Cal.

$1,200 A YEAR for spare time writing one moving picture play a week. We show you how. Send for free book of valuable information of special prize offer. Chicago Photo Playwright College, Box 278 K 15, Chicago.

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WRITE for our large, photo-illustrated catalogue No. 2. We pay freight to any station in Ontario. Adams Furniture Company, Limited, Toronto.

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FETHERSTONHAUGH & CO., Patent Solicitors. Head Office, Toronto and Ottawa. Send for booklet.

HERBERT J. S. DENNISON, Patent Expert, Canada, United States and Foreign patents, designs and trade marks. 18 King W., Toronto.

PATENTS SECURED or fee returned. Actual search free. Send sketch. 1917 Edition, 90-page patent book free. George P. Kimmel, 205 Barrister Bldg., Washington, D.C.

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25 BIRTHDAYS, coloured views, etc., 10c.; 100, 25c. McCreery Card Dept., Chatham, Ont.

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MANY BIG ADVERTISERS first started with a little ad. this size. The cost so small, and the results so big. We will gladly send you full particulars. Drop us a postal to-day. Classified Advertising Dept., EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto.

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GIVE YOUR HAIR proper attention. Send 2c. stamp for free book, entitled "Care of the Hair." Prof. Vernon, Station F, Toronto.

RAZOR BLADES SHARPENED

RAZOR BLADES SHARPENED by experts—Gillette, 35c. dozen; Ever Ready, 25c. Mail to A. L. Keen Edge Co., 180 Bathurst Street, Toronto.

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IS HE CRAZY?—The owner of a plantation in Mississippi is giving away a few five-acre tracts. The only condition is that figs be planted. The owner wants enough figs raised to supply a Canning Factory. You can secure five acres and an interest in the Factory by writing Eubank Farms Company, 911 Keystone, Pittsburg, Pa., U.S.A. They will plant and care for your trees for $6 per month. Your profit should be $1,000 per year. Some think this man is crazy for giving away such valuable land, but there may be method in his madness.

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OVER 130,000 COPIES of this magazine are sold each month. A postal will bring you full particulars about this department. Classified Advertising Dept., EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto.

WANTED, INFORMATION regarding good farm for sale. North-western Business Agency, Minneapolis, Minn.

WANTED.—Hear from owner good farm for sale. Cash price, description. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn.

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SONGWRITER'S "Key to Success" sent free. Get real facts. We revise poems, compose and arrange music, copyright and facilitate Free Publication or Outright sale of songs. Submit poems for examination. Knickerbocker Studios, 156 Gaiety Building, N. Y. City.

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THE SECRETS OF SINGING in a course of simple lessons by mail. Learn breath control, voice production, interpretation. Songs free with course. Send 25c. for introductory lesson and free booklet. Simplex Singing School, 42 Charles St. E., Toronto.

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MRS. WILLIAM B. JAMES, Shopping Specialist. Entrust your commissions to the woman who knows. Trousseaux, wear-apparel, house-furnishings, gifts, furs (spring sales). References exchanged. Satisfaction guaranteed from the best shops in Toronto. 1 Hawthorne Ave., Toronto.

WHEN PURCHASING your new spring coat or suit, save the price of a tiresome, expensive shopping trip (to spend on accessories) by writing "The Toronto Shopper," 306 Ryrie Building, Toronto. She buys for you, only what you cannot buy from your local merchant, in the exclusive shops. Service free.

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ST-STU-T-T-TERING and Stammering cured at home. Instructive booklet free. Walter McDonnell, Room 65, 817 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C.

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LEARN SHORT STORY writing and make money with your brain and pen by taking our home study course. Shaw Schools, Toronto, Can. Dept. C.

SEND US YOUR IDEAS for Photoplays, Stories, etc. We accept them in any form—correct free—sell on commission. Big rewards! Make money. Get details now! Writer's Selling Service, 32 Main, Auburn, N.Y.

EARN $25 WEEKLY, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary. Details free. Press Syndicate, 4275 St. Louis, Mo.

WRITERS—STORIES, Poems, Plays, etc., are wanted for publication. Literary Bureau, E.W., 3 Hannibal, Mo.

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DOMINION TYPEWRITER CO., 68 Victoria St., Toronto, distributors of Factory Rebuilt Underwoods; other machines $15 up.

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LADIES—WRITE FOR Imported Shirting Samples. Suitable for Wash Dresses and Blouses. Booklet mailed free. Harry Tolton, Kitchener, Ont.

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AFTER THE MOVIES—Murine is for Tired Eyes—Red Eyes—Sore Eyes—Granulated Eyelids. Rests—Refreshes—Restores. Murine is a Favourite Treatment for Eyes that feel dry and smart. Give your eyes as much of your loving care as your teeth and with the same regularity. Care for them. You cannot buy new eyes! Murine sold at drug and optical stores. Ask Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for free book.

Your neighbors could not tell which is the real voice of Mlle. Verlet

If Alice Verlet, of the Paris Opera, stood on your verandah, or near an open window, and sang in direct comparison with Edison's Re-Creation of her voice, your neighbors could not distinguish one from the other, nor could you, unless you watched Mlle. Verlet's lips.

Edison's New Art

Re-Creates all forms of music so perfectly that the Re-Creation cannot be detected from the original.

Read what music critics say, after hearing the direct comparison made

"Mlle. Verlet gave several numbers, and it was indeed difficult to determine except by watching her lips just when she ceased to sing in person, so flawless are her recorded numbers."

—*Albany Journal*, N.Y., October 9, 1915.

"The audience did not know whether the music came from her or the instrument."

—*Syracuse Post-Standard*, February 11, 1916.

"The effect was marvelous."

—*Chicago American*, November 30, 1915.

"Indistinguishable from that of her visible self."

Kansas City Times, November 30, 1915.

Mlle. Verlet

of the Paris Opera, famed Belgian Coloratura-Soprano, is but one of many great artists who have proved by direct comparison that Edison's new art Re-Creates all forms of music so exactly that the Re-Creation cannot be detected from the original.

Hear Edison's Re-Creation of the voice of Alice Verlet; then hear the great Belgian artist herself when she is on tour.

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is not a talking machine. It embodies a new art whereby all forms of music are actually Re-Created. It is not alone Alice Verlet's voice which is so Re-Created. No voice is beyond this new art.

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Watch your local papers

for the announcement of a merchant who is licensed by Mr. Edison to demonstrate and sell this new invention. Then go to his store and hear Edison's Re-Creation of the work of the world's great singers and instrumentalists. *A catalog and the name of a licensed merchant will be sent you upon request.*

WHEN THE WAR CAME UP OUR STREET

(*Continued from page 17*)

good, and mostly nice things did turn up along her furrow. She went into the Meadowville's, and stayed a long time. When she came out, Mrs. Meadowville walked along with her as though she were a sister. After that, things brightened up. Mr. Meadowville obtained work polishing floors and mending old furniture. In the spring he enlisted; he and John Hawke went off to train together. He looked thin and white about the mouth. A circle of determination had set and hardened. I asked him what made him enlist.

"Trouble," he answered.

"You have good work now," I reminded him.

"Yes, I know; but those months when I saw my wife and child suffer, my mind turned to Belgium. I knew the same thing would happen to us if the Germans should win this War. Every man who can must fight."

At the end of three months I met him again, home on his last leave. He had volunteered to fill a vacancy in a battalion that was on the eve of departure.

My little Sol came home from school one day with a paper in his hand.

"Mummie dear, just listen to this!" and he spelled out:

"You will hate with a lasting hate;
We will never forego our hate.
Hate by water and hate by land,
Hate of the head and hate of the hand.
Hate of the hammer and hate of the crown,
Hate of seventy millions, choking down.
We love as one, we hate as one,
We have one foe and one alone—England."

"Mummie, Daddy is an Englishman. Do they hate him? This paper says everybody in Germany is singing these verses. Why do they call it a hymn? I thought hymns were about love and Heaven and beautiful things like that?"

"Oh," I said, "some rattle-brained German wrote those verses, but most of the people are ashamed of him. I am quite sure no Christian nation would want any one to see such verses. Burn the thing!" So I put the Hymn of Hate into the fire to help fry the potatoes for supper. At this stage of the War, I fancy most Canadians thought as I did.

ONE morning about eleven, Jimmie Clement came up the path without even looking at the Leghorn rooster, so I knew he was terribly excited. When he saw me, he gulped, then sputtered out, "Say, Miss Ferguson, I run all the way from Glen Grove to tell you a ship of soldiers has been sunk. Nobody saved—all drowned—dead!" I could not speak for a minute; my mind went to Meadowville and Hawke; they would both be on that boat. We were daily looking for word from England of their arrival.

"It can't be so," I stammered at last. "Don't play any pranks on me, Jimmie Clements!" I was wild, for I saw Lida Hawkes' white face peering over the fence; she gasped and then fell over in a faint. I put her to bed, and that night her baby was born. She died, and the little one, too. Poor Tommie was left alone. Thank God, he was too young to know his loss! I carried him into our house. Sol put his arms out for him.

"Now," said he, "I can really help with the War. I'll take care of Tommie until his father comes home." Before the day was over, we heard that it was not a Troop Ship that had been torpedoed, but the Lusitania, a large Liner full of passengers. The people of Canada were startled, and asked if the Germans could really do these dreadful things.

Right on the top of the sinking of the *Lusitania* came stories of poisonous gas. Then an upheaval of feeling came. One night, when I heard Sol say his prayers, he expressed, in his own way, the surge of public sentiment; he was kneeling with his arms round Tommie Hawke.

"Mummie," he declared, "we have decided not to pray for our enemies any more. If God likes to bless those Germans, He can, but we're not going to take any chances."

What could I say?

People in Canada began to hate the Germans; young Bennie Chance told me that his father had gone to fight, but he was not going to cut off children's hands like those horrid Germans were doing. Hate was begetting hate; the children but voiced the smouldering feelings of their elders. We did, indeed, need to pray, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." One hundred years will pass before these things are forgotten; they have been stamped in and hammered down by the mailed fist. No sooner had war broken out than there sprang up many sensational stories of German spies. It was reported that two men were found in the tunnel at Hamilton, carrying bombs. A mysterious stranger, who, under pressure, gave the name of Steinburgh, was captured near the pumping station of our City's water supply. It was rumoured that enough deadly poison was found on his person to lay out all the inhabitants of Toronto and dynamite enough to bury half of them. Then the Parliament Buildings were burned, and people whispered to each other confidentially, "German Spy."

We had our own little excitement up North. Sol came running home from school one day at top speed, his heart going like an electric egg beater. He dashed into the house and threw himself into my arms. "He's after me, he's after me," he panted. "He knows my daddy has gone to fight the Germans."

"My dear boy, who are you talking about?"

"Just look out and you'll see."

I went to the door and glanced up the street. No one to be seen only Mr. Weiler who lived back of us, out of the City Limits.

"That's him," said Sol, coming up beside me.

"Why," I said, "that's just Mr. Weiler going to the City."

"Oh, Mother, he's a German spy; keeps an air ship in his cellar and goes out at night throwing bombs! He's going to blow up the Eglington Town Hall, perhaps to-night, and he keeps kiddies, with their hands chopped off, in cages. He tried to catch me; he truly did."

"Now, see here, son," I said, sternly, "Germans are like other folk, good and bad all mixed up together, and just because the Kaiser and some of his pals started acting funny and made the pot of hate boil over, don't run off with the notion that all Germans are bad. Our friend Weiler could not own an airship; it would cost too much money, and as to having it in his cellar—nonsense! You know, my dear, Mr. Weiler can't help being a German any more than you can help having red hair. Come, now, get your dinner and go back to school."

But I soon found that what Sol registered represented the pulse beat of the whole neighbourhood; men and boys stood at the corner of the street, and passing near I heard the word "spy." They decided that Weiler should be caught and something dark and dreadful done to him. The women were fiercer than the men. I was in terror of a night raid that we would all be ashamed of later on, so I said to the women, "Do let us be fair minded and investigate before we take action. We all believe in British fair play."

"All right!" they agreed "You go down to the Weilers, look the place over, and report."

THE next afternoon I started out. I'd never been so far back before. The Weilers lived a long way from any other house. The first thing I noticed was a glorious garden. As I walked up the path, I feasted my eyes on neat, well hoed rows of carrots, beets, onions, and turnips, with potatoes and cabbages for a background. Vegetable marrow, crinkly and yellow, crawled all over the back fence. Scarlet runners gamboled and frolicked up the sides of the porch—and such a chicken run, all planted in sunflowers, and the fattest, most contented lot of hens scratched underneath their shade.

I knocked at the door; it opened, and a rosy, neat, flaxen-haired woman pinned me mildly with a pair of round, china-blue eyes. She did not seem either glad or sorry to see me; just stood there like a tombstone that simply said, "I know who is buried underneath me, but I will not tell, and you can't know unless you are able to read my inscription." I said, "Good afternoon! I came to call." Her expression never changed, but her mouth opened enough to remark, "What you want?"

I knew it was no time to hesitate. I would operate at once and consider effects after "Mrs. Weiler," I began firmly, "the people in this neighbourhood say your husband is a German Spy, that he has an airship in his cellar; that he goes out and throws bombs at night; that he keeps children with their hands cut off in cages, and I am sent to investigate."

I doubt if she understood all I said, but her blue eyes grew bigger, her tidy little mouth let go the drawing string and flew open with the mysterious sound, "Mine Gott!"

"You must show me all over your house. I am sorry to seem to intrude, but it must be done." She paused a minute and then said:

"Do what you like," and led the way into the house, seized her baby from his cot and followed me. The house was certainly in order, and as clean as a bald man's head after a shampoo. I looked under all the beds, smelled every bottle, and at each step was forced to admire her housekeeping more and more. I felt as though I were getting an honour course in domestic science. Her cellar was just an ordinary, Christian cellar. For a few minutes I was excited about a ferkin of sauerkraut covered down with a stone on top. I thought it might have been an infernal machine. Mrs. Weiler followed me round patiently, saying never a word. I tried to make amends for what must have seemed to her the height of rudeness, praised her housekeeping, and put out my hands for her sweet little baby, but she held it calmly out of my reach. When I was gone, I could feel those wondering blue eyes peering at me through the window far up the street.

I reported, contradicted the stories, but had to admit that Mrs. Weiler was not a good mixer. I said, however, "She is perfectly harmless, and it might help matters to be kind to her. She has a pretty stiff seam to run up and will be kept at it until the end of the War, and maybe long after. She can't help being German any more than I can help being Irish. It was thrust upon her by an ancestor long before she was born. Trust me to judge a woman on her merits. Mrs. Weiler is all right; let the men see to her husband. After that Mrs. Weiler seemed afraid of me and always crossed the street when she saw me coming. The stories died down, but the Weilers were left so severely alone that they might as well have been cast on a desert island where every last one of the original inhabitants had died of smallpox a hundred years ago.

(*Concluded in June Issue.*)

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THE CHEVROLET Four-Ninety five-passenger touring car is very popular with ladies who drive their own motor cars.

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Four Ninety
5 Passenger Touring Car
$695
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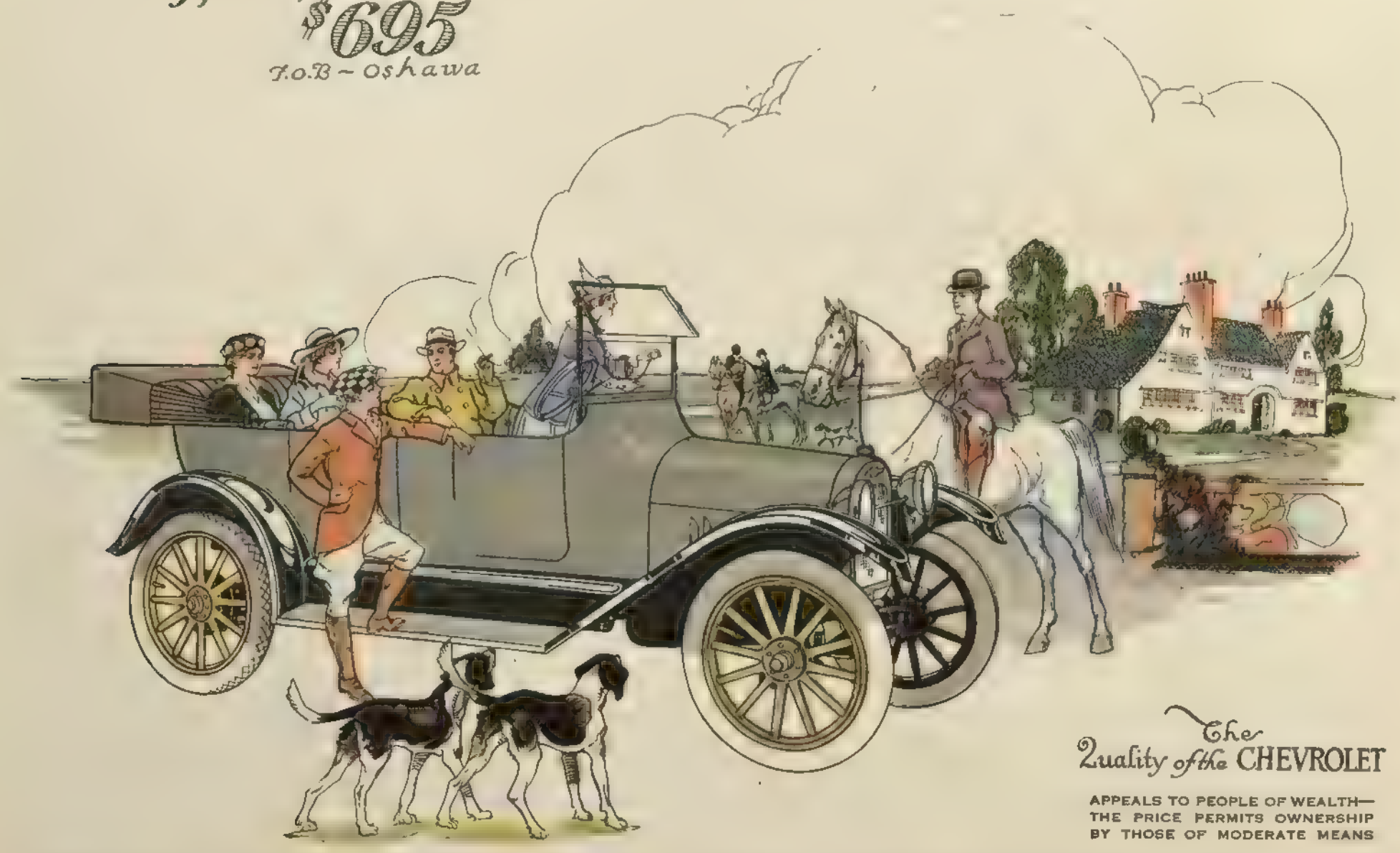

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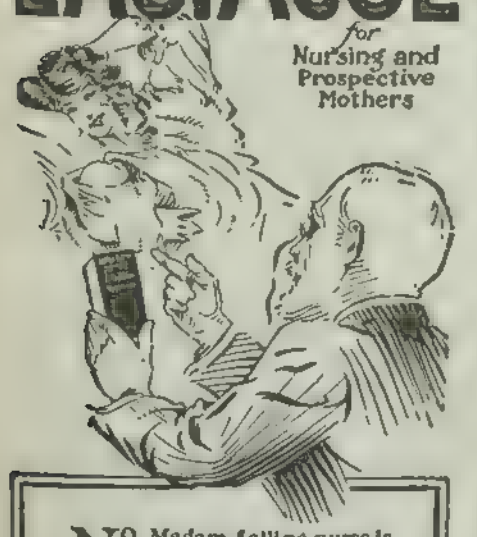

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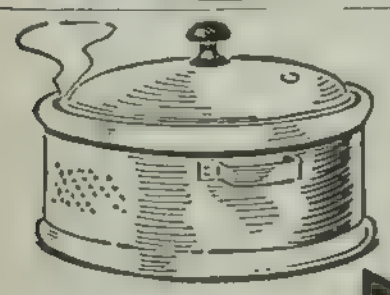

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THE MAGPIE'S NEST

(Continued from page 9.)

returned, dropping her lids. "Fortunately! But what must I do to be saved?"

They all laughed.

"But, seriously, Hope," began Mrs. Patten.

"Don't reason with her," said Mary Dark. "Ask her to do it for you. She has no intelligence!"

"No," agreed Hope, happily.

"But, for this, is it necessary?"

"Perhaps not," said Mary, mildly exasperated. "But one might as well have what there is going. It would amuse you—the dances and teas and rubbish—above all, the scandal. What else is there, in this backwater?"

"We-ell, I can make my own scandal," answered Hope. "But I can't dance all by my lone, of course. Ned Angell asked me to go to the next Tennis Club dance, and a card for it fell on me yesterday out of a clear sky. Is that a step forward? I hope you're satisfied, now I've progressed to—a bank clerk! Our *creme de la creme!*"

"Where did you meet Ned?" asked Mrs. Patten.

"I dunno," said Hope vaguely. "Wasn't it here? You told me about him—No? Well, somewhere. You know—one is always meeting men; stepping on them every minute or two. I never can remember where I meet any of 'em. He thinks I am an unappreciated genius, because I made a picture of him behind the grille at the bank, with me feeding him peanuts. Please don't take me literally; it really never happened. What shall I get for a new gown?" They discussed the topic with animation for a time, and branched from that to a consideration of a play by Wedekind which Mary had just read, and the latest song by Strauss, which Mrs. Patten played for them. And then when Hope thought she was safe, they returned to her projected social career once more and talked around and under and across that, and she went away feeling vaguely apprehensive and bedeviled and docile. She would do anything for Mary Dark and Mrs. Patten—if she knew how to do it, and what for! In this instance she knew neither.

She was quite willing to go to the dance with Ned Angell—but she could not see why that should preclude her riding with Allen Kirby and becoming intoxicated with the innocent joy of being alive at the rate of fifty miles an hour. These things did not strike her as being in the least incompatible, and of the two youths, her dispassionate estimate placed Allen Kirby a notch higher, chiefly because he had a fine young pair of shoulders beneath that serge coat, and he could drive like a demon. Ned Angell, she knew very well, drank—which she thought simply idiotic—and he had no chest; but he wore his clothes with an air, strummed the guitar, and sang love songs to all the "buds," and was on the organizing committees of the Assemblies and Tennis Club dances.

These things struck her as extremely inadequate, regarded as virile occupations. They were in keeping with the general unsatisfactoriness of things. Three years before she had felt that now life must widen out before her, displaying new and unsuspected vistas of joyful and intelligent activity, and an ultimate purpose not hitherto clear. No such matter had happened. She had dropped into her new environment without a ripple, and lay there like a pebble at the bottom of a brook, with the clear invisible current of progress still flowing by in merely mechanical contact. She had wanted to be a little boat riding the stream, making headway toward the sea. And all around her the other little pebbles lay, apparently content with their lot, wedged in their muddy bed. No, they were not like pebbles; they resembled busy little waterbugs, flying madly about their own tiny pool, keeping away from the rapids below and the fresh springs above. Now, it seemed, she might also be a waterbug, if she would. A magnificent goal, if she could shrink the boundaries of her Land o' Dreams to this! There was, she gathered, one prime requisite. One must above all things else take the waterbug life seriously. One must be a good waterbug! Ned Angell, now, was a perfectly good waterbug.

THE enormous absurdity of it smote on her sense of humour, but still left her bewildered. She had been wont to assume life in its social aspects to be essentially simple. One met people; one liked or did not like them. So it was settled, and one chose one's friends. Of the arbitrary and rigid nature of formal social connections she had no conception. The ties of family, of money, of prestige, meant nothing to her. She had no feeling for the clan; not even a realization of it. All her distinctions were personal; she had morally the eye of the artist, to whom clothes and appendages are drapery and ornament, not insignia.

For instance, The Round Up Club—it was *The Club*. As yet there was no Country Club; this was a purely masculine affair. A group of the men who had made money had organized, bought a little house, and were wont to sprawl on the verandah of it, smoking ostentatious cigars and imbued with a terrific air of superiority. One could not doubt that they felt superior because they sat on that particular verandah. The verandah, also, was sacrosanct because they sat on it. This led nowhere; it was funny, but perplexing. Also, The Round Up Club! The name alone. They were mostly fat and tubby gentlemen, who would have been more than ill at ease on the hurricane deck of a broncho.

One she had seen the day before on the sacred verandah, though, was rather good to look at—brown eyes, with a smile in them, and a lean, graceful figure. She did not know who he was. She wished she could feel serious about Eleanor Travers' projected call. Lately she had been reading Vanity Fair. Would Becky Sharp have spent so much diplomacy and duplicity to attain, say, to Mrs. Lockwood's teas — Mrs. Lockwood, plump and placid, whose husband had made the most money, and who, therefore, "led society?"

Of course there was no real difference in being a Knight of the Garter and the Golden Fleece, and a master butcher, so long as one was "first in the village of Gaul;" but since her part was to be all concerned with outward show and made no pretence of examining the inward worth of the actors, Hope felt she ought at least to have the show. The game might not be worth the candle, but by every right there should be a candle, it there was to be a game. So far there *was* a difference between a Duchess and a butcher's wife, and Hope could understand Becky Sharp.

Becky's candle glittered very brightly, anyway.

BUT perhaps Eleanor Travers and the remoter Mrs. Lockwood might have something to offer of themselves. One ought to try it out. There wasn't anything else, as Mary Dark had said.

But there was; there was one's personal liberty; yes, the mere right to talk to a chauffeur instead of a narrow-chested bank clerk, if one chose. Without some *quid pro quo*, Hope knew very well she would prefer her liberty. She hoped she might keep Mrs. Patten and Mary Dark also. Mrs. Patten taught French, German, and music in the schools, where Hope instructed in English and drawing. Mary did multitudinous things in a newspaper office, and was taking a new and better paid place shortly as advertising manager for a big new firm of land promoters. Neither had any more than she earned. For that reason, she would probably be able to keep them. It was their mutual poverty that constituted the desert island whereon their friendship flourished. If a ship with golden sails came for one of them, she must disappear over the cloudy horizon.

These matters Hope meditated, and had the more leisure for that exercise since Allen Kirby failed to reappear. There had been no definite appointment; Hope assumed he had failed of finding her. She spent her evenings at home, reading omnivorously as was her wont, or at Mrs. Patten's, where she sat meekly under the veiled admonitions of her social mentor, and was therefore accounted a good girl. Eleanor Travers had a cold, and the call was postponed. The Tennis Club dance was a month off. Existence continued as a succession of impatient yawns.

Deep down she was in a turmoil of wild yearnings for things impossible and nebulous, for the edge of the skyline, and space, and action. Sometimes her heart grew big in her with longing, even to the verge of pain. She fed it with French irregular verbs to please Mrs. Patten; and to please herself was no longer visible to her weedy collection of half-baked admirers. It came to her like a revelation that they had always bored her. She felt growing pains.

Then, on an evening of drifty, drizzling dusk she galloped down the river road and came upon Allen Kirby, or, more properly, Allen Kirby's feet projecting from beneath the huge black and brassy-bright automobile, while a large man in a sheep-lined duck coat held a headlight for his convenience. The man in the duck coat looked up at the sound of hoof-beats; her half-broken horse shied and danced at the alarming spectacle.

It was no kind of weather to be riding, which was one reason why Hope had gone. It suited her to ride in the dark, in the rain, in any kind of weather, and at any time of day—if she wanted to. She wore a divided skirt and a hideous red peaked cap, and her mount stood sixteen hands and weighed fourteen hundred and fifty. When he promptly stood on his hind legs, she leaned forward until she could have kissed him between the ears, but she did not. She merely jerked on the Spanish bit, downward, until he grunted; then she looked around under his neck, and asked impertinently:

"Want a tow?"

"No, thanks, not yet," said the big man, his teeth flashing in his plump pink face.

"Good heavens!" said Hope, for no apparent reason, and stared blankly as he lifted his cap. And then

"How do you do, Mr. Edgerton!"

He stepped forward, with a mechanical "Good evening," and flashed the light on her face. It was hardly necessary, being not yet the hour when all cats are grey, but it helped, for when she blinked, by a sudden shift of memory he saw her again, nodding sleepily over a small table on a verandah that looked out to a dusty square set round with sudden pin points of lighted windows.

"You!" he remarked redundantly. "Well, I'll be damned! Tell me about it. Why didn't you answer my letter?"

CHAPTER VI.

"BUT where is Mr. Edgerton?" asked Hope, stepping lightly to the seat beside Allen Kirby.

"We'll pick him up at the Club corner," said Allen, and without a change of expression added: "You'd better get in the tonneau; I'm only chuffing this trip." (Continued on next page)

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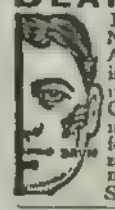

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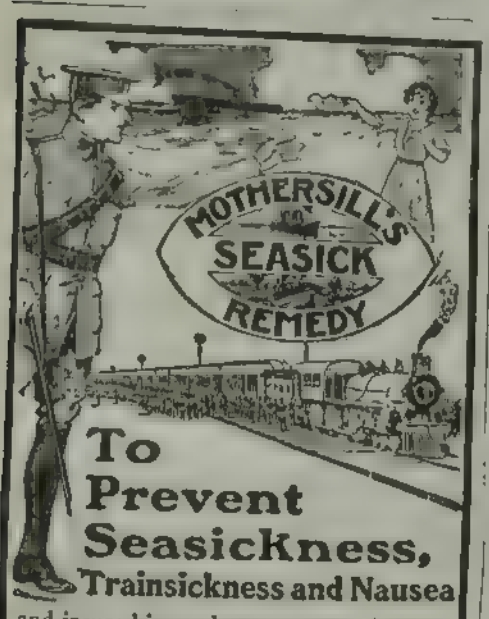

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THE MAGPIE'S NEST

(Continued from preceding page)

"Oh, splash!" said Hope, and scrambled over the back of the seat. "But I want to ask you things." She stood up and leaned over his shoulder and proceeded to do so. It had not been possible to hold an extended conversation with Edgerton on that rain-driven road, and as for Allen, he had merely given her one impenetrable glance out of the corners of his Murillo-cherub eyes which had constrained her insensibly to a brief nod of recognition. Edgerton might or might not have noticed it: Hope would have greeted the chauffeur heartily, but for his own reserve But Edgerton had insisted he must see her again, hear something of how the world went with her. When she told him very cheerfully that she had nowhere to receive any one—the tedious sprigs who squired her were obliged to find an excuse of skating rink or ice cream orgy for the pleasure of her company—he had suggested the motor and the first fine evening. And Allen had groaned on one side of his face only, the side presented to Hope, when Edgerton told him to remember her address.

IT was fine now, after the cold spring rain; the earth gave out vernal odours, grown green overnight; the West wind was gentle and bland. Coral banded the sunset edge of the world, and a low star shone like a jewel although the crystalline air still seemed to hold the light of day in magical solution.

Hope asked fifteen or twenty questions while they drove eight blocks, and received, for lack of time, less than half as many replied. Edgerton had lately acquired large interests, in land and mining properties, in Alberta; he meant to spend some considerable intervals of time there in the near future. He had organized the Golden West Development Company; Hope cried out at that, for it was with them Mary was engaged. Allen had been Edgerton's second chauffeur in Chicago, and Edgerton had sent him up two weeks before with the car. He did not know how long he might stay. Edgerton had four cars, and would not be without one.

"His wife uses the other three," said Allen, drily.

"What's she like?" questioned Hope with the liveliest and most impersonal curiosity.

"A hed cat," Allen informed her briefly, and Hope merely said, "Oh," and did not like to press the query. It seemed unfriendly to thus pry into the intimate unhappiness of one who had tried to be kind to her. Hope had strange reserves and delicacies, inherited from a prouder generation than this, an age when private laundries were used for family linen, and broken hearts were not served up bleeding at a penny apiece on the front pages of the dailies, food for the daws.

"But he has a daughter," mused Hope. "Isn't she pretty?"

"I guess so," said Allen "Any millionaire's daughter is." He was not without worldly wisdom. But he added, in honesty: "She's not so bad; a good deal like the old man Not much side; she talks to me friendly enough."

"Are you going to elope with her? It's being done," Hope teased him, and he answered half seriously, "I would not marry any rich girl; they can't help it, but they're too used to thinking the world was made especially for 'em to walk on." His slow, soft, drawling voice, without an inflection, lent a certain humour to most of his utterances. Hope found herself laughing at him constantly, and he told her once: "I like you because you seem so happy. You're always laughing." But now he went on: "Young fellows brought up to spend money are the same. They don't see things as we do; they don't know what's real"

"I suppose not," said Hope, thoughtfully, and reflected that there was a certain pleasure in the knowledge of reality, however hard one found it. Even while she thought, she had Allen explaining that he had not come to take her for the promised ride because Edgerton had arrived a day or two earlier than the programme called for. "You won't want to go with me now," he drawled.

"Oh, won't I?" remarked Hope. "Don't be an idjit. I will if you'll ask me—unless you'd be fired for taking me"

"He'll never know," said Allen, and she, leaning against his shoulder, felt him shake with suppressed mirth. She could see no real occasion for it. Why should she not go, if she chose? The ethics of "railroading" the automobile she left Allen to settle with his own conscience; as for her going or not going, she had tentatively decided that she was under no obligation to refrain.

"You're a funny girl," drawled Allen, and stopped for Edgerton, who stood on the sidewalk lighting a cigarette from a gold-mounted case. Everything about his appearance was in keeping with that costly trinket; his linen, his shoes, his spotless light grey suit and fawn overcoat, his too youthful hat, shouted of money, almost drowning out the feebler piping of good taste. His diamonds were more numerous than ever, his rather ruddy face barbered to a nicety. And he looked positively super-clean. As he climbed in beside her, smiling and shaking her small hand vigorously in his own grey suede gloved ones, Hope smelled fine soap and toilet waters and heard the silk lining of his overcoat rustle It gave her a wish to pat him on the back and smooth his white pique waistcoat approvingly and tell him that he looked very nice indeed. The thought crinkled the corners of her mouth and brought out a dimple, and they beamed at each other, each quite unaware of the other's motive for mirth. As the car started, a tallish young man, just turning the corner to go to the club, started slightly and raised his hat, but neither saw him. He was quite a personable young man, and appeared to be interested in what he saw. The big car purred away.

"Take the best road and go ahead. I suppose you've learned your way about," said Edgerton, addressing Allen's inexpressive back, with a note of good-natured banter. Allen nodded without turning. "They all railroad the cars out," he added resignedly to Hope, who bit her tongue on a too hasty word of confirmation. She had a positively fatal gift of candour, which served her ill, for when she had told the worst and the most, less ingenuous minds invariably drew the conclusion that it was merely a prelude and concealment for further misdoings. "And now," said Edgerton, "I want to know."

"But this is all there is to know," said Hope, and threw out her hands. "May we go fast?"

"That's up to you!" He spoke to the chauffeur. The purring deepened; the river sped by like a ribbon of quicksilver. A light came into Hope's eyes, but her body relaxed in a sort of ecstasy.

And Edgerton's heart melted in him again, and he knew himself once more a fool. That gay, unconscious courage of hers—it was plain she thought of life as a glorified "joyride" and he knew it for a treadmill, where the gayest might weary quickest, stumble, lose heart, and go down. No, she would not go down, but she would lose heart none the less, and that spark in her eyes would go out.

"What do you want to do with yourself?" he asked abruptly.

"Everything," she answered, smiling radiantly out of the fullness of the moment.

"If I make it possible," he forestalled her immediate objection, "would you like to go abroad and study art—or go to college?"

"Why should you?" Somehow he had not anticipated that.

"Because I'd like to," he answered very simply, drawing the rug up over her knees.

"Oh!" she pondered, turned to him, and her eyes accepted his word. "But I must think" She thought, visibly, puckering her fair wide brows. "Not abroad; not art," she said at last. "I'd be a fraud. I have no genius, only a trifling talent, a trick. I teach—the ABC's. Any one could, if they couldn't draw a crooked line. Read it out of a book. It would be a waste of money, of time, of effort. But you're awfully good. I wish I were a genius; it would be so nice to say yes, and it would be a wonderful credit to you. Oh, I've often thought of it. But it isn't there. Genius must simplify things for the possessor of it." He could not catch all she was saying, now that she mused to herself. "They know what they've to live for, and they can take hold. Now me, I've only life to live for, just like every one else. And it's wonderful, but I can't seem to take hold of it It gets away from me. Lots of people most people—never do capture it. Their whole lives escape them. I wonder, does it always escape? Or is there somewhere, after all the weedy barrenness is ended, where they Oh, excuse me; I'm such a scatter brained animal!"

He looked puzzled "But college?" he asked finally

"Were you thinking of that, two years ago?"

"Yes," he nodded. "You might have been started by now. I've thought of you often, since then. When I went back there, I asked for you. But you seemed to have disappeared Still, I thought I'd find you again. It's pretty hard to miss any one out here." That was quite true. There were but three towns of size in all Alberta then, and to walk down Main Street in any of the three was to be seen of all men. Two people, town dwellers, both living in the Province, could not fail of crossing each other ultimately.

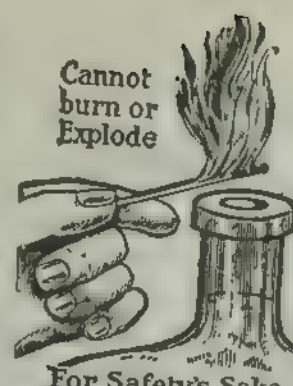
"Oh," she said, surprised, "I had no friends there. How nice of you to remember. To think of you caring!" It gave her a warm, quick emotion.

"Yes," he returned, "I do care." She was oblivious, hugging her knees; he flushed darkly, unobserved "Will you go?"

"MARY'S been to college," she said, with seeming irrelevance. And Mary, like herself, was stranded here high out of the tide-rise of the world's real activities. Naturally, the connecting chain of ideas was lost to him. He only stared at her anxiously "Let me think awhile," she begged him again.

"I'll be here six weeks," he said. "Take your time. Tell me when you've decided." They turned homeward, presently. She talked less, feeling slightly overwhelmed by his generosity, and shy. He, too, was guarding himself. A betrayal of his curiously mixed feelings would have seemed grossly unfair to her. It was ridiculous to confront such a child with the muddled problems that beset a man who has lived, and still desires to live, and has gained the complicated responsibilities and liberties that wealth brings.

No, with all his clear and naturally kindly mind he desired to set her rather in a straight path, though it led her, gay and elusive, always away from him. In that wish half his heart concurred. The other half struggled to voice wilder impulses, to catch at the skirts of her youth and hold her. She represented lost and impossible things to him, things too sweet and strange to be ever quite forgotten, desires fed on husks and still hungering. (Continued on page 53)



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THE WOMEN OF FRANCE DON'T WANT PEACE

(*Continued from page 6*)

and recognized that it was necessary for the good of their country—for France!

THE advance of the British and French army and the retreat of the Germans after the Battles of the Aisne and the Marne is history that is now well known. Baroness Huard started on her return to Villiers on British Red Cross wagons, acting as official interpreter. Her own words will describe that return better than mine. Speaking of Villiers, she said:

"Through a gap in the trees I caught a glimpse of the roofs below. The broken grill of our stately gateway told of the invaders' visit. A few paces further, and the Chateau came into full view.

"Yes, it was standing, but only the shell of that lovely home from which I had fled but fourteen days before. I turned away in despair. All the wilful damage that human beings could do had been wrought on my house and its contents. The spell was broken. My nerves relaxed, and heedless of the filth, I dropped on the steps and wept.

"I think it was the stench from within that first roused me from my grief and made me realize that this was War, that there was no time for tears. Pulling myself together, I started across the lawn toward the village in search of aid, for a second glance told me it was useless even to think of entering the house, so great were the filth and disorder."

The animals about the place, she explained, were killed and left to rot, and the unbelievable condition and state of rank disorder reigning within the Chateau did much credit to Von Kluck and the other German noblemen who had been quartered there. "Oh, 'Kultur'!" exclaimed the Baroness in disgust, when narrating the story.

A few days later the French military authorities requisitioned Chateau de Villiers as a Red Cross Hospital—the purpose for which Baroness Huard had begun to arrange it at the beginning of the War.

ALL that Baroness Huard experienced, nearly every peasant woman in the invaded part of France underwent—only to a worse and more horrible degree. Their homes were looted and such indescribable atrocities, with which the whole world is but too familiar, perpetrated. They fled from their homes, and those of them who could, returned. Reconstruction was before them. They mastered it.

Now, after two years and a half of life in the closest proximity to the scene of battle, they are living as happily as they may, and are uncomplaining.

"Their *sang froid*," said Baroness Huard, "is remarkable."

Within the past year the Baroness has revisited Soissons, which is the actual front. It has had two years of almost steady bombardment, yet about seven hundred souls live there in apparent defiance of existing conditions.

"BUT what of the women in the other parts of France?" the Baroness was asked. She went into detail. They are wonderful. They took hold of things from the beginning. They are turning out munitions in a marvellous manner.

"Of course, as you know, we never had an Equal Suffrage question in France," the Baroness explained.

"In France every woman has always been given work for which she was competent. If she could fill a certain office as well or better than a man, she has been allowed to do so. So when war work announced itself, there was no confusion, no experimenting. Each was assigned work of which she was capable. Naturally, it is mostly the working class who are doing this work. They are better fitted for it. The other women work unceasingly and untiringly for the Red Cross and other patriotic organizations."

OF the country itself, Baroness Huard painted an entirely different picture to any that has ever been presented. "There is no starvation there," she said. "There is no begging—no beggars. Every poor person who is dependent upon some one in the trenches may have fifty kilometres of coal free every week and may purchase fifty more, if she desires, at a price fixed by the Government.

"Of course, every one is depriving herself of luxuries, but voluntarily. Still, if one has the money, one can yet buy anything one desires in France. There is no such thing as food rations—no meatless days."

Returning again to the French women, Baroness Huard could not eulogize them highly enough. "Their spirit," she said, "is undaunted, but it is not a new spirit. It is the spirit of the true French woman as she has always been. These women don't want peace. When peace negotiations were announced not long ago, I heard one woman remark: 'Why has the blood of my two sons been spilled, if we are to have peace while the Germans are still in our country? There can be no question of peace yet. We are willing to fight for a hundred years if necessary.'"

And so they go on fighting, these courageous, unequalled women of France. Their husbands, fathers, brothers, sons, may be sacrificed, but their honour is still intact.

And still proudly allied to their cause, which is indeed hers, is Baroness Huard, who comes occasionally to America to ask for help in her noble work. Villiers being too near the seat of operations, she is now in charge of an immense hospital in Paris, for the maintenance of which funds are sorely needed. But with her initiative and untiring ability, with her power of winning the hearts of all to whom she relates the story of France and the women of France, since August, 1914, she will continue to raise these funds as she has done in the past.

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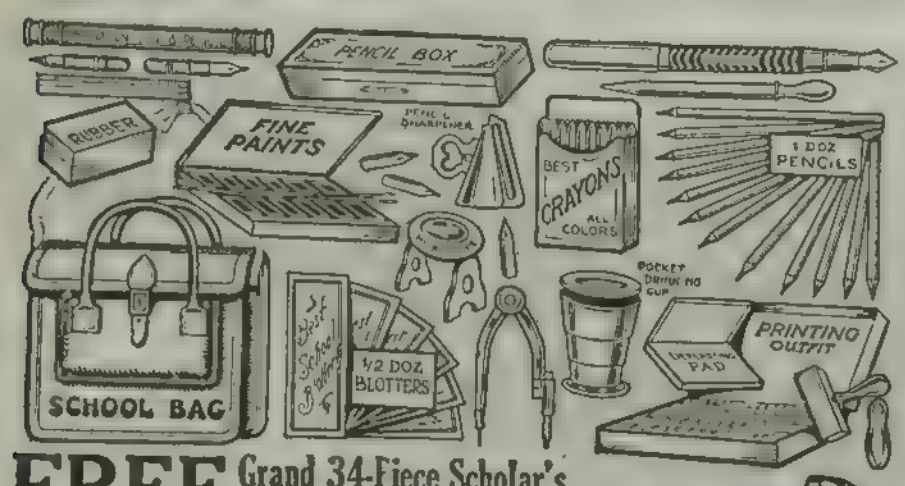

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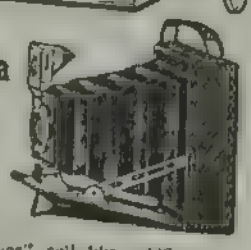

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CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS

THE WOMAN PART OF MARGARET ANGLIN

(Continued from page 12)

canoe, at which she is an expert. When she is at her summer home, Miss Anglin finds her ideal of physical exercise in the long swims which she takes daily. That she may have the greatest freedom of limb in her swimming exercise, she wears only the light and sensible "single piece" or "boy's style" swimming suit. She swims for the sake of the refreshing, body-building exercise which swimming so thoroughly provides, and she wisely refuses to be burdened with encumbering "conventional" skirts.

At her New England home she devotes much of her spare time to the culture of a most wonderful rose garden, which is a veritable riot of variegated colour and a combination of all the sweet fragrance of flowerland. She has not only the rose garden, but long arbours of roses, and the outer walls of her house are covered with trailing vines of climbing roses of every choice variety. It greatly delights her that all through the summer long the rose vines and bushes are alive with many different species of birds that fill the days with their silvery song. And no bird need go hungry or neglected away from her charming home by the sea. Not when she is there to feed and care for them. She finds great enjoyment in protecting their nests, guarding their young, and caring for the deserted and neglected fledgling.

A delightful little bird story is told of Miss Anglin during a season at her Adirondack home. She makes it a strict rule that when she is in camp or on vacation that there must not be any "shop talk" nor any discussion touching anything never so remotely connected with the theatre. All her friends who visit with her at these times are acquainted with and respect her wishes in this respect. Work and play with her are entirely divorced, and that is why she can do such an enormous amount of work, when she works, and can so whole-heartedly enjoy the delight and recreation of play, when she plays.

It was growing dusk on an early summer evening by the lake. Miss Anglin and a coterie of her guests were sitting on the western stoop of the house watching the sunset over the hills. Out of a near-by tree came tumbling almost to their feet a wee bit bird from its parental nest, yet unfamiliar with the use of its wings. Following close came the mother bird, quite unafraid of her human neighbours, from whose kindly hands she often had been fed. After the mother bird came others, equally unafraid, and there began a most animated chattering. Whether the mother bird, with the concurrence of the others, was trying to teach her birdling how to fly, or was only scolding it for leaving the nest, does not matter. Around and around, across and back and forth over the grass plot strutted the little feathered actors, with much chirping and wagging of heads and spread of wings. It scarcely needed a stage set to imagine these diminutive actors rehearsing a play.

As the performance progressed, Miss Anglin's interest increased, until finally she stepped down and sat, elbows on knees, head in hands, quietly watching the curious spectacle. Others resumed their conversation. Miss Anglin remained silent, motionless, intently absorbed in the strange bit of theatricals on the lawn almost at her feet.

Presently a belated guest—now one of the leading actors at present playing in the great Biblical spectacle, "The Wanderer"—approached along a path toward which Miss Anglin's back was turned. Instantly grasping the situation, he signalled silence to those on the porch and stood amusedly watching Miss Anglin studying the antics of the feathered actors on the impromptu stage. Presently he attracted her attention and she rose to greet him.

"Ah, ha! And so, My Lady, you are discovered!" he began, with all the deep-throated, measured solemnity of a judge passing sentence. "Forsooth! You issue a formal edict prohibiting your humble slaves from talking 'shop' within the sacred bailiwick of your art-inspiring camp, with a penalty of banishment from Paradise. But as for yourself, if by your self-imposed interdiction you may not talk of the stage or rehearse a company of people thereon, you set about clandestinely and by stealth to rehearse a company of birds. I shall 'tell on' you, so there! Milady, your heart, if not your mind, is still in the theatre; now isn't it? Confess!"

During her vacations Miss Anglin devotes considerable time to reading which will give her new visions and conceptions in the interpretations of her many roles. Much of this reading is of Greek and Roman literature, although she does not confine herself to any particular class of authors or field of literature, passing with the greatest abandon from Shakespeare to Gaston Lerenu, from Sophocles to Galesworthy.

Although she is devoted to home life, loves housekeeping in its higher sense, and makes every effort to have her home comfortable and attractive, giving much of thought, time, and outlay to have it richly and beautifully furnished, having a very fine private collection of art and antiques, yet she is notably "uninterested" in what popularly is known as "society." She is so utterly disinterested in it, in fact, that she makes no pretence of taking any part in it whatsoever. Formal teas and banquets, balls and receptions are very nearly the ultimate word in how not to spend one's time and energy.

"I live in a very quiet, domestic life," she once told me. And why should she not? It is her one sanctuary from the eyes of the great public in her life in the theatre.

Yet Margaret Anglin is a most charming and accomplished hostess, as her many friends enthusiastically attest. Although she may not formally entertain in state through the medium of "social functions," she does mightily enjoy the company of her intimate friends at most delightful little dinners and suppers and other like homy occasions, in which the entire household takes part.

In this connection a pleasing little story is told of how even the cook's baby had its share of enjoyment during an informal evening party at Miss Anglin's town house. She had invited Mr. Chauncey Olcott, master producer of smiles and laughter, and Mr. John McCormack, the world famous Irish tenor, together with their wives

It so happened that Miss Anglin's cook had a perfectly beautiful baby, which she was asked to bring into the drawing-room. And for the baby, happily reposing in Miss Anglin's arms, Olcott, never in more graciously humorous mood, recited the best things he knew, disclosing the high art of the gentle comedian with such finished technique and personal grace as but few, if any, audiences ever have witnessed. Then McCormack, the big, golden-throated Irish songbird, sang some songs with an expression and range of feeling known only to his most intimate friends.

At the close of this most charming "evening at home," the cook took her baby from the arms of Miss Anglin, and with the true Irish grace of appreciation, said "Shur're, Miss Anglin, 'tis a ghr-rate and illus'ther'rous memory I'll be afther tellin' th' b'y he had th' night—him bein' held in th' ar'rums of Mar'rgaret Anglin an' ray'cited to b' th' cilli'bhr'rated Chan'cy Olcott an' hearin' a ghr'rand bit av auld Irish song b' th' ghr'rate Jo'on McCor'rmack. Indade, ma'am, he's bin afther havin' a show all t' himself that th' common public couldn't av had f'r five thousand dollar'rs." And she was nearer right than she knew.

Miss Anglin has a miniature stage in her New York City home, constructed on plans developed by her stage manager, Mr. Ralph Kemmet. It is perfect and complete in every smallest mechanical and scenical detail, particularly in the arrangements for stage settings and lighting effects, embodying improvements which later may be incorporated to secure the realistic effects desired by Miss Anglin in several high class plays which she purposes producing in the near future.

Miss Anglin tells in her autobiography of the occasion when James O'Neil told her that she had the Irish Sea in her voice; which, by the way, is the most bewitchingly musical voice I ever heard. But she did not mention the charming compliment once paid her voice by the great composer, Ethelbert Nevin.

After a performance which he attended, Mr. Nevin sent up to Miss Anglin a most gorgeous bunch of voilets, accompanied by a note in his own hand, which read: "Only God could make the perfume of these violets—only God could make the music of your voice."

William Dean Howells, dean of American literature, once witnessed Miss Anglin's performance in a play which, if not altogether "impossible" in theme, at least was not a success. After the play Mr. Howell wrote Miss Anglin a note in which he paid a supreme tribute to her skill in handling her role. He wrote: "Miss Anglin, your performance was the greatest reconciliation of art with the impossible that I have ever witnessed."

A most interesting little story was recently told me of an incident which occurred during a visit made to America two years ago by the adorable and distinguished Ellen Terry, loved and revered by all English hearts. The incident was related by way of explication of Miss Anglin's wonderfully magnetic personality, of her innate power to hold an audience fascinated by the charm and spirit of her inspiring and cultivating art.

Miss Terry, touring the country on a lecture tour, chanced to be in Indianapolis when Miss Anglin was presenting "Lady Windermere's Fan." In order to connect with her next lecture appointment the following day, Miss Terry's private car was to be attached to a crack limited express, scheduled to leave at 10 10 p m. Nevertheless, even though she knew she would have to come away before the end of the play, Miss Terry determined to attend Miss Anglin's performance, which was in a theatre that by the fastest taxi was at least twelve minutes' distant from the railway station

Still looking as beautiful and charming as ever, Miss Terry ensconced herself in the sheltered corner of a private box, secluded from the gaze of the audience and where she could give her undivided attention to the stage. Her manager, two secretaries and an anxious maid hovered in the background, wholly oblivious of the performance in their nervous apprehension lest Miss Terry miss her train.

At 9.15 the maid touched Miss Terry on the arm and reminded her that they should leave for the train within

(Continued on next page)

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A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse, but, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't alright."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "alright" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

Our "Gravity" design gives greatest convenience, as well as ease of operation with quick and thorough work. Do not overlook the detachable tub feature.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see, I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, *before they pay for them*, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that without wearing the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons, the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight, too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it.

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 to 75 cents a week over that on washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50c a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in six minutes.

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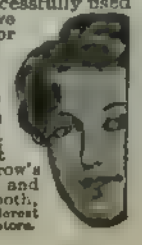

THE WOMAN PART OF MARGARET ANGLIN

(*Continued from preceding page*)

fifteen minutes. But there was no visible response from the great actress, who sat motionless, every faculty intent upon the performance upon the stage. At 9.30 one of her secretaries made an attempt to get her attention, and likewise failed.

By 9.45 her attendants had grown desperate, not only that she had made no sign of preparing to leave, but also that they were so far unable to secure so much as her attention to their appeals. After consultation, another of her secretaries stepped forward and nervously informed Miss Terry that it was absolutely necessary that they leave upon the instant, at which she only leaned a trifle further forward in her chair, apparently absorbing every word and tone delivered by Miss Anglin, then at the height of her interpetation of the role.

At 9.50 her manager, thoroughly roused by the possibilities of the situation, approached and announced with an air of impressive finality that the time had come for their immediate leave-taking, if they were by any manner of means to catch the train. And still Miss Terry refused to be distracted from her tense contemplation of the performance. She remained unmoved, deaf to their solicitous entreaties, as one hypnotized, captivated with the scene before her. Nothing else mattered. Trains might come and trains might go and, so far as her momentary interest in them was concerned—they might also go.

A moment later her manager, nervous perspiration now showing on his forehead, again attempted to secure her attention. Yet there was no sign that Miss Terry heard. At 9.55, truly alarmed at the prospects of a further delay, the manager rushed to the box office telephone and called up the railway station master, hurriedly explaining the situation and begging him to arrange with the officials to hold the train until Miss Terry's arrival. Then yet once again he went to Miss Terry and made one more desperate effort to have her leave, with no more result than before.

At 10.01 the District Passenger Agent called her manager to the 'phone. "Man alive!" he roared. "We just simply can't break the schedule of this big limited, not even for a minute! Tell Miss Terry that her car is right at the waiting room door, ready to couple on, and that the fastest motor you can get her into now will barely get her here in time!"

The manager protested his inability to move Miss Terry, and again requested that the train be held.

"Impossible!" thundered the official. "You *must* get Miss Terry away from there—now—quick—instantly! Do anything—have a fit—lie like a trooper about the time—tell her the house is on fire—anything—everything—and do it quick!"

Dropping the 'phone with a bang, the manager bounded back to the box, and, in his fervour of excitement, fairly shouted into Miss Terry's ear: "I say! Miss Terry, you have only four minutes to get to the station; it is now six minutes after ten!"

"Oh, is it?" Miss Terry said softly, as a child roused from a day dream. "Really, I hadn't thought of the time. Then we *must* leave, I suppose; I am *so* sorry!"

As they hurried her to the street, a big motor car swung up to the curb and stopped, its engines buzzing. With one foot on the step, Miss Terry turned to Miss Anglin's manager, who had escorted them to the door, and said slowly and with much feeling, "Give my loved to Miss Anglin, and tell her that I want to thank her for one of the most glorious nights of my life. Never before have I heard such richly golden tones!"

The car closed and the powerful machine lurched away on its almost hopeless race against time, swinging perilously around sharp corners, sweeping madly down the avenues with motors roaring and exhaust snapping, scattering pedestrians helter-skelter with the fearsome shrill of its siren, the driver dodging street traffic with the sheerest of hair-breadth margins, stoically ignoring the policemen wildly signalling him to stop, holding to top speed with the accelerator open until they reached the door of the big station, through which Miss Terry was rushed to her waiting car, when the limited pulled out, four minutes and thirty seconds behind schedule; a remarkable concession to Miss Terry; an unusual tribute to Miss Anglin.

But in the words of one of the participants, "It was well worth it!"

THE MAGPIE'S NEST

(*Continued from page 50*)

At her own gate he dismounted with her and followed her into the screened porch. Then the spark of rebellion in his heart flamed up. But he was as awkward as a boy.

"Oh," she said, crossly, "don't be—"

"Ridiculous," was the word that died on her tongue. The sight of his abasement made her feel too keen an edge on it for utterance.

"All right," he muttered. It reminded her of Allen Kirby, waiting no more than twenty feet away in the car, and she choked on a giggle. "I'm sorry." He took her hand, and the pressure of his pained her. "Good-night. Do you think you might come again?"

"Why not?" she said carelessly. "Good-night." And as he turned away, she put her hand on his sleeve. She was sorry she had laughed at him—twice, now. "Thank you," she said gravely, and put up her cheek. He touched it with his lips, hastily, clumsily, feeling his very ears burn. The door closed on her decisively.

Allen nodded assent, his smooth face positively sleepy with immobility, at the brusque direction. The car moved away. Edgerton sat and studied his chauffeur's back gloomily—and envied him.

(*To be continued.*)

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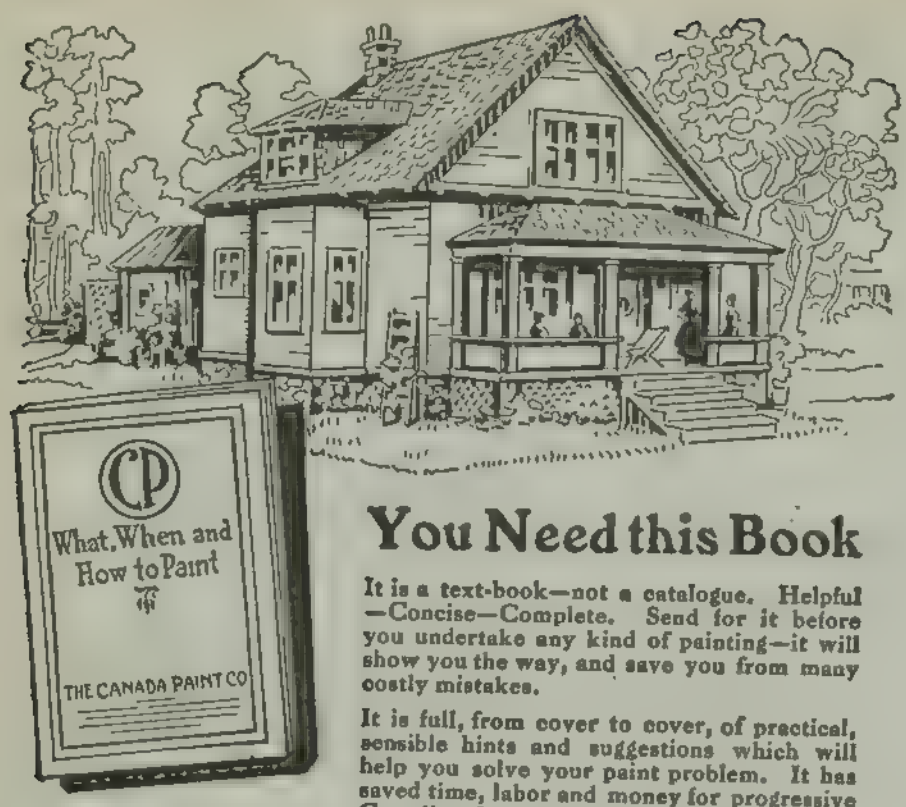

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HER WORD OF HONOUR

(*Continued from page 7.*)

"That's well done," he laughed. "Right into the British Lion's jaws and out again." The voice was foreign, but the English perfect, Heather started, recognizing her bridegroom of the morrow, the great Ali Ibn Sud. Her first sensation was one of fear lest he should think that she had betrayed her trust.

"I tried to come back," she said imploringly. "I did, indeed, only they took me prisoner, but I hoped to escape."

"I know," he answered gravely. "I heard all that went on in that hut."

"You were outside all the time?" asked Heather in astonishment

"Of course I was. Where else should I be? But," he continued in a lighter tone, "we must not waste our breath talking; there is much to be done before to-morrow."

HE looked at her as he spoke, and his eyes flashed fire. The sand whirled round them as they walked on some little way, until Ali stopped and emitted a peculiar hissing sound. In a few moments a man stood before them holding two horses. They mounted and Ali turned to Heather and said meaningly:

"Follow me. If you lose sight of me, shout. I shall trust a British woman's honour again." And he put his horse to a gallop. They rode on in silence for some two hours, and then at last Ali looked around and stopped. The sand-storm had ceased and a pale moon was struggling through the clouds.

"We shall eat," he said, and helped Heather to dismount. She threw back her draperies and gazed around her, but the country was unfamiliar and they were close to a river.

"Where are we, and what water is that?" she asked.

"We are in Mesopotamia and that is the Tigris," he answered, with a touch of sarcasm in his voice.

"But we are going away from your camp." A cold fear crept over Heather. She had heard of the Bedouin's jealousy in regard to their women. Perhaps Ali had not understood all that had passed in the hut, but he must have seen Colin kiss her.

"Eat quickly, and remember I am Ali Ibn Sud, Chief of the Bedouins, and not the betrothed of an English lady," was all the answer vouchsafed as he laid a packet of dates and bread before her. Then he whistled twice, and instantly there glided into sight one of those strange native craft known as gouffas. Externally it had the appearance of a large, round, tarred basket, and it was propelled by men who dug in the water with spade-like paddles. One man sprang out and two remained in the boat. After a short parley, Ali embarked, motioning to Heather to follow. When they landed on the farther side of the river, a camel was waiting laden with litter such as is used by the richer pilgrims to Mecca, Kerbela, and Nejef. Ali's favourite black horse was also there, neighing and stamping as soon as he heard his master's voice. Ali signed to Heather to enter the litter, but beyond this he paid her no attention. She drew the curtains round her and presently the even rocking motion of the camel, combined with her bodily and mental fatigue, lulled her into a profound slumber of many hours. When she woke the sun was rising and just in front of her a blaze of golden domes and minarets stood out against an azure sky. Two other camels had joined them, and a party of Bedouin horsemen. They halted at one of the Inns or Khans which had been erected for the accommodation of pilgrims, and Ali hastily spoke a few words to Heather.

"That is Kerbela," he said, pointing toward the glittering domes, "one of our most sacred cities. Your greatest ambition is to enter the Mosque, but that is a privilege granted to no Christian. I promised to take you when you were my wife, but I have changed my mind. I shall take you first and marry you afterward—that is, if you still want to go, for it will mean that you must marry me or die." He looked at her closely, but her answer came unhesitatingly, "I will go."

"Then listen. There are women in those other litters. You will follow them and do what they do." Heather nodded. They rode on to the entrance of the Mosque, where they alighted. As they passed into the courtyard, Ali whispered hoarsely, "Remember, after this you are my wife, for no infidel can enter here and live."

When they emerged again, the camels were waiting, and the Bedouin guard, but Ali Ibn Sud was nowhere to be seen. Heather climbed into the litter and lay back among the cushions. She was dazzled by all she had seen, and tired with the conflicting emotions which she had undergone in the last few hours. Everything seemed strangely mixed up together. Glittering Mosque and gliding figures, blowing sand and a familiar Highland uniform, gutteral Arabic and the slow drawling Scottish voice, Colin and Ali Ibn Sud,—then a galloping, galloping, galloping across the moonlit desert, farther and ever farther from the days of Auld Lang Syne and from all that meant kindred and home. She was going to marry a Bedouin and to spend—how many years? She was twenty-seven now, so in all probability it would not be less than forty years in the wilderness, like the Israelites of old, and she smiled at her thought. And Colin might never know. Perhaps one day he would know; and he would sit around the big log fire and tell his grandchildren of the woman who had sacrificed herself for her Country and to save the British Army and British honour. She did not want fame. She only wanted Colin to know—some day—

Ali's voice calling to her at last roused her, and she drew aside the curtains and looked out. They were ascending a narrow path on the edge of a steep hill, at the foot of which the Bedouin Army lay encamped. Thousands and thousands, nay, it almost seemed to Heather as though there were millions, of men and horses, down there in the plain and on the surrounding hillside. She gazed in awe, and then Ali spoke.

"My army; and if you don't marry me, it will march against your people to-night. No more British Expeditionary Force in Mesopotamia after that, I think." He laughed a cruel laugh and added, "So, look at it well."

Then he left her. The cavalcade stopped at the top of the hill, where a tent had been erected; Heather was assisted from her camel and motioned into the tent. There was no one there but Ali.

"Well," he said cruelly, "are you going to marry me or go back to your Scottish lover?"

"I am going to marry you," she answered, firmly.

"All the same I want to hear about him. Have you known him long?"

"Yes, a long time."

"And you always loved him?"

"I never loved any one else."

"Then why didn't you marry him, and what were you doing in the desert?"

"We quarrelled just before we were to be married. I wanted to spend our honeymoon in South America, and he thought he could not get away for so long." Ali smiled and murmured, "Ah, you nation of travellers! Even the women have it born in them."

"I broke off my engagement and went away alone," she continued, "and I drifted on until I met a lady in Damascus who was just starting to explore these deserts. I joined her, and we travelled together until you took us prisoners and we found that the whole world was at war. Then you sent her home—"

"Ah, yes," said Ali, reflectively. "She was too ugly. None of my captains would have her." Heather repressed a smile. Male nature was the same everywhere.

"Then you said if I would go to the British Camp and return to marry you, you would not fight against my people any more, and you would let them march to Bagdad in safety. I tried to do it."

"But you knew your lover was in the camp?"

"Indeed, I did not. I had not heard of him since we parted."

"Is he worthy of you, this lover? What has he done?"

"Oh, he is far too good for me. He has done heaps of things. Once he saved a comrade's life, and another time he rescued a man from drowning, and he has a Victoria Cross and quantities of medals, and besides"—she added passionately, forgetting prudence and all else—"he is the dearest man on earth, and I love him with all my heart." She stopped, appalled, for Ali's face darkened into a ferocious scowl, and his hands clenched.

"If you were free," he growled, "you would rather marry him than me?"

"Yes," answered Heather in a strange, far-away voice.

There was a moment's pause; then Ali turned to her and said quietly, "I have a fancy to marry an English bride, so please dress yourself in your own clothes. You will find them there;" and he pointed to a box in the corner of the tent. "Put on your riding dress as quickly as possible, for there is not much time to spare," and he left the tent.

In ten minutes Heather was dressed once more in the clothes which she had not worn for four long months, her neat brown riding suit, her leather boots and gaiters, a shady felt hat with an Arab handkerchief draped over it and fastened by a crown of plaited camel's hair. She went to the tent door and looked out. There was no one there but Ali, who was standing patting his black horse, while a chestnut was tethered close by.

"Mount him," he said, indicating the black horse. Then he led it to the farther side of the ridge and pointed to a winding path down the hill.

"THAT is your way," he said simply. "Go! You are free!" and he loosed his hold on the bridle.

"Free!" stammered Heather.

"Yes," he said. "You are free. You must go back to your Scottish lover and marry him Marry him and be happy. You do not love me. You never did. But at first I thought that in time I could make you, for I did not know that your heart was already given. I was mad yesterday in the camp I could have killed that man, and I brought you away because I thought I would force you to marry me I gave you a chance to escape from me, but you did not take it You thought I was going to kill you or worse, but you came Why did you come?"

"I had given you my word of honour," Heather said clearly.

"Yes, your word of honour! And a word of honour is more to you British than life or anything in the world. Oh, it is wonderful!" He spoke passionately, and then continued in a low, quick tone:

"You sacrificed yourself for your country as European women do. Oh, I know. I did not travel in vain." Then his face darkened and his voice grew tense as (*Continued on page 56*)

MY VEGETABLE GARDEN THIS YEAR

By D. W. GEORGE

THE whole of Canada is awake to the importance of the small individual garden. Here in Toronto there is a big movement on foot under the supervision of the Backyard Gardening Committee of the War Time Thrift Campaign. The Government of Ontario has under way a garden movement which will cover the whole of the Province of Ontario, and is calling upon the people to plant gardens and grow foodstuffs to help cut down the cost of living and make available more food supplies so greatly needed in the time of war.

Let every reader of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD have the best garden that circumstances will allow, and we shall at once be a long way ahead with the garden movement, for surely anything over 130,000 gardens, each of them properly looked after and each producing at least sufficient to care for the requirements of one family, will make a decided impression upon the nation's productiveness and economy.

Then, of course, certain of the vegetables which can be grown in our gardens will take the place of meat to a very great extent, and will be far more healthful. It has been a common thing for many years in Southern European countries to eat very little meat, since meat is scarce and high in price. They eat pulse, as it is called, a mixture of the various legumes, including peas, lentils, and the different varieties of beans. Just consider that beans will run from 23 per cent. to 25 per cent. proteins, which is the same nitrogeneous substance that we get in the white of egg, or in beefsteak, and also remember that peas will run from 20 per cent. to 22 per cent. in protein, both of them having a high percentage of digestibility; and you will see what a tremendous advantage these legume cereals are in our diet.

Plans and other definite and detailed information are readily obtainable in bulletins from the Department of Agriculture, and much useful and special information is available as advertised, especially this year, by the Government. Therefore, it is not my purpose to take up space in duplicating this information which is so readily available in better form than I could possibly give it to you.

I always plan out my garden on paper; it is so much better to have it down in black and white than merely in one's imagination. The planning I do in my head may never get much further, but when I get it all worked out on paper, and estimate, as closely as I can, my requirements in fertilizers, seeds, and other things that I know I shall need, I get a much more tangible idea of the garden-to-be, and my plan is in itself an encouragement to go ahead with a will and see the whole thing through to a successful conclusion.

I am not giving any special detailed instructions concerning the soil or the working thereof. Certain kinds of soil are of course better adapted to certain kinds of crops than are others. Most of the seed catalogues go into this matter rather fully, and as this information is so readily available, I shall merely mention that quick growth is desirable if we are to get crisp, high quality vegetables. The lighter sandy soils are the best for early growth, though they are usually lacking in some of the elements of fertility, so if you have this kind of soil, be sure to supply it with fertilizer unsparingly. In my own garden I try to avoid having the same crop follow in the same place in the garden as it was in the previous year. I always endeavour to rotate the crops over the garden year after year, since it is believed that one kind of crop takes certain elements from the soil which another one does not. By this rotation of crops we avoid such diseases as Tomato-rot, and others which are brought on by a continual succession of the same kind of plant in the same position.

There are many bugs and insects, both biting and sucking, which we have to combat, and I shall deal with these later on in the season, when you will need the information. I may, however, point out that we may not be able to get Paris Green at all readily this summer, but, as I have been advised recently by the Canada Paint Company, who are large manufacturers of insecticides in Montreal, we shall still have available Dry Arsenate of Lead and Kalcikill for the spraying of potato plants. While these two latter insecticides are not as strong in killing power as Paris Green, they have the advantage of being more adhesive to the foliage, so that the final results should be as good.

HERE is a list of the vegetables I shall grow in my own garden:—

Beans.—I make three plantings of different varieties, each from four to six weeks apart, in order to provide green beans for the table over a long season. I also plant an extra quantity of a suitable variety to harvest in the fall for use in winter.

Peas.—Three plantings, each two weeks or more apart, using two varieties, in case one variety should not meet with success owing to the peculiarities of the season.

Beets.—I plant enough to have for greens, as well as for pickling later in the season, and to use for salads during the summer, and later from beets stored in the cellar during the winter.

Swiss Chard.—This is a sort of spinach or spinach beet, and is not very generally grown, but we think it one of the finest vegetables to have in the garden. It is cultivated just like beets and spinach. The tops may be cooked for greens as soon as they are big enough to use, and later on in the season, when the stalks grow big and stout, the leaves may be stripped from them and cooked like spinach, and the stalks may be cooked and used with vinegar just as beets are used. I advise every one to have some Swiss Chard in her garden this year, and put in plenty of it, as it boils down to quite a lot less than its original bulk.

Brussels Sprouts.—These are a real delicacy, and are not particularly hard to grow, though most of us have not been used to having this vegetable.

Cabbage.—I prefer to buy the plants and to set them out later in the season rather than to attempt to grow them from seed, though good success may be obtained in both ways. Have plenty of cabbage, as you can always store it in the cellar for early winter use; and for later use in the early spring it may be carried over the winter in pits in the earth of the garden.

Carrots.—Plant lots of them. They can be stored and kept perfectly in dry sand in the cellar throughout the winter.

Cauliflower.—Every one needs cauliflower. I like to buy the plants ready grown and set them out shortly after the 1st of June, putting a second crop in a few weeks later.

Celery.—I should feel sorry, indeed, if I did not have a good supply of celery on hand to use as freely as I may want it throughout the winter months. I buy the plants and set them out about the middle of June, or before the 1st of July.

Sweet Corn.—I like to put my corn where it will get the greatest possible amount of sunshine. Corn is a southern plant, and it flourishes in heat and sunshine. I make three plantings, and there is just one variety that I use—Golden Bantam. It is a rather small cob, yellow in colour, but I consider it far superior in quality to any of the other varieties, though Stowell's Evergreen is good, and Country Gentleman is a good producer for later in the season. By planting my favourite Golden Bantam, first planting about the middle of May, second planting about the last week in May, and the third about the 10th of June, I have a constant succession of the excellent variety which best suits my palate.

Cress.—I always have a short row of about six or eight feet of cress. It is splendid for garnishing and also for the flavouring of soups.

Cucumber.—I often think that the cucumber is not half enough appreciated. We used to think it poisonous; now we know better. After being chilled in the refrigerator, peeled and cut into chunks like radishes, and dipped in salt, it is most luscious, andI believe most healthful. For pickling, the cucumber is of course quite an essential. It must be watered quite regularly and must be carefully watched in its early stages, or it may be wiped out almost in a day by the striped cucumber beetle.

Kohl Rabi.—This is a special favourite with me. A kind of cross between a cabbage and a turnip, it has a distinctive flavour, and I like a good supply of it. It is easily grown, just like turnips.

Lettuce.—So anxious am I for lettuce, that I start it early in the house in a special box under the kitchen stove. Then I transplant it into the frames, and later into the garden loam, and at intervals of two to three weeks during April and May I re-sow it so that I always have new stock coming along, to be available day by day throughout the summer for the table.

Onions.—I plant them for cooking, for pickling, and for storing, and of course for eating early in the season, grown from onion sets.

Parsley.—A little parsley is fine for garnishing and for flavouring soups. The seed is very slow in germinating. It may be three or four weeks before it makes its appearance, so do not be disappointed if you have to wait for it a long time. Be sure to put it in well cultivated soil to give it a good chance against the weeds.

Parsnips.—I have always found this to be one of the most valuable of all the garden vegetables. They may be left right in the ground during the winter, and will be in perfect condition when dug in the spring. They are said to be poisonous after they begin to grow the second season.

Peppers.—Eight or ten plants are quite enough, and I make a space for them.

Pumpkin.—I plant a couple of hills, enough to give me six or eight pumpkins, among the corn.

Radish.—I like the White Icicle much better than the crimson or white tipped turnip radish. I plant a succession of radish every two or three weeks, so that I may have a regular supply of them. Later in the season, about the last week in June, I put in winter radish. These can be stored, and I enjoy them throughout the winter when kept fresh in sand.

Rhubarb.—I would not think of being without rhubarb or pie plant in my garden. Five or six plants supply us nicely. It is a profitable crop to sell, as there is always a good demand for it, and a specially brisk demand early in the season. I like to place two or three roots in the cellar after it freezes up in the fall, and I get from these the most delicious rhubarb in the depth of winter.

(*Continued on next page.*)

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Cardinal Globe Table Beet....Pkg. 10c, oz. 20c, 4 ozs. 50c, 1b. $1.50.
Stringless Refugee Wax Butter Bush Beans..4 ozs. 15c, 1b. 50c, 5 lbs. $2.25.
XXX Early Summer Cabbage, hard heads..Pkg. 10c, oz. 30c, 4 ozs. $1.00.
Spinach Beet for greens, used as spinach..Pkg. 10c, oz. 30c, 4 ozs. 90c.
Chantenay Red Table Carrot..Pkg. 5c, oz. 25c, 4 ozs. 65c, 1b. $2.00.
Cauliflower, Best Snowball, gilt edge.....Pkgs. 15c, 25c, ¼ oz. 85c.
Paris Golden Celery, extra fine.....Pkg. 15c, ¼ oz. 60c, oz. $2.00.
Citron for Preserving, most productive ..Pkg. 5c, oz. 15c, 4 ozs. 40c.
Golden Bantam Table Corn ..... Pkg. 10c, 1b. 40c, 5 lbs. $1.90.
Early Market Table Sugar Corn.....Pkg. 10c, 1b. 35c, 5 lbs. $1.50.
XXX Table Cucumber, early, prolific....Pkg. 10c, oz. 25c, 4 ozs. 60c.
Select Nonpareil Lettuce, fine heads...Pkg. 5c, oz. 20c, 4 ozs. 60c.
Tall Climbing Nasturtium, standard..Pkg. 5c, oz. 15c, 4 ozs. 40c.
Giant Yellow Prizetaker Onion (black seed)....Pkg. 10c, oz. 25c, 4 ozs. 65c.
Yellow Globe Danvers Onion (black seed)....Pkg. 5c, oz. 25c, 4 ozs. 65c.
Yellow Dutch Onion Setts ..... lb. 35c, 5 lbs. $1.70.
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Champion Moss Curled Parsley.....Pkg. 5c, oz. 20c, 4 ozs. 50c.
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Rennie's Prize Table Swede Turnip.....Pkg. 5c, 4 ozs. 20c, ½ lb. 35c, 1b. 65c.
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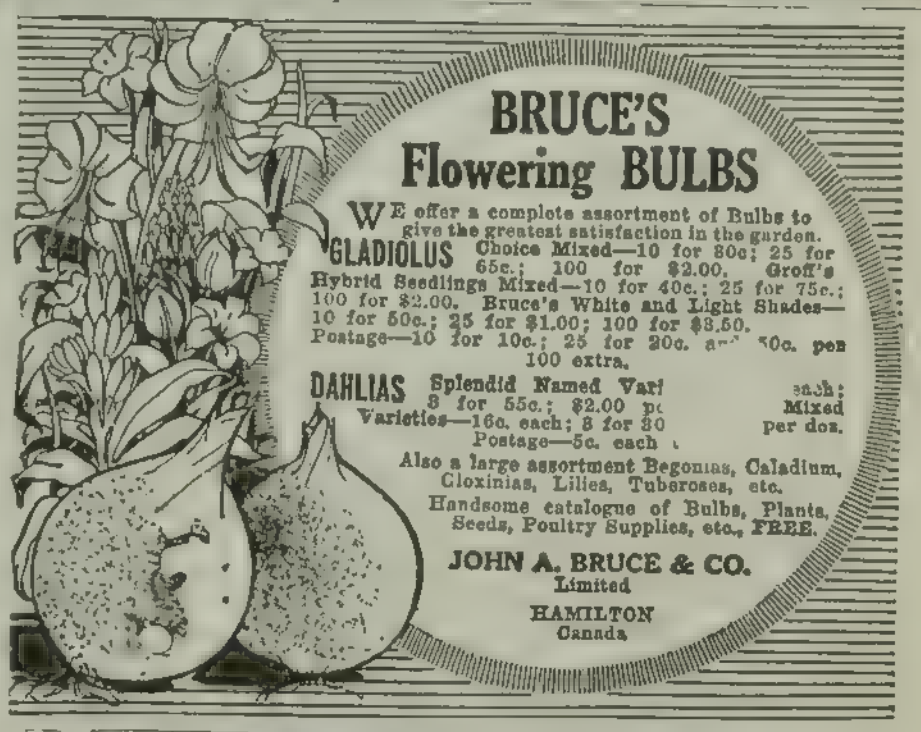


BRUCE'S
Flowering BULBS

WE offer a complete assortment of Bulbs to give the greatest satisfaction in the garden.

GLADIOLUS Choice Mixed—10 for 80c; 25 for 65c.; 100 for $2.00. Groff's Hybrid Seedlings Mixed—10 for 40c.; 25 for 75c.; 100 for $2.00. Bruce's White and Light Shades—10 for 50c.; 25 for $1.00; 100 for $3.50. Postage—10 for 10c.; 25 for 20c. and 50c. per 100 extra.

DAHLIAS Splendid Named Varieties—16c. each; 8 for 55c.; $2.00 per dozen. Mixed Varieties—16c. each; 8 for 80c.; $1.00 per doz. Postage—5c. each extra.

Also a large assortment Begonias, Caladium, Gloxinias, Lilies, Tuberoses, etc.

Handsome catalogue of Bulbs, Plants, Seeds, Poultry Supplies, etc., FREE.

JOHN A. BRUCE & CO.
Limited
HAMILTON
Canada

Use the Coupon in the Can for Recipe Book

"BEST BY TEST"

To you who choose the nation's food—who insist on purity, and on cleanliness in making and handling it—to you, the Women of Canada,

Redpath SUGAR

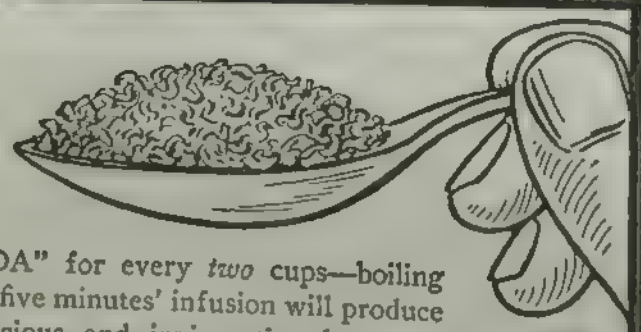
has been appealing successfully for over half a century.

Its absolute purity, and the protection and convenience of the Redpath Bags and Cartons, filled at the Refinery by automatic machinery, have made it the choice of the women who are most particular about their food supplies.

29

Made in one grade only—the highest!

One Tea-spoon-ful



of "SALADA" for every *two* cups—boiling water—and five minutes' infusion will produce a most delicious and invigorating beverage.

B191

SEND FOR A TRIAL PACKET

Mail us a postal saying how much you now pay for ordinary tea, and the blend you prefer—Black, Mixed or Green.

"SALADA," TORONTO.

INFANTS-DELIGHT TOILET SOAP

renders the water soft and pleasant to the face. The perfume is delightfully fragrant and refined. The pure, white tablet appeals to particular people. Wise mothers use it for Baby because they know it is pure. Always sold in dainty cartons. Price 10c. everywhere in Canada.

JOHN TAYLOR & CO. Limited
TORONTO
(*Established 1865.*)
Makers of Fine Soaps and Perfumes

14C

HER WORD OF HONOUR

(*Continued from page 54*)

he went on. "Cursed be those who sent me from my kith and kin; who sent me into the great world and showed me that there are better things than those of the desert through which my life-path lies. With you by my side, I could have endured it, for I love you. I love you as no man ever loved a woman. I would give my life and all I possess to gain your love, but it cannot be. The best I can give you is to send you from me. Ah, would to Allah we had never met!" He covered his face with his hands for a moment; then in a calm, cold voice said:

"You will meet a man at the foot of the hill who will guide you to your people. He can be trusted, but do not speak to him unless it is necessary. Tell your General that Ali Ibn Sud will never fight against him again, and that the Pedouin Chief and his army have gone home to their flocks and their herds. Some day"—and Ali's eyes glistened—"perhaps he and I may fight side by side against a common foe, and that day would be the proudest in my life." Then he took a beautiful brown and white cloth cloak from his arm and put it around Heather.

"This is a souvenir of Ali Ibn Sud," he said, with an attempt at lightness. "He gives it to you, though it was woven in the Bedouin tents—for his wife; and you shall take this black horse to your home," he continued, patting the animal's neck; "he is very sure-footed on the mountains."

Heather struggled to speak, and the tears came into her eyes. But he went on calmly:

"Once again I will ask you for your word of honour. Promise me never to reveal to any one, not even your husband, what you did and saw in the Mosque at Kerbela."

"I promise," Heather answered solemnly.

"You will leave the country as soon as you can, and never come back to the desert again, for remember that no infidel can enter the Kerbela Mosque and live. And if it were known—"

"I promise," sobbed Heather.

For a moment they waited in silence; then a wild desire swept over her to reward this man who had sacrificed so much for her, who had curbed and bent his wild savage nature for her sake. She looked over the purple desert with its changing lights and shades, and away beyond to the golden glory of the setting sun. She thought of the delightful unconventional life she had lived in the tents of the Bedouins, and the call of the desert was strong upon her. She looked at the tall, lithe, strong man with his straight, handsome features, his clear, brown skin, and his dark, intelligent eyes. Then slowly those dark eyes of the East were raised until they met the deep, blue eyes of the West and held each other in a long, intent gaze.

BUT Ali put his hand on the horse's mane and in a low, soft voice said in Arabic, "The desert is calling, but you must not listen. Go! And the blessing of Allah go with you!"

Heather bent down and kissed him gently on the forehead, a long, tender kiss. Then she straightened in her saddle, and without a word or a look, she rode away down the hill.

And Ali Ibn Sud, the great Bedouin Chief, before whom thousands trembled and whose word was law, sat watching the girlish figure on the beautiful thoroughbred horse. He saw his trusty guide join her at the bottom of the hill, and he watched them ride away together across the sandy waste, riding and riding, and ever growing smaller and less distinct against the orange sky, till they vanished altogether over the dark horizon.

"Great Lord, and Mighty Chief!" A man bowed before him. "News has come that the infidel dogs are already within a day's march of our ancient city of Bagdad, and the army waits but your orders to destroy them utterly."

"We go back at once to our flocks, and our herds—and our women," came the stern reply.

"Not fight the infidel dogs?" queried the man in surprise.

"No!" thundered Ali Ibn Sud.

MY VEGETABLE GARDEN THIS YEAR

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Spinach.—Since I prefer the Swiss Chard to spinach, I now grow very little of the latter, though I think it is slightly earlier, and I find that it may be sown in the fall like winter wheat, carried through the winter, and be available in the spring ahead of any other vegetable. The value of greens as a domestic economy, as a blood tonic, and as a diuretic, is very important. There would be less need for doctors and their medicine if we were to eat more greens like spinach.

Squash.—Well known, not only as a vegetable, but also as a basis for pie, for which it is claimed to be quite as good as pumpkin. The squash bug is its great enemy, so plant enough extra squash to allow a few to be spared for the bugs.

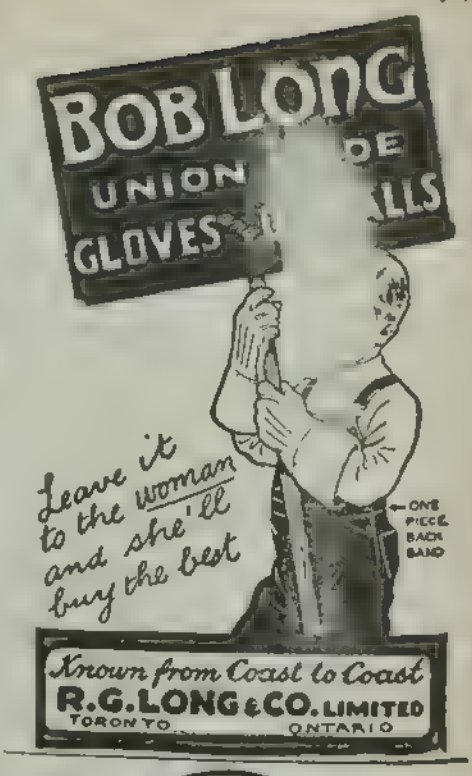
Tomato.—One could hardly get too many tomatoes. I prefer to buy the plants of the varieties I want and set them out about the 7th of June, after all danger from frost is over. They may be set in spaces from which early peas, lettuce, and radish have been gathered.

Turnips.—Easily looked after, both the garden varieties and the Swede or Field turnips.

Of the various herbs, I always plant a little carroway and summer savory, these being annuals, and I make sure that I have the following perennials in good healthy producing condition—horehound, sage and winter savory.

Surely I do not need to *urge* any one to plant her garden this spring. It is always a great privilege, and *this* year it is a patriotic duty.

So good luck to our 1917 gardens! May the weight of our united efforts be felt all over Canada this year in better health, saner meals, and the accomplishment of Real Thrift!



DELATONE

Removes Hair or Fuzz from Face Neck or Arms

DELATONE is an old and well known scientific preparation, in powder form, for the quick, safe and certain removal of hairy growth no matter how thick or stubborn they may be. You make a paste by mixing a little Delatone and water, then spread on the hairy surface. After two or three minutes, rub off the paste and the hair will be gone. When the skin is washed, it will be found to be smooth and hairless—as smooth as a baby's. Delatone is used by thousands every year, and is highly recommended by beauty authorities and experts.

Druggists sell Delatone; or an original one-ounce jar will be mailed to any address upon receipt of One Dollar by

THE SHEFFIELD PHARMACAL COMPANY
459 So. Wabash Ave. Dept. CV Chicago, Illinois

LITTLE OR NO CAPITAL

Required to build a comfortable home for your family

It seems like a romance or a fairy tale to say that within the boundaries of Ontario is a vast new land of 20,000,000 acres, nearby, far larger than Great Britain, or France or Germany.

Northern Ontario

Here you may acquire land at only 50c. an acre and build for yourself an independent home. It is a fertile country of rich agricultural land where thousands of farmers are being made comfortable and rich. Here, right at the door of Old Ontario, a home awaits you!

Will you send for descriptive illustrated booklets and investigate this unrivalled opportunity to get a home of your own?

For full information as to terms, regulations and settlers' rates, write to

H. A. Macdonell, Director of Colonization
Parliament Buildings, Toronto, Ontario
Hon. G. H. Ferguson, Minister, Lands, Forests and Mines

Deafness

Perfect hearing is now being restored in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc.

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums

"Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" require no medicine but effectively replace what is lacking or defective in the natural ear drums. They are simple devices, which the wearer easily fits into the ears where they are invisible. Soft, safe and comfortable.

Write *today* for our 168 page FREE book on DEAFNESS, giving you full particulars and testimonials.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated
763 Inter-Southern Bldg. LOUISVILLE, KY.

Beautifully Curly, Wavy Hair Like "Nature's Own"

In three hours you can have just the prettiest curls and waves! And they remain a long time, when Liquid Silmerine is used before rolling the hair in curlers.

Liquid Silmerine

is perfectly harmless. Easily applied with brush. Hair is nice and fluffy when combed out. Silmerine is also a splendid dressing. Keeps hair fine and glossy. Directions with bottle. At your druggist's.

MENTHOL *for* HEADACHES

Doctors say nothing else is so safe and so effective.

Vaseline
TRADE MARK
Mentholated
PETROLEUM JELLY

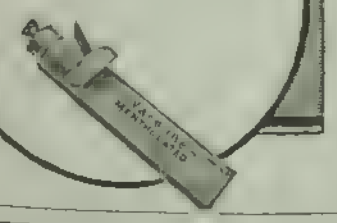
gives you the same soothing, cooling, menthol in the latest, most convenient form.

Brings prompt relief from nervous and neuralgic pains, sore throats, etc.

Sold in sanitary tin tubes at drug and general stores everywhere.

Keep a tube handy.

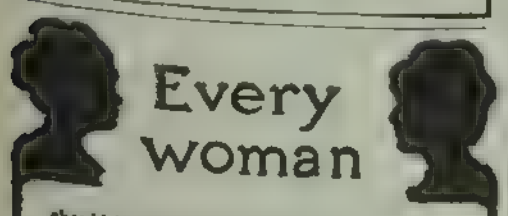
Chesebrough Mfg. Company
(Consolidated)
1880 Chabot Ave., Montreal



You begin to look old, with those grey and faded hairs, always so conspicuous. Send at once to your nearest store for a bottle of

LOCKYER'S
HAIR RESTORER

Sold Everywhere
Lockyer's gives health to the Hair and restores the natural color. It cleanses the scalp; is the most perfect Hair Dressing.



Every woman

should be interested in knowing that she can go to the druggist, secure X-Bazin powder, mix it with water, and by applying it herself, any unwelcome hair will disappear quickly, harmlessly and effectively. In use over fifty years. Doctors endorse it. Sufficient quantity costs 75c at druggists or send direct to

Hall & Ruckel
470 St. Paul Street, West
MONTREAL - - - CANADA

HILL'S WONDER RING FREE

"WHAT GROCERIES DID BROWN ADVERTISE?"

The Contest Editor announces the names of the winners in the contest.

ON behalf of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, I extend hearty congratulations to Mr. Lorne E. Hicks of Centralia, Ontario, Mr. Wallace J. Cordingley, of Regina, Sask., and the other winners of the fine competitive prizes in the contest which recently closed.

It was with mingled feelings of joy and regret that I received the list of the names of the winners from the Judging Committee and wired or wrote to Mr. Hicks and the other prize winners; joy because of their success and happiness, and regret that some of the very best entries had not been qualified and so could not be considered by the Judges.

The winning of the Overland Touring Car, the Indian Motorcycle, the Clare Bros.' Range, Singer Sewing Machine, and all the other fifty magnificent prizes certainly has created a great deal of happiness in many homes throughout Canada, and we are glad to have been the means of putting such attractive opportunities before our readers.

Lorne E. Hicks, Centralia, Ont.

The contest called for considerable cleverness and ability, and many entries that were fully qualified, although not ranking with the winning fifty, were deserving of great praise for the care and skill shown by the contestants. There were a number of the entries that I should have been very pleased indeed to have seen among the winners chosen by the judges.

Agriculture of Ontario, and Mr. R. G. Tobin, Managing Editor of the Canada Monthly Magazine.

These gentlemen are all busy executives, yet they gladly and willingly gave a great deal of their time, without any remuneration of any kind, to this important work, which has been so well done and so quickly completed.

Throughout the judging the utmost care was taken to insure every fair consideration being given to each individual entry.

At the conclusion of the contest, all the qualified entries were, on the Judges' instructions, put before a board of primary judges, who eliminated those entries in which any of the answers were incorrect or which for other reasons did not comply with the conditions of the contest.

The Judges then took charge of the work of completing the judging of all the qualified entries. They considered all the entries and gave chief consideration when examining them to the following points:

(A) The absolute correctness of the name of each article.

(B) General neatness and appearance of each set of answers. (Under this head 20 points were awarded.)

(C) Spelling, writing. (Under this head 10 points were awarded.)

CONGRATULATIONS
To These Happy Prize Winners

1. Lorne Hicks	Centralia, Ont.	Overland Touring Car.
2. Wallace J. Cordingley	Customs House, Regina, Sask.	Indian Motorcycle.
3. A A Rivard	328 Besserer, Ottawa, Ont.	Clare Bros.' Range.
4. Miss I. Van Norman	Wingham, Ont	Singer Sewing Machine.
5. Miss E. M Stephenson	771 Pape Ave, Toronto, Ont.	Cleveland Bicycle.
6. A T. MacDonald	New Waterford, N.S., Box 116.	Kitchen Cabinet.
7. Mrs. Wm Little	Hanover, Ont, R R. No. 2	Perfection Oil Range
8. Mrs. O. M Torkelson	Ratchlie, Sask	Cabinet of Silverware
9. Miss M. Colby	Preston, Ont.	Phonograph & Records.
10. Mr G. L Collins	50 Roxborough St, Toronto,	Washing Machine.
11. Mrs. N. Moore	91 Spring St., St. John, N.B.	Ladies' Dressing Table
12. Miss I. C MacLeod	Smith's Falls, Ont.	Imported Dinner Set.
13. Mrs F J. Anthony	Grand Valley, Ont., R.R. No. 4.	Waltham Gold Watch.
14. Mrs G. P. Russell	9832 80th Ave, Edmonton, A.	Arm Chair.
15. Miss A. McCombs	Thorold, Ont	Ladies' Bracelet Watch.
16. A. H. Rennie	24 Third Ave, Maisonneuve, P.Q.	Ebonized Mantel Clock
17. Mrs W B Hollmeyer	Tannystelle, Man.	"WR" Knives & Forks
18. Dr A. McAllister	Georgetown, Ont.	"WR" Knives & Forks
19 Miss J. Macgrath	Lorne Valley, P.E.I.	"WR" Knives & Forks
20. Mrs. C. T. Ayer	Bedford, N.S., Box 20.	"WR" Knives & Forks
21. Miss M. Leek	Swift Current, Sask.	"WR" Knives & Forks
22. Mr. R L Hildebrandt	Hand Hills, Alta.	Solid Gold Cameo Brooch
23. Mr. M. M Brubacher	Waterloo, Ont, R R. No. 1.	Electric Sad Iron.
24. R. A. Elliott	Wetaskiwin, Alta.	Folding Camera.
25. Mrs. I A. Colby	Wallaceburg, Ont.	Gillette Safety Razor.
26. Miss N McWatters	Listowel, Ont.	Pearl Ring.
27. L. Huffman	541 Langside St., Winnipeg.	Signet Ring.
28. Mrs. Richardson	2475 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.	Gentleman's Watch
29. W R. McKay	Montague, P.E.I.	10 Vol Set Scott's Works.
30. R. B. Carr	212 Shaw St, Toronto, Ont.	London Made Briar Pipes.
31. Wm. F. Dorward	Metegnan River, N.S.	Umbrella.
32. Miss M Bradley	102 Concord St., Brooklyn, N.Y.	Silver Mounted Umbrella
33. Mrs. A. L. Elderkin.	483 Esplanade, Sydney, N.S.	10Vol Set Dickens Works
34. John Ingram	Fernie, B C.	Leather Hand Bag
35. Mrs. F. Buchanan	East Centreville, N.B.	Leather Hand Bag
36. A. C. Taylor	Salisbury, N.B.	Leather Hand Bag
37. John C. Turner.	Orilla, Ont., R R No. 2	Leather Hand Bag
38. Miss G. F. McCuaig	101 Maitland St, Toronto,	Leather Hand Bag
39. Miss B. Frier	Whitney, Ont., Box 119.	Silver Mounted Cane
40. Miss I. I. Anderson.	Park Hill, Ont.	Complete Manicure Set.
41. Mr. K. S. Haukom.	Medom, Alta.	7 Vol. Thackeray's Works
42. Mr. S. A. Doupe	123 Woodlawn Ave., Toronto	Parisian Ivory Toilet Set.
43. Miss M. E. Woodward	1324 Cypress St., Vancouver	Solid Gold Pearl Tie Pin.
44. Mrs. J. E. Woodcock	Tamworth, Ont.	3 piece Carving Set.
45 Mrs. C. W. Elliott	542 Victor St, Winnipeg, Man	Silver Wrist Watch.
46. E. P. Speakman	Penhold, Alta.	Leather Case and Wallet.
47. Miss A. Doran	17 Station St, Belleville, Ont.	Seal Grain Leather Purse
48. Mr. C. Short	50 King St, Dartmouth, N.S.	Leather Case and Wallet.
49. H. Bastien,	Leamington Ont.	Leather Case and Wallet.
50. Miss H. P. Cable	Otterville, Ont.	Ladies' Silver Watch.

The qualification rules were simple, and every contestant who complied with them received at once payment in cash or choice of a number of handsome and valuable rewards, as guaranteed. Those of our readers who have seen any of these prizes know that the contestants who received them felt more than well repaid for their participation in this event, and for their co-operation with us in making EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD better known and appreciated in their neighbourhood.

While so many read about our great contests, comparatively few take the time to try to puzzle them out, probably because they do not realize how profitable their success may be made by a powerful and successful publishing house like the Continental Publishing Co., Limited.

During the next 12 months, I estimate that we shall distribute between our correspondents in the various parts of Canada over $50,000.00. Some of this money will go into prizes, some in commissions, some in salaries or bonuses. We shall, of course, have a number of interesting contests—one is to be found on page 32 of this issue. It is not easy to solve, and in connection with it we desire to receive letters of opinion, criticism, and suggestions for EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. $510.00 in prizes was originally offered, but this amount will be doubled at the close of the contest, and $1,020.00 in prizes given to our contestants. As there is no expense in connection with this or any EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD contest, you will enjoy taking a part and receiving your share of these fine prizes.

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is in complete agreement with the decisions made, as herewith announced, and takes this opportunity of publicly thanking the Judges, Mr. W. H. Shaw, proprietor of the Shaw's Business Schools of Toronto, and member of the City of Toronto Board of Control; Mr. W. J. Bell, B.S.A., live stock specialist of the Department of

(D) The handwriting from the viewpoint of character, style, etc. (Printed or typewritten answers were not considered by the Judges as coming under the rules; nor were answers sent in by apparently professional writers or engravers, whom the judges considered as having an unfair advantage.

The correct answers of the names of the articles which Mr. Brown advertised are as follows:

1. BAKING POWDER
2. CURRANTS
3. BUTTER
4. TOMATOES
5. ALLSPICE
6. CABBAGE
7. FARINA
8. MATCHES
9. BORAX
10. CATSUP
11. STOVE BLACKING
12. PICKLES
13. DATES
14. MOLASSES

IT was originally announced that the contest would close April 30th, 1917. The publishers decided later to award the prizes, if possible, a month earlier by advancing the closing date to March 12th, 1917. Due announcement of this was sent to every competitor and was also widely advertised.

When, after mature deliberation, the judges had sifted down the number of possible winners to a few of the very best entries submitted, these entries, with the name and address of each contestant covered, were laid out on tables for their final inspection and consideration. After a further careful consideration of the rules and conditions governing the contest, the judges made their final decisions as announced.

We also wish to state again that the Judges had no personal knowledge or acquaintanceship with any contestant, nor were they aware of whether or not a contestant was a subscriber to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD or had rendered any service of any kind, beyond that necessary to qualify the entry. ERNEST H. LAWSON

Notice

New Magazine for Women of Rural Canada Ready May 30th

THE installation of additional new perfecting printing machinery for printing EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD has enabled us to undertake to produce a very much larger edition of the new magazine than we at first planned and thus give our subscribers so much the bigger value. So it has been thought well to delay the publication of the new magazine by a month or two until the new printing machinery is ready.

The first issue will be ready on or about May 30th. In this issue the prize winners in the "Name" and other competitions will be announced.

50,000 Copies
Will be Printed

WATCH EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD next month for big full-page announcement in this connection, of greatest possible, vital interest to every woman and man, every girl and boy, who live on a farm in Canada.

$ $ $ $ $ $ $ $
Thousands of Dollars
Will be Given Away

TO friends who help us introduce the new magazine to the women of Rural Canada. This new magazine is to take a very big place in the life of Canadian farm people. It has tremendous work to do in helping to build up Canada in the reconstruction period after the War. **We will need your help!**

Save a Dollar Coupon

AS announced previously in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, the price of the new magazine is to be $1.00 per year. For any one of our good friends and workers who is interested and sends us $1.00 **now, we will enter up a subscription for two years for the one dollar—thus saving you $1.00.**

We would appreciate receiving your subscription. Send it to us now while you are thinking about it and save $1.00.

The price will positively be $1.00 per year as soon as the first issue is ready; and, if the price of paper keeps climbing, we may have to ask you for $1.50—so send along your dollar now and thereby become one of the first subscribers and helpers to this new magazine, which is to mean so much to you as a Canadian in your daily life.

Use the form below (copy it on your letter paper and mail it to us now).

SAVE $1.00 COUPON.

CONTINENTAL PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED
62 Temperance St., Toronto

I subscribe in advance for your new magazine, and enclose $1.00 for two years (or 60c. for one year). I understand that the price is to be $1.00 a year as soon as the first issue is ready, and I therefore am saving $1.00 by subscribing now for two years. Please send your new magazine to the following name and address:

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Every Possible Variety

One Quality THE BEST

Full weight, perfect cleanliness
PURITY and SWEETNESS

Royal Acadia Sugar

For Cooking. The bright yellow and dark yellow grades.

For General Table Use. In fine, medium and coarse granulations.

For the Tea Table. Cut loaf sugar and the ever popular Tea Blocks in most convenient shape, giving more to the pound with less waste.

See our great range of packing as illustrated above—barrels, half barrels, 100 lb., 20 lb., and 10 lb. bags, 5 lb. and 2 lb. packages.

Royal Acadia Sugars are sold by all the best dealers throughout Canada

The Acadia Sugar Refining Co., Limited

HALIFAX - CANADA

ROYAL ACADIA SUGAR
Every Grain, Pure Cane.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER'S IRISH LINEN

World Renowned for Quality and Value

ESTABLISHED in 1870 at BELFAST—the centre of the Irish Linen industry. They have a fully equipped factory for Damask and Linen weaving at Banbridge, Co. Down; extensive making-up factories at Belfast; and for the finest work, hand-looms in many cottage homes. The following are examples:—

IRISH TABLE and BED LINEN.
DAMASK TABLE CLOTHS, size 2 x 2 yards—from $1 92 each. 2 x 2½ yards—from $2.14 each. 2½ x 3 yards—from $6.72 each.
DAMASK TABLE NAPKINS to match, from $2.56 per dozen.
LINEN SHEETS, size 2 x 2 yards—from $11 48 per pair.
PILLOW CASES, size 19 x 30 inches—from $1.08 per pair.
EMBROIDERED LINEN BEDSPREADS, from $7 44 each
EMBROIDERED LINEN PILLOW SHAMS, from $1.18 each.
HEMSTITCHED LINEN HUCK TOWELS, from $4 68 per dozen.
THE IDEAL COLORED DRESS LINEN, non-crushable finish in white and fashionable shades, 36 inches wide—48c. per yard.
LADIES' LINEN HEMSTITCHED HANDKERCHIEFS—from $1 32 per doz.
LADIES' EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEFS—from $1.80 per dozen.
GENTLEMEN'S LINEN HEMSTITCHED HANDKERCHIEFS— from $2.14 per dozen.
KHAKI HANDKERCHIEFS—50c. to $1.66 per dozen.
IRISH COLLARS AND SHIRTS. Our celebrated Linen-faced Castle Collars in every size and shape—$1.56 per dozen.
WHITE SHIRTS for dress or day wear—from $1 38 each.
OXFORD or ZEPHYR SHIRTS—from $1 18 each. Mercerised Twill from 94c. CELLULAR, $1 08
MEDIUM WEIGHT FLANNEL—$1.42 and $1 66.
CEYLON SUMMER WEIGHT FLANNEL—$1.18.
HEAVY WINTER WEIGHT, all wool—$2.28 each. Size 14½ to 16½ inches in stock.

By Appointment

To their Majesties the King and Queen

Illustrated Price Lists and Samples sent post free to any part of the world. Special care and personal attention devoted to Colonial and Foreign Orders.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Limited
Donegall Place
BELFAST, IRELAND

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Beware of parties using our name; we employ neither agents nor travellers.

SHORTHAND—THE NEW WAY IN 30 DAYS

Learned at home. Boyd Syllabic System, based on syllables. No shading—no position. Writers hold World's Record. Two of the largest Mail Order Houses have installed the Boyd System. 100 to 150 words a minute guaranteed. Write todad for Special Offer, Free Catalog and Sample Lesson.

Chicago Home Study Schools
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LEARN Dressmaking AT HOME

WE HAVE A COMPLETE SYSTEM of 18 lessons on dressmaking. These lessons teach how to cut, fit and put together everything from plainest waist to most elaborate toilette. You can learn at home in spare time. Cut down the high cost of living by making your own garments henceforth. If you do not want to be a professional dressmaker, the cost to learn is so small that it will pay you to take this course for your own use. Write for free book it which gives full information and terms. Address

Ellison Dressmaking Co.
KITCHENER Dept. E. ONTARIO

MARRIAGE LAWS SHOULD BE MADE MORE STRINGENT

(Continued from page 45)

The system of issuing marriage licenses in most Canadian provinces is as badly devised as could well be imagined. Such licenses are usually sold by jewellers whose only interest is to pocket the fee and sell the wedding ring. There is actually less difficulty in obtaining a marriage license than in obtaining a license to peddle fruit on the street. The Italian immigrant who desires to sell bananas from a truck on the corner must satisfy the municipal authorities that he is a a proper person to obtain this right, and his license may be cancelled at any time for cause. A person who desires to conduct a pool-room can obtain a license only after the proper authorities have made an investigation into the conditions under which he intends to do business, and are satisfied that he is a fit and proper person to obtain such a license. These licenses and all similar licenses are to be had solely from either government or municipal authorities, but a marriage license may be obtained over the counter from a jeweller without any questions being asked except the most purely formal.

We Need New Laws

These are some of the circumstances which strike one in considering the present marriage laws of Canada, and compel one to the conclusion that proper legislation is required and that it ought not to be longer delayed. One may perhaps be over-sanguine, but it may be expected that the time is not so very far distant when legislation will be enacted adequate to safeguard those persons who are about to marry. It cannot be denied, however, that there are difficulties in the way. The subject is constitutionally one for the Dominion Parliament, which encounters so many various public opinions in the various provinces that in matters of this kind it has always been slow to act. Nevertheless, there is no doubt, that when, as a result of education and publicity, the people of Canada realize that the well-being of their country is founded mainly on the health of its inhabitants, public opinion will then insist that such legislation be enacted as will, both for the parties themselves and the children who are to be born of the marriage, protect them from some of the dangers which are so often attendant upon marriage under present conditions.

MARRIAGE LAWS SHOULD NOT BE MADE MORE STRINGENT

(Continued from page 37)

years rather than ardently to seek an immediate improvement of the conditions we now have. If the same over-reaching spirit had actuated us at the beginning of the War, the world would to-day be in the hands of the war lords of Germany, and we in Canada would be guessing as to what portion of indemnity we should pay for having dared do anything, let alone say anything, against Germany's place in the sun. Let us win the War, and provide homes for our heroes on their return, and the boys will work with us to realize our ideals.

I would not say anything against revising the marriage laws at some time after the conclusion of the War, but I certainly do think that while the War is on, there should not be any radical change in the primary social laws of the Dominion.

Cemetery Cynics

Husbands are often unappreciative of their wives' qualities and virtues in life, but it is not often they express their views on the tombstones of the dear departed spouses. Yet instances are extant where this has been done, as thus:—

We lived one-and-twenty year
As man and wife together;
I could not hold her longer here
She's gone I know not whither,
But I suppose she's soared aloft,
For in the late great thunder
Methought I heard her very voice
Rending the clouds asunder!

That is a distinctly nasty one, but it is not the worst of a small but pretty bad set of tombstone rhymes which set out the wife's character in anything but rosy hues. Here is an arithmetical ditty which mournfully shows how the poor husband was "snowed under" in life and cannot regret the departure of the bad weather which made life miserable:—

We were not one, but surely ten,
I and the wife I sigh for;
My better half supplied the one,
And I supplied the cipher!

But this even must hide its diminished head, douse its glim, before the concentrated malice of the following. It starts so well. One imagines that idyllic life of perfect matrimonial harmony, and then, like a thunderbolt or a "Jack Johnson," crash comes the last fatal line:—

Here rests my spouse; no pair through life
So equal lived as we did;
Alike we shared perpetual strife,
I knew no rest till she did.

And lastly there is a punning effort by another undisconsolate husband, who finds it difficult to grieve that he is left alone in this vale of tears:—

Here lies my wife,
Who's gone on high
If I said I was sorry,
I, too, should lie

"The Wishing House," which appeared in the February issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, was published by special arrangement with Harper's Magazine.

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Boys, Girls. Do you want $10.00 Cash, all your own, this very week? Will you give us just one or two hours of your spare time for a day or two after school to earn it? Any bright boy or girl can win our $10.00 Cash prize in a few hours. This is the greatest opportunity you will ever have in your life-time, so read every word of this message.

He Won $100.00

12-year-old Lyle F. O Benson, of Hamilton, Ont., won $100.00 Cash.

Read what he says:

18 Mountain St.,
Hamilton, Ont,
March 19th, 1917

Gentlemen.—Saturday afternoon I received your letter and the check for $100.00. I just want to tell you I was a happy boy and thank you very much.

It was easy to get the subscribers to Everywoman s World which I sent, and I could have done even better if it had not been so cold after I got home from school.

Again thanking you and telling you I will try for another prize as soon as I can, I remain, Yours truly,

LYLE F. O. BENSON."

Raoul Orbach, of Toronto—11 years old, won his $10.00 prize one Saturday afternoon. He never dreamed that he could make $10.00 so easily

Little Miss Florence Nesbitt, of Arnprior, Ont., won a $25.00 Cash prize as the reward of a single afternoon's effort.

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THE GOOD HOUSEKEEPER

RUNNING THE HOME ON A BUSINESS PLAN

How I Made My Income Meet My Needs

I HAVE just spent a very busy afternoon—talking! My sister-in-law and her two-year-old son came to tea, which we drank to the accompaniment of a most earnest discussion of household management. My kiddies were naturally overjoyed to see their cousin, and so the three little people, as good as gold, played blocks on the rug at out feet.

"Let's build flats," said Edith, my eldest hopeful. "I think our flat is just lovely since it has been all fixed up new, don't you?" To which the baby gurgled an enthusiastic assent.

"Cute little mites," said Marion to me; "but really, dear, those children show a great deal of discriminating appreciation when they praise this flat. Everything is so attractive and pretty. I don't know how you do it unless you have a magic Aladdin's lamp, hidden away, or a rich relative at your disposal."

"There ain't no sech animal!" I answered, laughing.

"There is some secret, and you must tell me! Running a home on an income such as yours and mine isn't exactly what I should call a soft snap. You have one more little mouth to feed than I have, too."

And so we talked shop and immensely enjoyed our discussion of the ways and means of housekeeping and the ever increasing problem of the high cost of living, which we were each facing in our own way, with more or less success. I brought out my budget and ledger and Marion and I pored over the figures they contained with as vital an interest as if we were directors at the annual meeting of a corporation in which we had invested large sums of money.

"I still don't see how you do it!" Marion exclaimed. "I keep accounts, but I can never bring my expenses down to such low figures as you have here."

First Comes Waste Elimination

"How do I do it?" I replied. "By the elimination of waste and a firm determination to get good value for every cent I spend as well as every dollar. Now take rent, for example. The first question that arose when I started my business-like housekeeping was whether to take a flat out in the suburbs for $12 and add $2 for car fare a month, such as we are doing now, or look for a house at $14 near Will's office in the heart of the city, where no car fares would be necessary. I found in one day's investigation that the only accommodation at $14 in the city was a dingy, dirty tenement in the foreign quarter, with bad air, no daylight, gas instead of electric light, and the dirt of ages on the floors and walls. Out here we have an endless car ride, it is true, but it only costs one ticket, no matter how far you go, and Will might as well read the paper on the cars as any other time. At any rate, he doesn't seem to mind it. The air is so good for the children out here that we really feel that we are getting value for every cent of our $14 spent in this way."

"How would your kiddies like to have their little cousin as a neighbour?" said Marion. "When Boy and I were coming out to see you this afternoon, we thought we should never get here, but now that we have actually arrived, we are charmed with everything, aren't we, Son? Twelve dollars seems awfully low for rent. I always figure on about $18 at least."

"So did I at first, but I found it was better to leave a little extra for house-furnishing, in order to provide myself with good cupboard accommodation and labour saving devices in order to eliminate waste in both work and materials. For example, if you haven't a cold cupboard for food and preserves, a dry place for groceries, and an airtight box for bread, you will lose more money in waste than the whole outlay for these necessities amounts to. I calculate that every dollar expended in home comforts and conveniences brings in a good rate of interest. Come with me and I shall show you a few of my little stunts, many of which cost practically nothing. Everything is designed to save something, for whether it is labour, time or materials, it is money in the end.

Little Economies That Count

"You wouldn't believe it, but I spent next to nothing on all these things. Those cushions, for instance, are entirely home-made, even to their very insides! I set the kiddies to work to clip up an old silk dress and a curtain, and in this way I have a soft, light stuffiing that never lumps. All the covers are washable, you see, and bear a remarkable resemblance to the family's last summer wardrobe and the curtains in our last flat! I really enjoyed making those pillows, as I had to use so much ingenuity!

"The furniture coverings I do consider a triumph. I always dislike that cheap furniture we bought when we were married, and when it got soiled, I positively hated it. When we painted the woodwork white, it looked worse than ever. I priced chintzes, but any designs I liked were at least 50 cents a yard—a hopeless proposition for yours truly. As I was going out of a shop I passed the gingham counter and stopped to price some goods for the children's summer dresses. The saleswoman showed me this very material in green and white stripes at only 15 cents a yard. And then it was that I had the inspiration. Why not make my furniture covers out of this instead of the expensive chintzes! I have forgotten just how much the bill came to—somewhere about five dollars, I think, for the whole room. Don't you think they look smart the way I have boxed them with cords?"

"You are positively too ingenious for words," was Marion's delighted comment.

When Hubby Helps

"Lately Will and I have had a regular craze for 'built in' furniture. Of course, it would not be worth while if we had not a fairly long lease of the flat, but under the present circumstances we feel that the labour and outlay are justified. There was hardly a shelf or cupboard in the place when we came—you don't get everything you want in a cheap flat!—but now we have them in every room and to suit every purpose, whether it be for books, linen, clothes, medicines, or stores generally. When one has plenty of cupboard space, it is six times as easy to keep the house in order. This window seat which I have covered with a chintz cushion, is really a dress box in which I keep all our best clothes."

"I should have thought it would have paid you better to have bought such furniture at a shop."

"Well, no! You see we could use a cheap wood and paint it white to match the woodwork of the room. The results are more satisfactory, too, for this style of furniture is easier to keep clean, takes far less room, and is more durable."

"And just as pretty," added Marion.

"I want you to see what Will made me for Christmas. It is simply a little medicine cupboard, with the door dropping down instead of opening at the side. He has hung it at a convenient height so that I can jot down my expenditures as they occur, keep my laundry list, bread and milk tickets handy, and file my bills, receipts, and so forth. I do believe I use it more than my writing desk in the sitting room. Hanging beside it is my loose-leaf cook book, in which I paste hints and recipes which I have cut out of papers and magazines, all arranged alphabetically. Some of them are well worth trying.

"There is something I want to show you especially. Here it is! I cut this out of a housekeeping magazine. It is called an iceless refrigerator, and I mean to try it next summer, as it only costs $1.23, which is considerably less than 10 cents a day for ice during the hot months."

"It says: 'Place a large pan of water on the floor and in it stand a wooden framework of shelves suitable to lay your provisions on. A smaller pan is set on the top, also filled with water. A heavy covering of coarse cotton is wrapped closely around the whole structure, with the ends hanging down into the pan of water at the bottom and touching the water at the top. By capillary attraction the cloth will keep wringing wet as long as the pans are kept full of cold water, thus lowering the temperature about 35° or 40° on a hot day. This is an excellent plan to keep butter, milk and meat.'"

"That sounds good to me," said Marion. "You could have it in addition to your ordinary refrigerator and only buy ice in the very hot weather. I think I shall try it too, if you don't mind passing the idea on!"

"Mind! I should say I should be delighted! What do you think of these dusters made from flour and sugar bags? All my groceries I keep in old cans and bottles which I have labelled so that I can see them easily, and my jelly and pickles are put away in odd jars with paraffin covers. My flower pots all over the flat are nothing more than tomato cans with holes punched in the bottoms and glorified with a piece of crinkle paper. I am always needing more as I cut off slips and plant them. This is my paper cupboard, for I never throw away a newspaper. I find a hundred uses for them—wrapping up garbage, putting around the ice in summer and between the bedclothes in winter, covering the table when I am preparing fruits and vegetables, and even for tying up our winter clothes to keep out the moths. If they ever accumulate, I send for the scrap metal and paper man, and he buys them from me at 50 cents.

Saving Labour

"It seemed to me that I used to spend half my time washing and wiping dishes, and I felt as if I had a millstone round my neck three times a day. Come and see how I have fitted up my kitchen and banished labour by the help of science. First of all here is my dishwasher, which works in season and out of season like a charm. It cost me very little, for I had this pail anyway. This is neither more nor less than a wire office scrap basket, which fits inside the pail. I fill my pail with warm, soapy water and the basket with the dishes and cutlery already scraped. I then plunge the basket into the pail and revolve it from left to right and right to left, and work it up and down. A second rinsing in clear hot water, and I lay the dishes on this frame to drain. No further polishing is needed except for the cutlery, and I am ready to put the dishes away. Even here I have a short cut—Will's contribution in the shape of a service wagon just like the ones they use in bakeries or hospitals to carry things from one room to another. You see Will added these two lower shelves to this little table, put castors on the feet, and enamelled the whole affair white. Instead of carrying the dishes into the dining-room two at a time, I pack everything on to the wagon and wheel it all at one go. One trip to lay the table and one to clear it away! That's how I have time to plan new stunts and read for an hour or so every afternoon!

"Do you know castors are a splendid invention? If you notice, I have them on every table, bed, and dresser all over the flat, as in this way I can move the furniture easily when I am sweeping, and thus produce far better results without the back-breaking labour I used to have."

"How do you keep everything looking as immaculate as you do?" said my guest. "You must houseclean three times a day, judging from the freshness of your home."

"Not quite! I am for reducing work to a minimum rather than speeding up to a maximum. The reason you think everything looks spotless is that I have so many washable things about. These rugs, curtains, quilts, and covers all go into the washtub periodically. Most of them I can wash myself, so it is only the rugs that need to go to the laundry. I can oil the floors every day or two with a mop, now that Will has varnished and shellacked them for me. The white furniture—painted by the firm of We, Us & Co.— and the woodwork I sponge over with water in which onions have been boiled, and in this way remove all the finger marks."

Cutting Down Fuel Costs

"No, I don't use papers for kindling! I don't need any. I don't let my fire go out. That is much too extravagant a practice as regards both fuel and labour. Which reminds me that I haven't told you any of my little methods for keeping down my gas bill to $1.50 a month. I consider that $9 for gas, light, coal, cleaning materials and laundry is quite an economical triumph. Want to see how I do it?

"The most important item in the scheme for saving gas is my home-made fireless cooker, which cost me well under a dollar all told. Do you see how it is made? A tin lard pail, which I lined with two thicknesses of paper before packing, is used for the outside container of the cooker. A gallon oyster can in which three inches of packing are allowed on all sides and at the bottom makes the nest. A piece of asbestos is wrapped around the outside of the nest, and another piece put under the bottom to prevent the scorching of the packing when hot soap stones are used. Shredded newspaper, hay and excelsior are packed tightly around and on top of the nest with a circular piece of cardboard to make a neat finish. Will enamelled the two pails white to finish it off. I always use an iron saucepan when I cook in this way, as it keeps the heat so much longer. There you have the real secret of my gas bill of $1.50 a month. All soups and stews go into the fireless cooker, and the results are as satisfactory as if I had had the gas burning for hours. And not only that; I can put the supper on to cook at lunch time, go out for the whole afternoon, and come back at night to find it piping hot and ready to serve on the instant.

"Of course a fireless cooker won't do everything. I have to use a great deal of care in ordinary cooking on the stove, watching that no gas is allowed to escape or go on burning unnecessarily. When the food in the saucepan comes to a boil, I always lower the gas, for after it has reached the boiling point it cannot cook any faster. The only thing you can do with a high gas in this case is to scorch or toughen your food.

"Whenever I use a gas jet, whether it is on the top of the stove or for the oven, I see to it that I am using every available calory of heat. I always think twice before I go to the expense of heating the oven, and when I do, I not only roast my meat, but I arrange to have baked potatoes and a baked pudding, and very often some apples and biscuits for supper and breakfast. And note well, when I go to the work of making buns, I make enough to do for more than one meal. This little rule applies to the cooking of all foods that can be kept for a day or so without spoiling. After I have taken my dinner out of the oven, I turn off the gas and slip in some dry bread to be made into crumbs for cooking or rusks for soup. By the time the oven is cold, the bread is done without danger of burning.

"The same principle applies to the top of the stove as to the oven. When the Chancellor of the Exchequer permits it, I shall invest in a real double decker steamer, in which I can cook my whole dinner on one jet. Meanwhile I make every saucepan into a double boiler so that I do not waste the steam. A lard pail is a wonder in this respect. I have punched holes in the bottom of this one so that I can use it as a steamer over the teakettle. The cover makes a very convenient baking pan, as it fits easily into a corner of a crowded oven.

"Do you find the flat warm enough? I am afraid that you and Boy may be chilly, as we never keep the rooms over 65 degrees. I dress the children warmly, and I find that they are much healthier than at 70 degrees. I always keep a shallow pan of water simmering on the back of the Quebec heater to make the air as moist as possible. You think $4.50 a month is low for coal in this climate? Perhaps it is, but I am a very careful stoker. I sift the ashes every morning and pick the clinkers out of the good cinders that are left before throwing them on the fire. Not even cinders go to waste in this house!"

Laundry Down to a Science

"Don't you hate doing laundry work?" said Marion.

"Well, I do and I don't. I have that department down to a pretty fine point, so that it really does not worry me very much. My big idea is to reduce the work as much as possible, and hence the crepe underclothes you see hung out on the line. No starching and no ironing are required. All you have to do is fold them up and put them away. When I am ironing I usually pin a piece of paper to the garments that need mending so that I have no further sorting to do.

"Lately I have been using paper for all sorts of purposes. This roll of tissue paper is for cleaning or for drying your hands, and when we are alone, the children and I always use Japanese serviettes to save washing the linen ones. Barring accidents, I make our big tablecloths last for a record length of time by using plain linen strips placed side by side on the table for breakfast and lunch. I cannot manage to do up the tablecloths myself, so I have to send them to the laundry, but my two strips do not give me any trouble to wash and iron at all. I always use cheesecloth for wet cleaning rags, and they cost so little that I can afford to throw them away if they are very dirty.

"I always wash my own curtains, as it is not a very hard task when you have a stretcher. My stretcher is only an amateur affair which Will made, but it does splendidly. He bored a row of holes at each end of these four pieces of soft wood scantling, so that I can adjust them with pegs to fit the different sized curtains. I fasten the curtains down with thumb tacks which I keep from year to year for the purpose."

(*Next month "How I Keep Up with the Rising Costs of Food."*)

Marjory Dale's Recipe Page

INEXPENSIVE MENUS FOR A FAMILY OF FOUR

By MARJORY DALE

Beauregarde Eggs

Boil 6 eggs 20 minutes. Make a pint of cream sauce, cut whites of the eggs into thin strips. Mix with the sauce, and fill baking shells, one for each person. Put the yolks of the eggs through a sieve on top of each shell. Put in oven for two or three minutes and serve.

Hamburg Steak with Tomato and Macaroni

About a pound of scraggy ends of beef or cold roast, a green pepper if you have it, chopped fine, a little onion juice, and a spoon of salt.

Put meat through mincer, add onion and salt, press into an oval shaped loaf. Brush generously with dripping and put meat in carefully. Cook each side one minute, holding closely to fire, then five or six minutes at a little distance, turning every ten seconds. Turn on hot platter, sprinkle with a little chopped parsley, surround with plain boiled macaroni and boiled tomato sauce.

Tomato Sauce

One-half can tomatoes, 2 tablespoons fine chopped onion, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon corn starch.

Heat tomato, strain through sieve, add onion, salt, pepper to taste. Bring to a boiling point, and thicken with corn starch.

Cream of Tomato Soup

One-half can of tomato left from day before, one onion, ½ cup of water, pinch baking soda, salt and pepper to taste, 2 cups of milk.

Put the tomato on to heat with onion, strain, bring to boiling point, add soda, water, and milk, salt and pepper to taste, a small piece of butter, and thicken with a little corn starch or flour.

Baked Bananas

Cut bananas lengthwise into halves, place in a baking dish, sprinkle with sugar and lemon juice, and bake for about 15 minutes in a moderate oven. Serve either hot or cold.

Creamed Dried Beef

One-half pound dried beef, 4 tablespoons flour, 3 tablespoons dripping, 1½ cups hot milk.

Tear clipped dried beef into small pieces. Place in frying pan, pour boiling water over it, and let stand for five minutes. Pour off water, put the pan over fire, and stir until the water is dried off the beef. Add dripping and flour and stir until flour is browned. Add hot milk and stir until thickened.

Cream of Carrot Soup

One cup diced carrots, 1 slice onion, 1 cup carrot stock, 3 cups milk, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, salt and pepper.

Cook diced carrots and onion in boiling salted water until tender, drain, and reserve one cupful of vegetable stock. Heat butter, add flour, and cook three minutes. Gradually add hot stock and hot milk, stirring until thickened. Add cooked carrots and season to taste.

Stuffed Round Steak

One slice of rump steak, 1 teaspoon salt, 1-8 teaspoon pepper, 2 tablespoons dripping, 1 cup bread crumbs, 1-8 teaspoon ginger, 1 tablespoon grated onion, 1 small piece of salt pork, chopped, 1 pint boiling water.

Have meat about an inch thick and see that it has no seams, openings, or muscle tissues running through it. Season with salt, pepper, and ginger. Heat fat in a frying pan, add bread crumbs and the rest of the ingredients. Cook two or three minutes and then spread this dressing over the meat. Fold the steak over, or roll it, and fasten securely with string. Place in a pan or deep kettle with a little fat, sprinkle well with flour, let brown, add 1 pint of boiling water, cover closely, and let simmer until tender. Remove strings and let brown. Serve hot in own sauce.

Parsnip Fritters

Parsnips, batter, salt and pepper. Wash and scrape parsnips, throw them into boiling water and boil. Skim frequently during boiling. When they are tender, drain, slice in round slices, dip them in frying batter, and fry in deep fat.

Italian Spaghetti

Cook in three pints of water 1½ pounds of lean, tender beef, cut into inch squares. When done, remove the meat from the broth and place in a pan with a tablespoon of beef dripping, and when browned on both sides, set back on range all ready to serve. Take a little over one-quarter package of spaghetti and break into two-inch lengths, blanch and add to meat with a half can of strained tomato, a tiny clove of garlic, and if so desired, one can of button mushrooms and ¼ cupful of grated Canadian cheese. Season with salt and pepper, simmer for a half hour. Place meat in the centre of a platter, surround with spaghetti mixture, and serve.

Fillet of Halibut, Sauce Loomis

Two half-pound slices of halibut, ½ onion, 4 slices carrots, a sprig of parsley, ½ sprig of thyme, bit of bayleaf, 2 cloves, cold water, salt, pepper, and vinegar.

Wipe fish, cut into four fillets, arrange in pan, lay vegetables over fish, cover with water, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and add vinegar. Cover and let stand two hours. Put on range, bring to boiling point and let boil till fish is soft. Remove to hot platers. Pour over loomis sauce, dot with butter and bake until delicately browned.

Loomis Sauce

Two tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons flour, ½ cup milk, yolk 1 egg, fish liquor, 2 tablespoons mild cheese, salt and cayenne.

Melt butter, add flour, and stir till well blended. Then pour on gradually, while stirring constantly, milk and fish stock. Bring to boiling point. Add cheese and egg yolk slightly beaten. Season with salt and cayenne.

Hominy Croquettes

One pint hominy, ½ tablespoon butter, ½ cup milk, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ tablespoon flour, ½ cup bread crumbs.

Drain the hominy and put through a good chopper, or mash. Make a white sauce of the butter, flour, and salt. Mix this with the hominy, and add bread crumbs sufficient to form into croquettes. Then have ready some dried bread crumbs to which two tablespoons of milk or water have been added. Dip the croquettes into the bread crumbs, place in a buttered pan, and bake in a hot oven until evenly browned.

MENU CALENDAR FOR MAY

Tuesday, May 1st.
BREAKFAST
Stewed Rhubarb
Puffed Wheat Toast
Coffee
LUNCHEON
Beauregarde Eggs
Baking Powder Biscuits
Tea
DINNER
Salisbury Steak with
Tomatoes and Macaroni
Green Apple Pie, Coffee

Wednesday, May 2nd
BREAKFAST
Boiled Rice and Milk
Toast Cocoa
LUNCHEON
Cream of Tomato Soup
Brown Bread & Butter
Baked Bananas Tea
DINNER
Creamed Dried Beef
Mashed Potatoes
Spinach
Bread and Butter
Stewed Rhubarb

Thursday, May 3rd
BREAKFAST
Shredded Wheat
Biscuits and Cream
Toast Coffee
LUNCHEON
Cream of Carrot Soup
Toast Sticks Tea
DINNER
Stuffed Round Steak
Baked Potatoes
Mashed Parsnips
Bread and Butter
Creme Pudding

Friday, May 4th
BREAKFAST
Cornflakes Coffee
French Toast
LUNCHEON
Parsnip Fritters
Green Pea Salad
Baking Powder Biscuits
DINNER
Italian Spaghetti
Caramel Pudding
Tea Small Cakes

Saturday, May 5th
BREAKFAST
Baked Green Apples
Coffee
Cornmeal Muffins
LUNCHEON
Left-over Italian
Spaghetti
Brown Bread & Butter
Tea
DINNER
Fillet of Halibut with
Loomis Sauce
Mashed Potatoes
Lettuce Salad
Tea

Sunday, May 6th
BREAKFAST
Stewed Rhubarb
Cream of Wheat
Cocoa Toast
DINNER
Pork and Beans
Cold Slaw Coffee
Brown Bread
Lemon Jelly
TEA
Tomato Jelly Salad
Toast Sticks
Cake Tea

Monday, May 7th
BREAKFAST
Puffed Wheat Toast
Coffee
LUNCHEON
Hominy Croquettes
Stewed Rhubarb
Bread and Butter
Tea
DINNER
Beef a la Mode
Riced Potatoes
Lettuce Salad
Green Apple Sauce

Tuesday, May 8th.
BREAKFAST
Shredded Wheat
Toast Coffee
LUNCHEON
Cream of Corn Soup
Crackers
Tea Johnny Cake
DINNER
Boiled Fish
Hollandaise Sauce
French Fried Potatoes
Hollandaise Sauce
Water Cress
Rhubarb Pie

Wednesday, May 9th
BREAKFAST
Oatmeal with Dates
Toast Coffee
LUNCHEON
Lettuce Salad with
Home-made Cottage
Cheese
Graham Bread Tea
DINNER
Pot Roast of Beef with
Spaghetti
Diced Buttered Turnips
Cake Coffee

Thursday, May 10th
BREAKFAST
Stewed Rhubarb
Hominy Spoon-bread
Coffee
LUNCHEON
Green Pea and Nut
Salad
Baking Powder Biscuits
Cocoa
DINNER
Reheated Left-over Pot
Roast
Carrots
Johnny Cake Syrup
Tea or Coffee

Friday, May 11th
BREAKFAST
Breakfast Cereal
Toast Cocoa
LUNCHEON
Fried Mush with Syrup
or Melted Jelly
Tea
DINNER
Veal Loaf
Baked New Beets
Lettuce Salad
Left-over Cake
Steamed Sauce

Saturday, May 12th
BREAKFAST
Boiled Rice Toast
Coffee
LUNCHEON
Fried Mush Bananas
Brown Bread Tea
DINNER
Potato Chowder
Cornmeal Cutlets
Baking Powder Biscuits
Coffee

Sunday, May 13th
BREAKFAST
Orange
Uncooked Cereal
Toast Cocoa
DINNER FOR GUESTS
Cream of Tomato Soup
Mock Duck
Baked Potatoes
Spinach
Brown Bread Coffee
Rhubarb Pie
TEA
Cottage Cheese on
Toast
Canned Fruit
Cake Tea

Monday, May 14th
BREAKFAST
Cream of Wheat
Toast Coffee
LUNCHEON
Rice Croquettes
Baking Powder Biscuits
Tea
DINNER
Steak made from left-
over Mock Duck
Dumplings
Brown Bread
Quick Pudding

Tuesday, May 15th
BREAKFAST
Uncooked Cereal
Popovers Coffee
LUNCHEON
Cottage Pimento
Cheese on Lettuce
Toast Fingers Tea
DINNER
Rice Timbales with
Jelly
Baked Custard Tea
Brown Bread Cake

Wednesday, May 16th
BREAKFAST
Sliced Oranges
Boiled Rice Toast
Cereal Beverage
LUNCHEON
Nut and Green Pea
Salad on Lettuce
Brown Bread Fingers
Cocoa
DINNER
Baked Beans with
Chili Sauce
Brown Bread Coffee
Sliced Fresh Pineapple
Wheat Cake

Thursday, May 17th
BREAKFAST
Hominy Toast
Cereal Beverage
LUNCHEON
Baked Macaroni Tea
White Bread Cake
DINNER FOR GUESTS
Dressed Roast of Veal
Browned Potatoes
Green Peas
White Bread
Caramel Pudding
Cake Coffee

Friday, May 18th
BREAKFAST
Uncooked Cereal
Toast Coffee
LUNCHEON
Rhubarb Mound
Corn Meal Cake
Cocoa
DINNER
Creamed Veal on Toast
a la left-over
Boiled Rice
Water Cress Honey
Brown Bread
Coffee

Saturday, May 19th
BREAKFAST
Uncooked Cereal
Toast Coffee
LUNCHEON
Potato Salad
Hot Biscuits
Plain Lettuce Tea
DINNER
Escalloped Salmon
Rice, Fruit Salad
Cake Tea

Sunday, May 20th
BREAKFAST
Boiled Rhubarb
Bacon and Eggs
Toast Coffee
DINNER
Pot Roast of Beef with
Spaghetti
New Carrots
Lettuce and Watercress
Salad
Rhubarb Pie Coffee
TEA
Canned Peaches
Short Cake Tea

Monday, May 21st
BREAKFAST
Uncooked Cereals
Toast Coffee
LUNCHEON
Creamed New Carrots
on Toast
Baked Bananas
Iced Tea
DINNER
Pot Roast Minced on
Toast
Rice Border Coffee
Cottage Cheese Pie

Tuesday, May 22nd
BREAKFAST
Corn Meal Porridge
Brown Bread Coffee
LUNCHEON
Cream of Corn Soup
Crackers Cake
Tea
DINNER
Baked Bananas Bacon
Brown Bread
Rhubarb Conserve
Cocoanut Buns
Tea

Wednesday, May 23rd
BREAKFAST
Shirred Eggs Toast
Coffee
LUNCHEON
Glaced Sweet Potatoes
Brown Bread & Butter
Cocoa
DINNER
Plain Pot Roast
Carrots and Rice
Custard Tea

Thursday, May 24th
BREAKFAST
Cream of Milk Toast
Coffee
LUNCHEON
Lettuce Salad Prunes
Graham Bread Tea
DINNER
Steamed Dinner from
Pot Roast
Potatoes and Carrots
Baking Powder Biscuits
Honey Coffee

Friday, May 25th
BREAKFAST
Stewed Prunes Coffee
Whole Wheat Gems
LUNCHEON
Cream of Carrot Soup
Biscuits Tea
DINNER
Baked White Fish
Baked Potatoes
Lemon Gelatine Cocoa
Sugar Cookies

Saturday, May 26th
BREAKFAST
Uncooked Cereal
Toast Coffee
LUNCHEON
Corn Fritters Toast
Brown Bread Tea
DINNER
Casserole of White Fish
Lettuce Salad Tea
Angel Dainty

Sunday, May 27th
BREAKFAST
Baked Rhubarb Toast
Rice with Butter
Coffee
LUNCHEON OR DINNER
Steamed Veal
Green Peas, Dumplings
Lettuce Salad Coffee
Rhubarb Pie
SUPPER
Tuna Fish Salad
Brown Bread
Butter Fingers Tea

Monday, May 28th
BREAKFAST
Uncooked Cereal
Toast Cocoa
LUNCHEON
Savoury Rice
Baking Powder Biscuits
Tea
DINNER
Veal Loaf with Tomato
Sauce
Baked Potatoes
Green Apple Pie
Coffee

Tuesday, May 29th
BREAKFAST
Farina Top of Milk
Toast Coffee
LUNCHEON
Codfish Balls
White Sauce
Brown Bread Tea
DINNER
Pork Tenderloin
Cream Gravy
Turnips Browned in
Butter
Tapioca Meringue
Tea

Wednesday, May 30th
BREAKFAST
Uncooked Cereal
Top of Milk
Toast Cocoa
LUNCHEON
Spaghetti with
Tomatoes on Toast
Tea
DINNER
Rice and Meat Mould
Cold Slaw Brown Bread
Jellied Rhubarb

Thursday, May 31st
BREAKFAST
Fried Mush Toast
Tea
LUNCHEON
Kidney Beans Crackers
Tea
DINNER
Baked Salmon
Tomato Sauce
Brown Rice Croquettes
Rhubarb and Prune Pie
Coffee

A few recipes, given in the Menu Calendar for May, have been crowded out for want of space. These may be had on request to Marjory Dale, care of Everywoman's World, 62 Temperance Street, Toronto.

Beef a la Mode

Dredge a 1½ lb. round steak with 1½ tablespoons flour and dust of pepper. Roll and put in a pot with ½ tin of tomatoes; add a tablespoon of fried pork, pepper, dredge again with flour, cover closely, and bake for four hours in a slow oven. Serve meat on a deep platter and pour gravy over it.

Boiled Fish, Hollandaise Sauce

Wash fish in cold water, wipe dry, dredge lightly with flour and pepper, and roll in a napkin. Place in a quart of boiling water to which has been added a little salt and a spoonful of vinegar, and cook, allowing about 16 minutes. Salt and serve on a platter garnished with parsley.

Hollandaise Sauce

Put into double boiler one tablespoon of butter, whip into it the yolk of an egg, a pinch of salt and cayenne, two tablespoons of cider vinegar. Cook and stir until a little thick. Serve with fish.

Pot Roast of Beef with Spaghetti

Four pounds of bottom round of beef, ¾ pounds of spaghetti, 1 can of tomato, beef suet, 1 small onion, 1 green pepper, 2 slices of onion, 2 bay leaves, 4 cloves, 1 clove garlic, ¾ cup hot water, grated Canadian cheese, salt and pepper.

Cut up suet, combine with bacon and try out fat. Chop together the onion, garlic, and green pepper until quite fine and fry in fat. When beginning to brown, add meat, turning so it is well browned on both sides. Then add hot water, tomatoes, and seasoning, simmer gently 3 hours, add 1½ teaspoons salt, and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Half-hour before meat is finished, boil spaghetti till tender, drain, put into sauce surrounding the meat, and let cook ten minutes. Put meat on platter, sauce in the dish, grating cheese over top.

Green Pea and Nut Salad

Drain 1 can of green peas, turn into salad bowl, add juice of onion and mayonnaise. Mix thoroughly, chop ¼ pound of walnut meats, and sprinkle over top.

Veal Loaf

One pound veal, chopped, ½ cup chopped ham, 1 egg, ¾ cup dried bread crumbs, juice of ½ lemon, ¾ cup milk, small piece of butter, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper.

Mix ingredients in order given, shape into loaf, and place in dripping pan. Cook about 40 minutes in a hot oven, basting often.

Left-over Steamed Cake

Take left-over cake, cut in squares, and put on pie plate in a steamer until hot. Then serve as pudding with any favourite sauce.

Potato Chowder

One cup tomato, 1 pint boiling water, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ small onion, 2 cups milk.

Put potatoes to cook in boiling water with salt and sliced onion. When tender, put two-thirds of them through colander, add remainder of the potatoes, add milk, reheat. Serve over crackers.

Cornmeal Cutlets

Turn cornmeal mush into bread tins previously wet with water. When cold, slice, dip into bread crumbs, place in buttered pan, and bake in oven a rich brown. Serve with butter.

Rice Croquettes

Boil one cup of rice in salted boiling water, drain, dry thoroughly over fire. Season to taste, add one egg lightly beaten, form into croquettes, roll in bread crumbs, and fry.

Quick Dumplings

One cup flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ½ cup milk or water.

Mix dry ingredients, stir in milk or water gradually to make a soft dough, drop by spoonful in boiling water or in stew. Cover closely to keep in steam, cook ten minutes without lifting the cover. Serve at once.

Rice Timbales with Jelly

One cup milk, ½ oz. ground rice, 1 oz. butter, 1½ mashed potatoes, 2 drops onion juice, pepper and salt.

Scald milk in double boiler, add rice which has been mixed with a little cold milk, cook for 15 minutes. Then add mashed potatoes, butter, onion juice, and seasoning. Cook until thick, pour into buttered egg cups, press down. Leave for five minutes, turn out, fry in deep fat to a golden brown, serve with currant jelly.

Baked Beans, Chili Sauce

One pint pea beans, ½ lb. salt pork, ½ teaspoon mustard, 1½ teaspoons salt, pinch baking soda, ½ cup chili sauce, 1 tablespoon minced onion, 2 tablespoons molasses.

Soak beans over night, in the morning rinse, add baking soda, pork and salt, and boil 20 minutes. Add the chili sauce, onion, and molasses, and bake.

Potato Salad

One quart boiled potatoes, cut into quarter-inch slices, 1-8 teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon sugar, ½ teaspoon flour, ½ cup water, ¼ cup of vinegar, 1 slice salt pork, 1 onion chopped fine.

Sprinkle potatoes with pepper, salt, sugar, and flour. Mix vinegar and water, and heat thoroughly. Chop the salt pork and fry to a light brown. Add onion and let brown slightly; add potatoes, pour vinegar and water over all, and let heat until the vinegar and water are absorbed. Serve hot.

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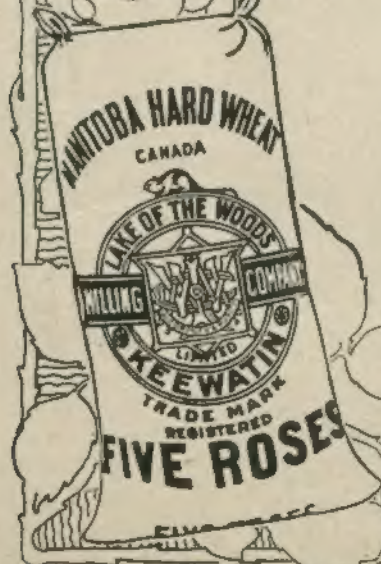

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